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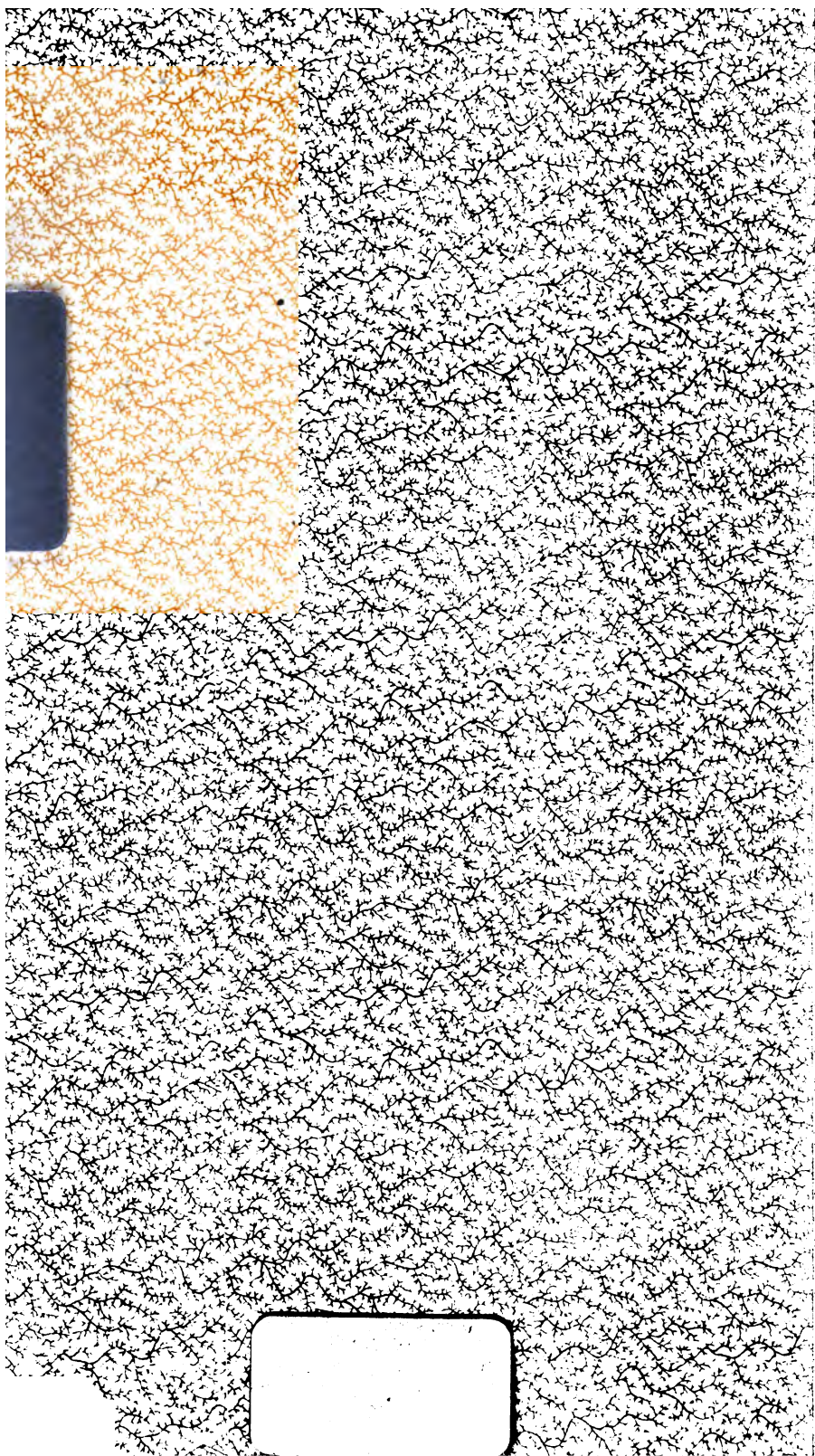
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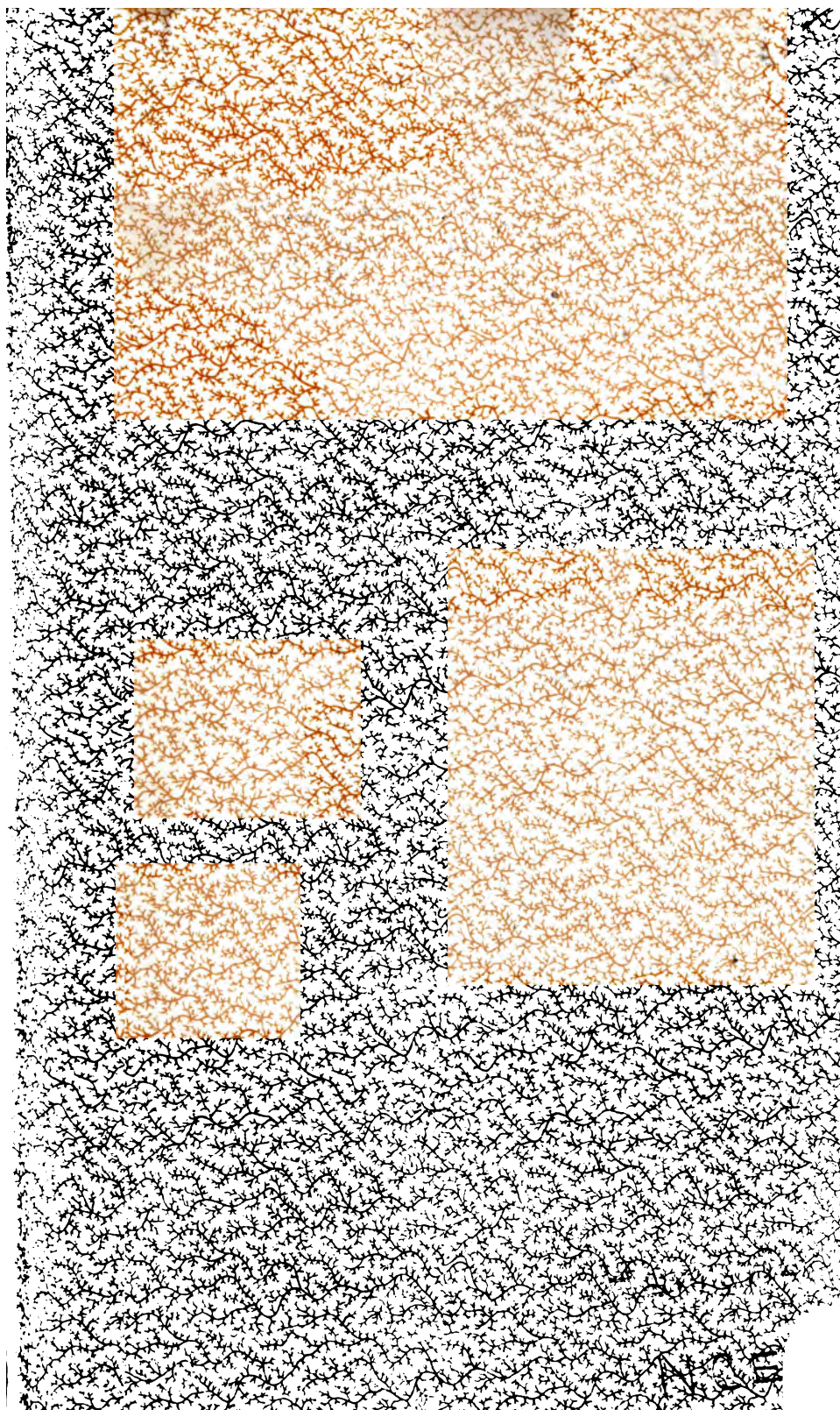
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THE HARROVIAN.

HARROW SPEECHES.

The anniversary festival of the Harrow Speeches took place on Thursday last. Among the company present on the occasion were:—The Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Wilson, the Bishop of Salisbury and Mrs. Denison, the Bishop of Litchfield and Miss Lonsdale, Right Rev. Dr. McCree, Bishop of Michigan, Right Rev. Dr. Delaney, Bishop of New York, and Mrs. Delaney, Rev. Dr. Hawtrey, Head Master of Eton College, Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Head Master of Shrewsbury, Rev. the Principal of King's College, London, Rev. the Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, Rev. the Master of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, the American Minister and Mrs. Abbott Lawrence, Colonel Lawrence, Mr. Lawrence, Marquis and Marchioness of Abercorn and Lady Harriet Hamilton, Marchioness of Athlery, Marquis of Lothian, Earl of Carlisle, Earl of Wilton, Earl and Countess of Effingham, Earl and Countess of Galloway, Countess of Chichester and Lady Lucy Palmer, Countess of Hopetoun, Countess of Ossington, Viscount Palmerston, Viscount and Viscountess Ebrington, Viscount and Viscountess Mahon, Viscount and Viscountess Galway, Viscountess Courtenay, Dowager Viscountess Dillon, Viscount Sandon, Viscount Haddo, Viscount Valentia, Lord and Lady Lilford, Lady Granville Somerset, Lord and Lady Poltimore, Lord and Lady Leigh, Lord and Lady Ernest Bruce, Lord Glenelg, Lady Hatherton, Lady Waterpark, Lady Stratheden and Miss Campbell, Lady Charlotte Neville and Miss H. Neville, Lady Frances Riddell, Lady Emily Marham, Captain and Lady Adela Ibbetson, the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. Herbert, the Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay, Sir Walter and Lady Mary Farquhar, Sir Walter and Lady Caroline Stirling, Miss Stirling, Sir Robert Inglis, Bart., Sir John and Lady Catherine Boileau, Miss Boileau, Sir Arthur and Lady Hazelrigge, Sir Edmund and Lady Head, Sir Benjamin Heywood, Bart., Sir Charles Clarke, Bart., Sir Charles and Lady Trevelyan, Miss Trevelyan, Sir Harry and Lady Verney, the Hon. Mrs. Hodgson, Lady Eastlake, Lady Parker, Lady Alderson, Miss Alderson, Lady Buxton, Miss Buxton, Lady Williams, Lady McNaghten, Lady Hornby, the Dean of St. Paul's and Mrs. H. Milman, Mrs. Milman, Hon. the Dean of Ripon, the Greek Consul-General and Madame Ralli, Hon. Charles Howard, M.P., Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, Hon. Frederick Ponsonby, Hon. Robert Grimston, Hon. Mrs. Joceline Percy, &c.

The following is a list of the speeches, which were well delivered and loudly applauded:—

Stone.—Latin Prose for the Gregory Medal (1851)—Translation from Burke's "Thoughts on the Present Discontents."

Gibson.—"Burial March of Dundee."—Aytoun.

Fenton.—Latin Alcaics—*Anglia Domus Exsulum*.

Burroughes.—Speech on the Militia Bill.—Pitt.

Hozier.—Greek Prose for the Hope Prize.—Translation from Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico."

Karalake and Wilson.—Hermes and Prometheus.—Æschylus.

Stone.—English Essay—The Use and Abuse of Ridicule.

Finch.—"The Bard."—Gray.

Wilson.—Latin Prose for the Gregory Medal (1852)—Translation from Lord Brougham's Speech on Law Reform.

Fenton.—Speech on Address to the Throne.—Lord Chatham.

Stone.—Orest.—Goethe.

Monro.—Greek Iambics.—Translation from Shakespeare.

Latham, Harris, and Curtis.—Shylock, Portia, and Bassanio.—Shakespeare.

Stone.—Latin Essay for the Peel Medal—*Nam animus scitis doloribus salutariter exerceat possit*.

Monro and Green.—Lochiel and Wivand.—Campbell.

Stone.—Latin Hexameters—*Ἀντίπερ ἀλγησται*.

Curtis, Charles, and Harris.—David, Acora, and Captain Absolute.—Shelton.

Stone.—Needham Mathematical Medal.

Grant (1) and Bruce (2).—Latin Prose for the Fifth Form Prize.—Translation from the "Spectator."

Wilson.—English Poem—Genoa.

Hozier.—The Combat.—Scott.

THE
HARROVIAN.

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"Nay, say not so! and shroud the sun,
Of joyous expectation,
Ordained to bless the little one,
The fleshling of creation."

W.



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THE HARROVIAN.

MARCH, 1828.

THE GREEK DRAMA.

THE PHENISSE OF EURIPIDES.

It was the tender and insinuating strain of instruction and philosophy, running through the dramas of Euripides, that gave occasion to Aristotle to characterise him as the most "tragical of poets." There is a breathing of goodwill and fellowship in his writings, a longing after the pure and beautiful, a warning from evil, and an exhortation to that which is good, as delightful as it is sincere.

Euripides was the poet of thought rather than of diction, and to this we are induced to attribute the cold reception his plays met with on the stage, and the avidity with which they were read in the closet. They had none of the fearful and over-shadowing power of Æschylus, to strike the feelings of the audience instantaneously—none of the terrible grandeur, in which the Patriarch of the

Drama clothed the superstitions of his countrymen. The imagination of Æschylus was a thunder cloud foaming with fires, and lightnings, and tempests; his pastime was in clouds and darkness, in the rushing of the ocean, in the groans of the wounded, and the agony of the dying. His inspiration was from the storms of heaven, from the warrings of nature, from the wild and unearthly wanderings of his soul, from the mighty shadows which hung over the unknown world, as the wings of one standing betwixt heaven and earth, from the echoes of forgotten ages, which rung in his ears like the footsteps of man, when he broke the slumber of creation.

The soul of Euripides was lovely in its calmness, and in the cloudless serenity of its thoughts; the voice of his harp was so soft and tender—it seemed as if the breezes of Thessaly had wooed it into a dream of melody and love; and the power of its appeal was so universal, that the warrior sheathed his sword at the sweetness of its prayer, and the shepherd girl turned her night hymn to the lulling of its whisper.

The inspiration of Æschylus proceeded from the wild and terrible in nature;—that of Euripides from the still and beautiful.

The whisperings of heaven in the shaken leaves, the glimpses of sunlight peeping through the foliage, the sounds of gladness in the solitude of the forest, the rustle of the bird's wing in the branches, were so many magic voices, calling up the "thoughts that lie too deep for tears," and rousing them like sunbirds from their nests of perfume, into light and glory.

We styled Euripides the poet of thought, not of diction: let us not be understood as insinuating that his language is un-poetical; by no means, it touches of a powerful

and enthusiastic eloquence, and lines traced by a pen of fire, are visible in almost every page. What for instance can be more magnificent than the fine orientalism in the apostrophe to the Deity. "O Thou who dwellest in the glittering *folds* of heaven;" but there is nevertheless a certain proseness and languor in the Greek dialogue generally, which fully bears us out in our assertion.

We have neither time nor inclination to dwell upon Racine, and the herd of French imitators, but we pass to Wordsworth and the lamented Keats, the most pure and imaginative poet of the age, and one in whom the springs of sweet and honied thoughts, were more bright and beautiful than in any writer, Shakspeare excepted, since the days of Homer.

Wordsworth rekindled the flame on the altar of Pagan worship, but the burning was dim and transient, he breathed the breath of life into the ashes of the spirit of Grecian Poesy, and poured out the love and passion of his soul upon it; but the charm and beauty of its early days were gone, the swathings of the tomb were about it, the blast of earth and corruption, the withering influence of the dry bones, were clinging to it.

It was the author of *Endymion* who restored the beauty to the form, and the pristine loveliness to the features—who shook the dust of the grave from off it, and held up the being of his adoration in all the shadowy pomp of Grecian superstition, as one before whom we were to fall down and worship. It was he "whose fame is written in water," who took the harp which had mouldered for centuries in the solitary places of the wilderness, aroused the soul of music from its slumber, and while the voices of a thousand ages warbled in his ear, gave new life to

the land of Euripides, and to himself a glorious immortality.

We shall confine our translations to the chorusses, for the reasons we hinted above, and because we consider them the best specimens of the author's style, as shewing in the clearest light, the calm and unruffled imagination of Euripides.

We do not profess to give a literal rendering of every line, being perfectly satisfied of the impossibility of preserving to the English reader the style of Euripides, in its natural sweetness, otherwise than by a free and liberal translation.

We hope we have in no instance departed from the meaning of the author, we might occasionally perhaps have given a stronger colouring, but always we trust in harmony with the picture.

It rests with our readers to say whether we have succeeded; should they consider it a failure, we claim their indulgence for a first attempt; and if in any instance we appear to have improved on those who have preceded us, they will suffer us to take some little credit, for having "done best that, which no one has done well."

CHORUS I.*

This is a fine example of the graphic power of Euripides, we can imagine nothing more picturesque than Antigone and her attendant ascending the palace tower, and surveying the country around, the fountain of Dirce, the wandering course of the Ismenus, and the whole army of the enemy in full march towards the city.

* The figures refer to our translation, not to the original, for we have been reluctantly compelled to omit some of the most beautiful passages altogether.

We regret that the length of this charming episode precludes us from giving more than two or three specimens.

ANTIG.—Who is that with the snow white crest,
Striding proudly before the rest,
And waving his bright shield over his breast
So terribly?

The inquiry of Antigone after her brother, who was the leader of the hostile army, strikes us as peculiarly touching.

ANTIG.—Tell me, dearest, where is he
Born to weep and mourn with me,
The curse of our nativity,
Where is my brother?

Her attendant points him out to her.

ANTIG.—Thro' the mist of arms my eyes see dim,
By the form, by the shield, it must be him—
Oh, for the flight of a thunder cloud,
To hurry me over the battle crowd,
And bear me in peace and joy to thee,
Fellow mourner in misery!
That round thy neck my arms I may cast,
And the exile rest from his woes at last.
Beautiful, beautiful, in thy dress,
As the sun-god when he wakes to bless,
With a smile the sleeping wilderness.

CHORUS II.

Gently, gently, the well ply'd oar
Ruff'd the wave on the Tyrian shore,
Still and calm was the face of the sea,
As it thrill'd to the western melody.
There is no voice in the bow'rs above
So sweet as the sigh of that breeze of love,
But oh, how sad was its whisper to me,
Angel of light, when a slave to thee,

THE GREEK DRAMA.

In the stranger vallies of Greece I dwell,
And wept in thy temple while I knelt !

• • • •
Soft and bright is your flowing for me,
Beautiful streams of Castaly,
Holy and pure, and fresh and fair,
Are the charms you throw on a maiden's hair ;
But oh, the charms of Juno's dress,
Can it still the cry of bitterness ?
Being of fire, whose glorious brow
Gleams upon the green hills now,
Lighting up heaven and earth the while,
With the beauty of thy smile.
Vine, beneath whose purple blushing,
The nectar fount of love is gushing,
Caverns in the shades of day,
Where the dragons wait for prey ;
Mount of song, with thy snowy crest ;
Watch towers, where the spirits rest ;
God of brightness, may I be,
Ever fearless in praising thee !

CHORUS III.

God of war ! in ruin and flame,
In clouds and darkness art thou the same,
At whose feet the flower-wove sunwreaths fall,
'Mid the shouts of the mountain festival ?

The voices of mirth on the sunny hill,
The songs of beings who thought no ill,
Like the sounds of home around me still.—

God of battle ! the midnight dance,
The joy and beauty of woman's glance,
The music that lull'd the evening's trance.—

God of glory ! the heav'n lit blaze
That smil'd on the thousand harps of praise,
Soothing thy slumbers with their lays.—

The nectar fountains, the vineyards bright,—
The golden gardens laughing in light,
The bound of the roe on the mountain's height.

Spirit of terror ! the lute of the air,
Trembling thro' the lotus' leaves fair,
Oh could they not, could they not, keep thee there ?

CHORUS IV.

Describes the sufferings of the people under the Sphynx.

Monster of death, thy carnage cup,
With anguish and blood hath mantl'd up,
And fierce and terrible was thy spring,
Upon the Dæmon offering.

A cry of wailing went far and nigh,
And sobs of stifl'd agony ;
The widow sat on the cold damp stone,
The orphan wept her tears alone,
The monarch trembl'd on his throne.

A cry went forth for the dying and dead,
The mother wept for her first born son,
The widow leapt from the stone and fled—
He was her *only* one.

No sound of gladness, or joy in the street,
But the echo of slow and lingering feet,
And now and then the rush of the wind,
Leaving the burst of grief behind.

The summer sky glittered pure and bright,
The man of sorrows heeded it not ;
Evening walked in steps of light,
The city stood as one forgot.
Pride and bitterness in her eye,
An orphan queen in misery.

SCENES AT A PUBLIC SCHOOL.

FIRST DAY AT HARROW.

——— I'll hand ye up
Each one according to his merit.

Old Play.

THE amiable St. Pierre denominated men, "de grands enfans," grown up children; and Rousseau, in that most extraordinary work, "Emile," speaking of the young, characterizes them as, "de petits hommes," men in miniature; the truth of the latter proposition, no one, I think, who has passed any time at a public school, will be inclined to question.

Here, within a circumference considerably less than a drawing room in St. James's, you have coteries of scandal, literary and scientific groups, exquisites in green surtouts and silver buttons, leaning on a post and taking the odds on the St. Leger. Here, there, and everywhere, the tribe of Balaam paying their devotions, in the shape of a fingered paper of verses, bedabbled all over by sundry breaks, which, if I may so speak, present a beggarly account of skeleton lines. A little further, sitting on the steps, like Niobe, all trembling, is one ordered to "wait, hélas!"* What a face! how unctuous in sorrow, what a look he casts upon the shivering little urchin in the corner, who comforts himself under the shadow of a "first fault." And then the breakfast table—

Magister loquitur.—Where have you been?

——— I was told to wait, sir.

Magister.—Bad taste these cold mornings, Eh?

* We need not explain this word to an Harrovian.

A public school is a theatre for training ; it levels distinctions, it places the poor gentleman by the side of the noble with twenty thousand pounds a year, and makes the duke, who traces his family back to the conquest, bow to the talented youth, who boasts no other ancestry than an honored and stainless name.

The republican would be amazed to see the sons of the proudest among the aristocracy, carrying the viandes which are to cover the table of the more fortunate plebeian.

I am not exulting over the great: thank God, not a drop of republican blood flows in my veins. I merely instance what I consider the most glorious privilege of the institution to which I have the honor to belong—the measuring each individual by that unerring standard, the purity and nobility of the soul. I mention it, because it is interwoven with all my recollections of days, when no flattery was mingled with our praises, and offers undeniable proof that genius is one of those all-pervading powers which beautify and sweeten the paths of life.

Every one knows the remark of the facetious Charles, when some one talked of the *visible* church, “I know no place where the church is visible,” retorted the merry monarch, “save at Harrow-on-the-Hill.”

I never felt the breeze play on my cheek as I walked up the ascent leading to that venerable structure, without experiencing the sensations so eloquently described by him, of whom it has been said, that he died without conferring one benefit on mankind—I mean the misguided author of the *Nouvelle Heloise*. Every step we take on elevated ground, seems an approach to the bound between us and heaven. We throw ourselves on the air which bathes us in perfume, till our pulse becomes gentle as the

fanning of the winds; the mantle of earth falls from off us, like a withered leaf from the wing of a bird, when he springs from his nest into the sunniness of daylight.

The bell for the first call had ceased when I reached the school, the door of the great room was open, and as I glanced round, I thought the pale-blue sky shone sadly through the casements upon the old wainscotted walls, which were covered with names, some cut in a finished manner, others rudely traced, and almost obliterated by age. In a corner, hid among a multitude of straggling nomenclatures, I discovered, or fancied that I did, the signature of Sheridan. What scenes did that name bring before me. I heard the shouts of revelry and rejoicing, the bursts of merriment, and the exclamations which followed the repartee of the brilliant and unfortunate Sheridan. I seemed to wander through princely halls and glittering palaces, and rooms lit up with the smiles of beauty—and then these vanished, and I sat in the chamber of mourning, by the couch of sorrow and adversity.

From Sheridan, my thoughts turned to Byron—the clouded yet magnificent Byron, whose dirge may be comprised in the word—departed.

I know not how long I had continued in this dreamy meditation, when the quickly-echoed answers of “here, sir,” aroused me from my reverie. Having been entered only the day before, my name was nearly the last on the list, and I amused myself with scrutinizing the appearance of my contemporaries.

There was W——h, with his manly and elegant form, which could not fail to strike a stranger, more particularly when contrasted with the Cyclopiian visage of L—— at his side. W——h’s lyrics were the sweetest I ever

remember to have seen; his poem in *Alcayics*, on the death of Dr. Parr, is a model of soft and melodious latinity.

Then there was ——, with a mouth large enough to swallow the eye of Polyphemus. I have often thought what a treasure he would be among the Abyssinians, where the value of a man is estimated by the capaciousness of his mouth.

Under the casement, at the further end of the hall, stood R——, the double-jointed, and as some said, who drew their conclusions from its thickness, double-headed R——. He possessed a considerable fund of coarse, but genuine humour, and a seat opposite him at breakfast or dinner, was a never-failing introduction to the pleasure of occupying the whole of the next holiday in writing out a book of *Homer*, or a twenty-fourth part of that most intellectual trap-door to the classics, the *Gradus ad Parnassum*.

In the midst of a tittering group was little J——, with his hands in his pockets, and a dusky red handkerchief round his neck; the king of silly fellows, he lived on a laugh, and banqueted on a chuckle. Morning, noon, and night, wherever you met little J——, he was always laughing, or rather neighing, so that at times you began to suspect that the story of the Trojan horse was about to be reversed. I never recollect to have seen silly J—— cry but once, and that was when he lost all his money; his sorrow, however, was like a sentimental comedy, made up of smiles and tears. The idea of losing mother ——'s good things, and all the sundry edible productions for the next three months, was terrible indeed; but there was something *funny* in losing one's money, something to talk about, and then he laughed and neighed, and chuckled, till pigeon-toed M—— lifted his sleepy eyes

from a dog's-eared novel, (it was the fourth time of reading), and exclaimed, like poor Dicky Suet, "La!"

M—— was an incurable reader of romances, his standard work was "The Mysteries of Udolpho," which he had read through at least seven times; during the most delightful weather he would sit for hours leaning upon his elbows, and supporting his head upon his hands, while he luxuriated in the sufferings of Emily, and the tyranny of her oppressor. As soon as it was daylight, he would take his book from behind the pillow, and many were his orations on the pleasures of turning over the greasy leaves with an appetite. It is remarkable that one who devoted so much of his time to works of imagination, should himself have possessed so little of that powerful talent. His exercises I believe exhibited no particular beauty of thought, and I have never heard of any picture of female loveliness from the pen of novel-reading M——.

My attention was suddenly awakened by the lively "how d'ye do," of some one by my side, it was the handsome and good-natured T——, the most elegant theme writer among the Harrovians. There is a tone and address in some persons, which makes you a friend immediately, it was so with T——, the suavity of his manners caused him to be an universal favourite, no one was more ready to confer a benefit, or forget it when conferred, and numberless were the "happy pairs" of verses he made for the unpoetical inhabitants of Mrs. ——. It was amusing to examine the watchful faces of those who had either not heard their names, or (as was most frequently the case), overslept themselves; they stood bending forward, like men who have lost one opportunity, and are eagerly looking for that which seldom comes,—another.

If any additional argument were needed in support of the proposition with which I set out, viz., that the young were de petits hommes, the universally received law of fashion would afford it. A law which is prevalent in most public schools, from the sixth form-boy, in all the majesty of jolted ideas, and Greek metre, to the little jacketed fag with cold hands, stooping back, and dirty shoes; who reads Ovid and writes *sense* verses. It is the fashion for instance, to appear in the morning with your clothes thrown carelessly on, eyes scarcely open, no kerchief round the neck. Again, it is the fashion to impress your tutor with a notion, that you have little appetite, and then adjourn to recreate the gastral powers with the odorous sacrifice offered up on P——'s polished round table.

The call was over, and as I hastened along, my ears were assailed with shouting, and cries of "hurra, hurra!" I turned round, and observed Lord —— smacking a long whip, and galloping down the hill at the rate of a stag hunt. He was a perfect petit chasseur, with red cheeks, half-closed eyes, and sandy coloured hair, so rough and uncultivated, it might have been woven into a sleeping mat for an Islander in the South Seas. At his heels was N——, his inseparable companion, who boasted that he never learnt his "part," liked Homer, because he talked about horses, and was the managing director in all quarrels, whether public or private.

And now, most courteous reader, we will even rest awhile, the critics say a little learning is a bad thing, too much is sometimes perhaps far worse. So in the expectation of continuing to enlighten you respecting the manners and customs of the Harrovians till our next meeting, on the first of April, we do most respectfully bid you farewell.

FRENCH POETS.

JEAN DOUBLET.

[Jean Doublet was born at Dieppe, in the early part of the 16th century, but from his retired mode of life, very little can be gathered respecting him.

Of his compositions, which are characterised by considerable beauty of thought, I believe even less is known than of his life. The poem "Sur les Ruines de Rome," is certainly equal to any thing on the same subject].

ON THE RUINS OF ROME.

STRANGER, for departed Rome
Falls the anguish of thy tear!
Look on the moss round this mouldering stone,
Stranger! Rome is here!

Look on the destroyer's traces,
Look upon the crumbling walls,
Look upon the grass-grown places,
Where the echo'd footstep falls—

There is Rome! tho' the shield of battle
Flash not on yon sun-lit hill,
Her mighty spirit's giant shadow
Frowns upon the city still.

Conqueror of earth and sea,
At the darkening of whose hand,
A thousand nations bowed to thee,
Thy tomb is the dust of thy father-land.

Lo, on the ashes of the fallen
Her silent watch the captive keepeth,
In the stillness of her ruins,
The dead, the deathless sleepeth.

LE TROUBADOUR.

COUNTRY STORIES.

No. I.—THE COTTAGER.

I HAVE always looked upon the cottager as the happiest of men. I do not mean the contaminated countryman of the villages on the high road, nor in the approach to a commercial city, but the inhabitant of one of those lovely hamlets which we sometimes meet with in the crossways, little sunny nooks of happiness and peace, set apart for the dwelling of a joyous and innocent race.

The wild and beautiful pomp of the forest worship, has thrown a glory upon the religion of such a villager. In his infancy, the dreams of nature's loveliness float around him like echoes from the vallies of Greece, echoes on which the poets harp, and the battle-call still seem to linger. Land of immortality! the footsteps of ages are upon thee, and thou art still lovely, oh, mother of the deathless, but the glory of thy house is departed!

Of the cottager it may be said with truth, that he is led from nature up to nature's God. His manhood, what is it? a vision of beauty, thrilling with smiles and seraph faces, and thoughts pure and sweet as the flowers of his own garden—and his old age, what is it? the evening of a summer day, which lingers on the memory like a mother's blessing, it is so calm and holy. Oh, it is charming to close our eyes in the haunts of our early days, to hear the voice of God in the love-call of the wind, and his step in the trembling of the leaf, and to feel that his voice is a whisper of mercy, and his step as of one that loveth us.

Who has not admired the habitation of the cottager:

how often have I stood to gaze upon the beautiful family of dwellings which seemed to slumber in the valley beneath me ; the groups of cottages ; the ivied church with its sacred resting place, where the loved and loving sleep together, “ by all remembered, nor by one forgot ;” and here too, almost attached to the venerable pile, stands the parsonage, with its rose treillis porch, its inmates inculcating by their example and deeds of charity, the lessons they themselves have learnt.

Stand forth, Godfrey W—— from the niche of memory. *Eheu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse!* In sorrow and bitterness I have thought upon thee, yea, when darkness even as the power of a storm came over me, I remembered thee ; in my May-day hours, which have been like “ angel visits, few and far between,” when have I forgotten thee?

It was in one of those summer evenings, when the whisperings of the winds, and the many coloured tints of the leaves, as they trembled under the feet of the birds, proclaimed the woodland holiday, that I came to a cottage, the neat and simple appearance of which, might have realized a dream of Arcady. The little wicket was flung back, and as I stood gazing on the scene, I observed that the door leading into the dwelling, and which was overshadowed with clymatus, was open also—happy cottagers thought I, as I walked up the narrow, but well trimmed pathway, “ you fear no danger, for you know no ill.” Under the window by a table, white as the leaves which had fallen on it, sat a venerable old man reading a book, from which he continually raised his eyes, whether in meditation or in conversation with some one in the room, I could not discover. His snowy hair and stooping gait, gave him the appearance of great age, but the

ruddiness of his cheek, and the bright, although subdued fire of his eye, gave assurance of a vigorous and unbroken constitution. I now moved towards the door, heavens what a group ! how shall I paint thee, Mary ? She was sitting on a garden bench, with bunches of wild flowers of all colours strewed round her, weaving a garland for her little sister, who with one hand offered the flowers quicker than she could tie them, and with the other, gathered up each loup as it trailed upon the ground.

If ever the visions of those by-gone days, when "heaven was still the spirit's home," cast a smile upon the children of earth, it is in the gorgeous dream of youth, and in the halcyon peacefulness of childhood, when the heart-beat is as the music of the dulcimer, and the thoughts like the murmurs of its voice, the one never fevered, and the other never sad. Who could look on the beautiful girl, twining a garland for the little one who stood beside her, in all the confiding innocence of infancy, and not call to mind our Eden mother, resting at sunset in the garden, and grouping the dewy blossoms for her evening coronet. I lingered near the cottage, and not before the last glimmer had vanished from within, did I take the still and leafy path which led to my home.

A period of two years elapsed ere I revisited this spot. I found the cottage untenanted, and the wicket broken down, the garden was crowded with rank and poisonous weeds, and the bench on which the sisters sat, had been converted into a block for sawing wood.

Mary, I understood, was in a far distant land ; the old man had been sometime buried ; and the little one——
O harp of memory, when the hand of sorrow passeth over thee, like the death lute of the ancient Briton, thy sweetest string is broken.

THE POET IN BONDAGE.

SONGS FROM THE LATIN.

THE PHOENIX.

A GARDEN bright, with golden light,
 In the smile of the summer sea,
 Bird of the sun, a land of delight,
 Is the land that boweth to thee.

Far, far away in the bow'rs of day,
 Where the glorious star hath slept,
 And the spring hours woke by the morning ray
 From their cradles of night flow'rs stept.

Nursling of light, alone, alone,
 In the Eden of glory and fear,
 Like a spirit of fire upon his throne,
 What being shall harm thee here !

No foot of man, since the world began,
 Hath trod on this holy spot,
 But thou wert here; thou mighty one,
 When man was not !

Offspring of heav'n, no hunger hast thou
 For the fairest of earthly things ;
 The garland of flame is on thy brow,
 The day-cloud on thy wings.

Oh, what are the fountains lovely and bright
 As the waves of the Indian sea,
 To the blazing cup, the angel of light
 Is filling with fire for thee ?

Scorner of winds ! the thunder blast,
The war-call of the wave,
The hurl of the dæmon's wing as he pass'd
Over the murderer's grave.

What are they all, thou being of splendour,
To the beautiful flight of thine,
Thou who hov'rest for ever, burning
Like a lamp on the tomb of time !

Bird of the sun, the day spring is up
From his couch in the orient bow'rs ;
Bird of the sun, the glory cup
Is pouring its dews on the waking flow'rs.

Phoenix, awake, awake, and rise—
Why tarriest thou ?
Have a thousand ages dimm'd thine eyes,—
Has heav'n forsaken thee now ?

Up to the sky the Phoenix started,
Waved his bright plumes to the glare—
Wherefore downward, broken hearted,
Wilt thou find thy sweet home there ?

Morning again ; the God of light
Is basking his wings on Carmel's hill,
Flit from his face the day-clouds bright,
Judah ! there's beauty on thee still !

Heap the pile from east and west,
Fragrant boughs from Saba bring,
Leap thee now on thy incense nest,
Hail to thee, hail to thee, sun-born king !

Here he sits, with wings outspread,
There is no dimness in his eye,
No union hath he with the mouldering dead,
His tomb is immortality.

THE PHOENIX.

Here he sits, not a plume is stir'd,
 By the kiss of the perfum'd air,
 No shadow of grief on the joyful bird,
 For the voice he loves is there :

" Bird of light, whose heav'n-rock'd cradle,
 " Is the flame of the odour-wave,
 " Bird of light, whose summer whisper,
 " Calls up beauty from the grave ;

" Wake thee, for thy sire shall trace,
 " The letters of life upon thy brow.
 " Bird of fire, lift up thy face,
 " Phoenix, thou art new-born now ! "

Over the gardens, over the hills
 The finger of flame is blazing,
 And a darkness upon a thousand rills,
 As of a mighty ONE gazing.

The Phoenix rose like a warrior bounding,
 When he hears the carnage shout afar,
 The clash of arms, and trumpets sounding,
 Banners blazing o'er his car ;

His helmet-plume like a day-burst glancing,
 Over a temple's jewel'd wall,
 With fury the longing chargers prancing,
 And his blue robe waving over all.

He floated on, like a golden cloud,
 In the track of the scented air,
 Where light was sleeping, the feather'd crowd
 Shook no wing for battle there.

He floated on, the thunder bird
 Hush'd the storming of the blast,
 And the wind of heav'n, like a holy word,
 Breathed a blessing as he pass'd.

From the pile he bears his ashes
To the temple of the sun,
Lays them on the burning altar,
Now the worshipping is done.

Clouds of Indian fragrance rise
Sweeter than the nectar wine,
Or the flower-lute's odour sighs,
Sun-god, round thy sacred shrine!

Happy bird! the hour of death
Brings no sorrow nor pain to thee,
Thou *wert* when not a man was born,
Thou *art*, when not a man shall be.

Tell me, on the vine-clad mountain,
Were thy wings of fire unfurl'd,
By the garden, or the fountain,
When the waters hid the world?

In what bower of roses resting,
Did'st thou see the earth burnt up,
And the frenzied brothers wrestling,
Dying for a water-cup?

Bird of brightness, fare thee well,
Time cannot hurt thee never—
In thy nest of sunshine dwell,
PHOENIX!—live for ever!

W.

TALES OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

No. I.—THE WICKER IMAGE.

Quis in urbe parentum
Fletus erat ! quantus matrum per littora planctus !

LUCAN.

IT was a fearful thing to look upon the field of battle, when the rush of the chariot, the laugh of the war horse, and the shout of victory were over ; to see the outstretched arm, the heaving sinew, and the black and gory tresses, casting a shadow over the dark, and blood-stained face of the fallen warrior.

It would have made the heart of the boldest man quail within him, to have beheld the wounded war-horse, with the shattered fragments of the chariot clinging to him, plunging amid the heaps of slain, scattering the maimed and ghastly bodies, and tearing up the earth in his agony, while the dying on either side uttered a low and indistinct muttering.

One might have stood and gazed for ever upon the countenance of the Roman soldier, as he lay like one taking his rest, his features calm and unruffled as the skies of his own Italy ; a few spots of blood upon his armour, and the banner of his adored city over his breast, were all that told he was dead. What a contrast to the giant islander by his side, the mantle of skins rapt round him, and his limbs flung out, as if the last beat of life had been a plunge of hatred !

The scene of combat was a wild and dreary common,

bounded on all sides by dense forests, which cast forth their vast and aged branches over the bleak and barren waste. Here and there a rude mishapen altar was seen gleaming through the trees, and the sparkling of the waters that flowed round them, as the sunlight rendered more bright and vivid from the shade of the foliage, played upon them. To these altars many of the wounded were gathered, some to invoke with their last breath, destruction on the invaders of their country, and others to allay their feverish thirst from the clear and beautiful fountains which always bubbled near the place of sacrifice. The pathways leading to them, were strewn with helmets and broken shields, and eagles torn from the hands of the Romans, whose bodies, disfigured by the cruelty of the enemy, lay exposed on the ground.

Among those who had gained the forest sanctuary, was a lovely girl, who knelt by a brook rippling by the ruins of a pillar of memorial ; she was sprinkling water from a * a basket cup, delicately woven of osiers, upon the face of an age-stricken man. He was attired in a white garment with coloured stripes, which fell in loose and ample folds, fastened by a girdle about his waist. His neck and arms were adorned with a collar, and bracelets of massive gold, wrought in divers figures, and a few oak leaves, as if scattered from some sacred garland, were on his breast. At a little distance, by the trunk of a tree, lay a musical instrument, probably a harp of seven strings, three of which were broken, and as the faint and panting voice of the wind, weary of struggling among the branches, woke a dirgelike whispering in the strings, a trembling came over the exhausted frame of the wearied man, and a

* In articles of this kind they so excelled, that their manufactures in basket work were exported to Rome, and placed on the tables of the fashionable.

fearfulness as of one terrified by a vision. While Vanda, bending over the venerable priest, (for such his dress bespoke him), looked like one from whom hope had well nigh departed, with one hand putting back her bright yellow hair, which floated like a veil of light before her eyes, and with the other supporting her enfeebled companion.

The shades of evening were gathering over the woods, and as she sat with the feeble Druid on a gigantic stone which appeared to have formed one of a judicial circle, she observed a glimmering among the leaves, which gave promise of a shelter. After many fruitless endeavours to discover an accessible pathway, they reached a dwelling almost concealed by the thickly woven branches. It was of a shape nearly circular, its diameter was about 14 feet, with an aperture in the roof for the smoke to escape. A few embers still burnt on the hearth, throwing a waving brightness over the shields, and various pieces of armour hung round the hut, probably the booty of some predatory excursion.

The Druid spoke not, but placing himself on one of the mats ranged round the fire, in a few moments fell asleep. When Vanda saw that the aged man was resting, she threw a mantle over her, and having raked up the embers, with hasty but silent steps, left the hut. Her progress was slow and difficult through the entangling mazes of the wood, until she came to a rugged road leading to a narrow declivity; here she quickened her pace, bounding over the pieces of rock in her way, and rapidly gliding down the precipice. When Vanda had reached the defile and cast her eyes over the mighty shadows of the moss-grown stones, which were like the spirits of the dead slumbering in the moonlight, she felt a degree of terror,

mingled with surprise. It was a dreary and a melancholy place, to which the Britons had given the appellation of Death's Glen, whether for deeds done there, or for the numberless barrows and pillars of memorial scattered over the surface, was not known. Having seated herself on the ruins of a cairn, she took a harp which hung by her side, and alternately played and sang a ballad, founded on an ancient tradition respecting the peopling of the Island.

THE LITTLE BOAT.

The hymn of even lull'd the flowers,
The birds slept on the tree,
And the sun's wing fell on the odour bowers,
Like my mother's smile on me.

A sound was breathing as of a lute,
Singing on the forest hill,
When the leaves are green, and the winds are mute,
And the voices of earth are still.

Over the waters a little boat leapt,
And the bright waves sparkled round it,
As it sprung like a fawn from its mountain sleep,
When the mother's call hath found it.

In it a youth and a maiden stood,
And a cloud came over each eye,
As they looked on the darkness of the wood,
And the sweetness of the sky.

The maiden was fair in her vesture bright,
The child of a lovely clime,
Her face was bathed in dews of light.
And her cheek was the summer prime.

Having abruptly concluded her singular tale, she placed her harp on her knees, and appeared lost in meditation. Vanda had rested thus but a short time, when a wild and awful figure, which seemed to rise from among the sepulchres, stood before her. There was a savage grandeur in the stranger, which harmonized with the solitude of the place: his hair was black, and parted on the forehead, and as it fell beneath the moonshine in shaggy flakes along his cheeks, it was like the fire storm rushing down the steepes of his native mountains. The garment of this mysterious being, was of a dusky colour, flowing down to his feet, which were covered with sandals made of skin, with the fur turned inward, his arms bare to the elbow, and in his hand he held a spear, on which he leant; while bending forward, he pronounced in a low, and tremulous whisper—Vanda! The object of his watching, either slept, or the robe muffling her face, interrupted the sound, for she stirred not. For a moment the stranger stood as if contemplating the calm and innocent being before him, and again stooping forward, drew back one of the folds of her dress, and muttered in a deep thrilling voice, “Nurseling of the Druid!” A thunder peal would not have produced a more instantaneous effect, she started up, and in her alarm, the instrument on which she had been playing fell from her knee to the ground. A fearful shudder was observable in the countenance of the Briton, as he took up the harp, from which the death-voice still murmured; his hand wandered unconsciously over the chords, while he continued muttering to himself, one, two, three, probably alluding to the number of strings that were broken.

“Nursling of the Druid,” said he, after a pause, “there’s death by the hearth, and a cairn in the glen,

there's blood on the white robes maiden, blood," and he bent over her, till his black and matted locks mingled with her soft and golden tresses, and his features glared as if the hand of wrath had blasted them, "blood on the grey hairs of a Druid!"

He stood a prophet of woe, with his sinewy arm extended, and his garment flung open like the grave clothes from one risen from the dead, to shew the ruin and the torture which revelled there.

"What news of the stranger, Vanda? What news of the southern? Nay, fear not thou timid one, there will be weeping and mourning when thou seest the dead by the hearth, and a cairn in the glen, but not now. The time cometh, ay, the time is, when the shout of the invader shall be as the moan of the wind among the tombs of our ancestors, when he shall pray that the eagle he adores would bear him to his dwelling in the mountain, yea, though he had but the lightening foam to drink and the scathed ridge to slumber on. Yesternight we held the feast in the cave of Comloch, the ocean waves were dashing like war-chariots against the riven rocks, but our curses out-echoed them, and the footstep of the tempest, as it strode over the surges, was the glimmering of a shrivelled leaf, to the blazing of our swords, as we waved them over the cups at our lips, and swore hatred to the stranger and his house for ever. He sought us, we were happy in our forest homes, for we had our wives and little ones around us; our dwellings are burnt, our children murdered or in captivity, our wives—the scorching of heaven and earth, be on, ye Romans! I whose children you have slaughtered before my eyes, I the desolate, the childless wanderer, without a mat of rushes to lay my wearied frame on, I upon whose neck for

twenty summers, the arm of love hath never rested, I even I," and the frenzied man hurled back his arms with a fury which dashed the spear and harp to the ground—"I blast ye!" He stood like the last of his race, while his bosom heaved with inward agony, till the iron chain clashed upon him.

Big was the tear that rolled down the cheek of the time-worn Briton. It was the first, and it came like the kiss of forgiveness upon the outcast, with balm and healing in its touch. When the fountain of grief is opened who shall stop its flowing? Tears chased each other rapidly along, and the mourner bowed his face upon his hands.

Long it was ere the Briton raised his head, and the first object which met his view was the motionless form of Vanda, who lay on the ground, with her hand across her eyes, as if to shut out some terrible vision.

"Fairest among women!" and the Briton threw himself by her side, "my embrace has been to thee even as the mountain wind to the flower which droops beneath the breeze which woos it. The flower dieth and cometh again, but when thou art gone, thou returnest not, thy native valley shall know thee no more." Slowly he rose from the earth; his eyes still rested on her pallid features, till suddenly, as if awaking from a dream, he sprung forward, cast one look of anguish upon her who appeared to have ceased from sorrowing, and departed.

* * * * *

The forest looked beautiful in the setting sun, which was glancing on a thousand garlanded altars, scattered over the open space, around which the Druids were standing, in their white unsullied garments, with wreaths of oak leaves on their heads, and branches in their hands,

which they waved over the altars while they chaunted what might be termed their worship-hymn, although its gentleness ill accorded with the scenes of cruelty which frequently followed the performance of it.

Thousands and tens of thousands in the various costume of their clans were glittering through the shady avenues, some slumbering by the brooklets, distilling like honey from amid the leaves, others leaning on their spears, (for this was a public festival), and surveying, with silent adoration, the mystic solemnities of the Druids. In the cool and peaceful arcades were the minstrels, with their instruments suspended from the boughs, dreaming over the songs of their youth, and listening to the small sweet voice of the wind, fondling the branches. Now and then the echoed fury of a war-call chimed in with the bird-like melody of a love song, and the whisperings of the maidens, who lay concealed in the leafy labyrinths, sounded like the merriment of wood nymphs.

But there was one from whom no voice of joy proceeded, as she sat in the hut by the blazeless hearth, in all the loneliness of a broken heart.

The Druid still slept on the mat of rushes, but it was the sleep that lasts for ever. Not a fold of his raiment was displaced, but his face was turned towards the door, as if to take a last farewell of the forest altar.

It is a mournful thing to see our friends torn from us one after another, until we are left like a solitary leaf in the wilderness, a plaything for the tempest. It was so with Vanda, her father was murdered when she was yet a child; the Druid who had reared her up was dead, her mother was a captive, and, as if to crown her miseries, she loved a—Roman. Terrible was the voice that burst upon the silence of the hut as the prophet of Death's

Glen again stood before her. A gleam of gladness, like a sunbeam on a mouldering wall, passed over his countenance as he waved the spear over his head and shouted "Joy for the Briton! Tullius! Tullius is a captive!"—He was the lover of Vanda!

The dim shadowy hour which follows sunset, had thrown its mysterious charm over the woods, which were hushed to sleep by the lullaby of the night breeze; the last echo had died away, and not a sound broke the dream of earth, save at intervals the rustle of the branches as the minstrel rose from his couch, in the foliage. All was still, when a shout, as from a demon banquet, pealed from a recess in the forest, and myriads of fire-brands hurled into the air, discovered the priests standing before a gigantic wicker image, in the shape of a man, and crowded with living beings.

A deep gathering cry of exclamation, mingled with cursing, rose from the multitudes, rocking to and fro like the waves of the ocean when the arm of the storm is stretched over it. For a moment there was a hush, and then a shriek, as if the spirit of earth had fallen—the image is on fire!—Countless hands were thrust out, imploring mercy, and eyes glaring through the burning wicker work; the crowds bent closer and closer, as one with yellow locks and a coloured tunic, sprung from the midst, and leapt into the flames. The image heaved and fell in with a low smothering cry, and as the blaze rushed up in a pillar of fire and smoke—Vanda was seen in the arms of Tullius!

THE HARROVIAN.

APRIL, 1828.

THE GREEK DRAMA.

THE SEVEN CHIEFS OF ÆSCHYLUS.

It was well remarked by Cicero, that notwithstanding the wide difference between Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, we are wont to render almost equal praise to the productions of each.

Æschylus excelled in the grandeur and magnificence of his images ; Sophocles in the purity, and if we may so speak, holiness of his creations ; Euripides in philosophical pathos, and the luxuriant harmony of a rich but effeminate imagination. Æschylus was a warrior from his birth, and like the author of ' Araucana,' he sought to immortalize himself by the description of the scenes he delighted in. His dramas are vivid paintings of wars and tumults, and the miseries attendant on them ; such as the victor of Marathon and Salamis must have frequently witnessed. He sketches from reality, hence the

terrible truth and appalling terror of his portraits, as the sacking of a city. And hence too the extravagancies into which he sometimes falls, as when he talks of 'seeing a sound' "*κτυπον δειδορκα*."

Æschylus was the first of his race, and there is all the savage sublimity of a wild and self-relying genius apparent in his writings; there were none save Homer worthy of his imitation, whom he excels as much in his pictures of desolation, as Homer surpasses him in variety of simile and simplicity of language. The author of 'Agamemnon,' was too proud in the mightiness of his powers, to owe his glory to "mortal man;" he sought for immortality where it was to be found—in the world of his own creation. The story of Bacchus appearing to Æschylus, as related by Pausanias, and inciting him to the composition of tragedy, is a happy illustration of his genius. We see the flush of wine, and the joy of the banquet in his images, the recklessness of a young and passionate voluptuary; he seems to have basked in the vineyards, to have quaffed the nectar with the God of his inspiration. He was the Ossian of Greece, his path lay in the whirlwind and the flame; like Sampson he broke his chains asunder, the bonds of men were nothing to him, his daring was above them all.

Perhaps the most striking contrast which could be offered to Æschylus, is Euripides.

Euripides has been accused of insinuating immorality under the semblance of virtue, and scoffing at the most sacred acts of adoration. His carelessness and levity gave rise to this error. Euripides was perfectly aware he could obtain but trifling reputation by setting himself up a rival of Æschylus or Sophocles; he chose therefore the founding of a new school of writing, in which the

want of originality and fire, might be compensated by a soft and lively fancy, and an almost intoxicating melody of versification. He is particularly happy in his expression of sentiment, evidenced in that pleasing line which is perhaps even more remarkable for its piety than beauty.

ἐλπίδες δ' ὄνκω καθευδόν, αἷς πεποιθὼ σὺν θεοῖς

the sleeplessness of hope when placed on God, is charmingly expressed. Some of his lines flow like the whisperings of a lute, particularly that plaintive chorus in Hecuba,

αὐρα, ποντίας αὐρα

where the voice of the zephyr seemeth to answer us. It was this harmony of diction which made Euripides so universal a favourite among the Greeks, the balmy tone of his song was more grateful to the musical ear of the Athenian, than the war-call of the enthusiastic Æschylus.

If Euripides was unlike Æschylus, still more was Sophocles unlike Euripides. The imagination of Sophocles was as the infant Adonis, cradled in flowers; his thoughts were ever perfumed with the sweetness of their dwelling place, and shadowed by a hallowed purity which concealed, yet discovered their loveliness.*

His mind was an Eden into which no impurity might enter, the cherub of innocence had chosen it wherein to take its holiday. He drank freely of the springs of peace and beauty, of the fountain of blessing which maketh the "heart to sing within us." He was an ardent supporter of religion, his dramas are full of sublime submission to the will of the deity: who that has read the 'Ædipus

—ed or dal velo

Traluce involta, or discoperta apparre. *Tasso.*

Tyrannus,' but sighs when he reflects that Sophocles was not a Christian !

Callimachus with exquisite feeling, makes the mourning of Thetis to cease when she hears the hymn of Apollo 'ὦ πάϊον, ὦ πάϊον' ; so the author of Œdipus turns the mourner's eye to the altar of the Gods, and teaches him to look for consolation from heaven. His ideas of divine retribution were of the noblest kind : we would instance his description of the wrath of God upon the murderer.

Whom hath the voice of heaven proclaimed
The doer of this deed of woe,
Whom hath the sound from Delphi named
A wanderer on earth to go ?

Away ! let him seek the firewind's sweep,
Outstrip the charger in his leap,
Bond, nor chain, nor foeman bind him,
The arm of vengeance is behind him.

Brightly the finger traced out,
In letters of burning on the hill ;*
" In the summer-field, in the victor-shout,
The hand of God is upon thee still."

Go, and take thy mountain rest,
On the ridge where the war-bird hangs her nest,
Dwell in the lion's forest lair,
And the Curse of Fire shall meet thee there !

Sophocles was a great, and what must ever be far better, a good man ; it was this which gave him peace in his old age : when his children forsook, and even conspired against him, the power of God was mighty within

* Parnassus.

him, that power, which as he beautifully expresseth it, *οὐτε γεραιότε* "never groweth old."

If then we give to Æschylus our wonder and admiration, to Sophocles we must render our friendship and our love; we revere the one, and esteem the other.

The author of the following specimens is too diffident of his own ability to imagine he has given any thing like an adequate idea of the magnificence of Æschylus; in offering them, however, to the readers of the 'HARROVIAN,' he may be permitted to observe that he has never read an English version either of Æschylus, Sophocles, or Euripides.

CHORUS I.*

The chorus retire to the highest part of the city, near a temple, where they survey the multitudes of the enemy gathering from the camp.

The numbers refer to our translations, not to the original.

What shall I cry?
The helmet plumes are waving high.
From the thousands of arming cavalry,
Onward rolls the tempest cloud,
The dust is over it like a shroud.
I hear the chariot's thunder-leap,
Rushing like the gathering deep,
When it shakes off sleep.

Io! the joy of the carnage shout,
The war-horse dashing his dark limbs out,
And the bright sword gleaming o'er the rout;
Io. Io. Io.

* We have chosen the 'Seven Chiefs against Thebes, for the purpose of contrasting it with the Phœniæ of Euripides, which, as our readers are aware, is founded on the same subject, viz., the quarrel of Eteocles and Polyneices. The chorus is composed of Theban Virgins.

The foes are rushing like a sea,
To what temple shall I flee,
Where shall anguish bend the knee?

Over the towers the voices ring,
Spirit of peace! to thee I cling,
Save me, shadow me with thy wing.

Fiercely the tide of war rolls in,
Gods! do ye hear the deepening din?
• O loved of Thebes, weep for thy sin.

Hush! what a clang of shields I hear,
No clash was that of a single spear,
Mars! wilt thou forsake us here?

God of war, with the golden crest,
Look down from among the blest,
Look, and give thy people rest!

Ye, who in our towers have dwelt,
Ye, at whose altars we have knelt,
Gods of our fathers, hear our prayer,
Where shall we find mercy—where?
By the shrine our mothers worshipped—there!

The chains of iron, orphan daughter;
Round their horses sound of slaughter.
Thou whose path is in the thunder,
Up, and break the spears asunder;
Spirit of ocean, at whose look,
The black wave ripples like a brook,
And the tempest of the sea
Quails in meek humility;
Queen of beauty, and of smiles,
Who dwellest in the perfume isles,
Arise! upon our armies shine,
†Thou art ours, and we are thine.

* Polynices.

† Cadmus, the founder of Thebes, married Harmione, daughter of Mars and Venus.

Heard ye, the smothering shout of war,
Heard ye, the rolling of the car ?
Woe—woe—woe !

Huntress, from the water-fall
Hear us, hear us when we call ;
Up, and let the quiver rattle,
Up, and come with us to battle.

Angel of fire, thy shield of might
Stretch o'er the foe like a hand of light,
Lo, the chariots and horsemen flee,
Sun-god ! who shall war with thee !

CHORUS II.

A continuation of the alarm, produced by the arming of
the enemy.

Oh, my heart doth beat
With trembling and fear,
When the charger's feet
Ring upon mine ear ;

Even as the dove
When the young ones rest,
And the coo of love
Is hushing her nest,

Shudders as the breeze
Whistles in the air,
Lest the beam that flees,
Shew the serpent there.

Tell me, spirits of heaven and sea,
To what garden will ye flee,
To the happy isles, to the blessed land,
By the odour wings of the summer fann'd ;
Where the weary rest, and the night-harps sweep
A lullaby over the warrior's sleep ?
Beings of beauty, oh where will you find,
A lovelier home than you leave behind !

A vineyard more bright, or waters more clear
 Than the vineyard and waters set apart for you here ?
 God of vengeance ! turn thee now,
 Wreath the fire-cloud round thy brow,
 Bid the plume of battle bow
 Before us !

Powers of glory, arise and spread
 Your mantles over the living and dead ;
 Let the beat of your wings be heard on our walls,
 And the gleam of your footsteps seen in our halls.
 O city of light ! shall thy thousand thrones,
 And thy judgment-seats be a heap of stones,
 And thou who wast numbered among the blest,
 Be a place for the midnight wanderer's rest !
 With the mourner weeping at thy gate,
 And the lone one sitting desolate,
 Not a whisper of peace, not a voice of glee,
 To break on thy dream of misery !

CHORUS III.

Presents a vivid picture of the sufferings of a captured city.

Here and there, on many a stone
 The orphan infant sits alone,
 Lifting up its tearful eye,
 Upon each hurrying passer by.
 Who shall stop, or loiter now ?
 A stain of blood is on each brow,
 And a fury in each wildered glance,
 As if the horrors of a trance,
 Darkened the cheek, where the red prints linger,
 Traces of a murderer's finger.
 When shall the tale of grief be o'er ?
 The cries of infants choaked with gore,
 Slaughtered in their dreams of rest,
 In the heaven of a mother's breast !

Man to man, and spear to spear,
 Kneel not, widow, kneel not here.
 Thousands running to and fro,
 Filling the streets with cries of woe;
 One drags another, and the knife
 Reddens with the blood of life.
 One gives the watchword, hand to hand
 Passes the burning fire-brand,
 And the God of war and death,
 Fans the thick flame with his breath.
 Virgins with dishevelled tresses,
 Fleeing with their tattered dresses;
 Wall, and tower, and palace falling,
 The busy one to the idle calling,
 And the weary spoiler draining up,
 'Mid the heaps of dying, the bright wine cup:
 From the ruins of the hall,
 Where the ember light is fleeting,
 The smothered whispers fall,
 Of lost friends meeting.
 It is no hour to seek reply,
 Away, away, or stand and die!
 God of mercy, look and spare me,
 God of pity, rise and bear me
 To thy dwelling, that I be
 Spirit of love, at peace with thee!

CHORUS IV.

The chorus are in doubt whether to weep or to rejoice,
 for the city is preserved, but the brothers are fallen*.

King of heaven, thus I bow,
 Guide me, smile upon me now.
 Shall I wake the joyful lute,
 When the voice of joy is mute?
 Or shall I raise—the widow's cry,
 And sing the mourner's melody:
 Curse of woe, on tower and wall,
 I have seen the blight of thy fury fall,

* Eteocles and Polymices.

THE SEVEN CHIEFS OF ÆSCHYLUS.

Joy to thee, Ruin, thou hast it all !
 I will wake the death song for the brave,
 I will pour my moan o'er the brother's grave ;
 Lonely is the mother's lot,
 The aged one, when the young are not !
 Raise the death cry, maidens hark ! .
 Raise the wailing far and nigh,
 Speed ye, speed the sable bark,
 With its freight of agony ;
 Over the dark waves to that shore,
 Whence it shall return no more.

CHORUS V.

A lamentation over the dead bodies of the Brothers.

Were they kinsmen ? shield to shield
 They struggled in the blood-red field,
 Wrestling in the close of strife,
 Thirsting for each other's life.
 Now the cry of rage is o'er,
 The arm of wrath is raised no more !
 They were brothers ; but the kiss
 Of peace, ne'er hallowed a brother's bliss.
 Sad to them was the ocean stranger,
 From a far-off land he came,
 Blasting like a battle ranger
 With a sword of fire and flame.

Sons of sorrow, rest ye, rest ye,
 Though no mother's hand hath blest ye.
 Ye have made our palace soundless,
 Ye have made our orphans boundless.
 From the towers crumbling masses,
 Leaping up amid the ashes,
 The furies shout the joy-notes high,
 Joy-notes for their victory !
 The fiend hath hung the spoils of hate,
 Spoils of murder at the gate,
 Fiend, no more the death-watch keepeth,
 Now it slumbereth, now it sleepeth !

SCENES AT A PUBLIC SCHOOL.

BREAKFASTING OUT.

Serroit-il à propos et de la bienséance
De dire à mille gens tout ce que d'eux on pense ?

Alceste.

Oui.

Moliere.

WHAT recollections do these two words " breakfasting out," awaken in the breast of a Harrow Boy ; the little room, the sanded floor, the round table decked out in the beauty of a summer morning, flowers and strawberries, and marmelade and preserves, where the Scylla-like appetite of X—— was satisfied, and the Charybdis of E—— ceased from troubling him !

Here B—— banqueted, M—— read novels, and F—— improvisatorized in heroics, and here the writer of these scenes breakfasted for the first time after being placed in the Upper Shell.

How many a drowsy leader of the condemned benches has the last vibration of the bell aroused from his dream of feasting, to all the horrors of a geography day ? How many a young ' Mela ' destined to be sent up, has cast a lingering look on the disappearing viands, as he lagged up to the aguish atmosphere of the ' shell-room ?'

" There's room here, sir," whispered pretty Mary, as I glanced over the occupied chairs. I had no reason, however, to boast of my locality, for at a side-table behind me were seated two enthusiastic worshippers of Epicurus, with heads poaked forward, and backs poaked out ;

with elbows (like my aunt Arabella's poodle-dog), always where they ought not to be, and feet thrown over each other, and swinging to and fro like a pendulum. The young gourmands appeared to be luxuriating in a vision of 'pâtisserie,' when suddenly spinning round and half raising themselves from the chairs, they shouted with a voice that would have aroused the president of the 'Sleeping Club,' "more chicken P——, more chicken."——

"Coming, sir, coming," replied P——, who doubtless imagined that the same spirit animated both bodies, meanwhile he followed the advice of Sir Pertinax, and kept "booing."

Viva! what a picture, when the chicken was seen slowly advancing from the 'sanctum,' garnished with sundry slices of tongue mathematically arranged. The aforesaid gentlemen (Mr. C—— and Mr. D——), turned themselves round as the precious morceau approached, still keeping the chicken in view, and when it was safely placed on the table, sprung upon it like the Harpies, when they ran away with the Trojans' made dishes.

All was now still at the side table, save occasionally the overthrow of a salt-cellar, and the almost inaudible cry of "take care,——" as the pointed shoe of Mr. C——, made too familiar with the shin-bone of Mr. D——.

My seat was opposite a window looking into "Epicure's Hall," so cognominated by B——, who was enthroned there in solitary majesty. He was a classic, and fond of exercising his oratorical powers in culinary description. "Was not," he would exclaim, "was not Patroclus the most intimate friend of Achilles, and what constituted his chief delight—the glory of war, the sweets of slumber?—no gentlemen, no, the situation of man-cook in Achilles' kitchen!"

It was a sorrowful day for P——, when B—— of Harrow migrated into B——, of —— College;—— but thanks to the powers of gastronomy, he bequeathed his carnine faculty to a very worthy citizen of HARROW, one Master Henrie Gobble, a great proficient in that most erudite science, and who, as I have had frequent opportunities of observing, fully sustained the reputation of his patron.

My noisy friends of the side table having taken their departure for the purpose of employing a leisure half hour in making marginal notes on 'Hecuba,' for the benefit of future commentators, or giving the finishing touch to a manuscript copy of the 'Ars Poetica,' I amused myself by attending to the animated conversation of two worthies, whose locutory energies were considerably enhanced by a sapient shaking of the head, and the logical precision of certain perforations in P——'s best Hamburg.

Not having been able to understand the subject myself, it is very unkind of that old lady in the corner, to expect that I can explain it to her; suffice it to say, that after much angry discussion on both sides, it ended by N—— mistaking the horse which had won the St. Leger stakes, for the steam packet to India, then off the Cape of Good Hope.

Never was a withered plane tree in greater need of a washing of wine, than N——, when convinced of his ludicrous mis-conception, though a fine budding plant, he has not grown much since; and the last time I met him, he was lamenting how different his condition was to that of the tree in the Greek Epigram. "They washed me with wine, and I started up."

Among the wordy combatants was ——, the 'head'

of the shell, by which it is not to be inferred, that he concentrated all the intellect of the shell in his pericranium, but he was a youth of gentlemanly manners and moderate ability, so that his 'head-ship' sat pleasantly on him.

Heads of classes are, taken generally, boys of second-rate talent, the youth of genius is sometimes second; this may be partly attributable to a power possessed by some minds, of adapting themselves to the school routine, and an aptness in receiving and treasuring up snatches of knowledge, which, lying on the surface, are ever ready to be produced under the name of general information.

In a trial for places, a boy must necessarily be judged by what he does, not by what he is capable of doing, so that if, as it frequently happens, either from agitation, or that listlessness which we all feel at times, he should be unable to fix his thoughts upon the subject in question, he is well nigh certain of being surpassed by one of inferior ability, but who is not suffering from a like abstraction.

At the time to which I allude, the shell (as it always has been), was distinguished by considerable talent; there were S——, and T——, and W——, who though no particular favorite of mine, must be allowed to have been an elegant and fluent translator. T—— composed lyrics with wonderful facility, characterized, however, by the constitutional idleness of the author. T—— is decidedly a genius: let him arouse his slumbering faculties, and he must prove an ornament to Harrow.

Of S——, I know little; he was a good classic, and an excellent versifier.

What a change passed over the countenances of the morning revellers, when the bell commenced ringing,

books which had been enjoying a peaceful slumber since the last geography day, were rudely and uncereemoniously shaken from their sleep. Promising groups of young 'Strabos,' with a pencil in one hand, and an open atlas in the other, were examining with a look of mute despair the almost obliterated writing, and endeavouring to make a transfer of geographical knowledge to their own pages. Presently, by mutual consent, they closed the books, placed them under their arms, took two or three nuts from the basket, and sallied forth on a foraging excursion.

For my own part I was no *geographer*, as T—— called it, and considering that allowances would be made for the timidity of a debutant, I strolled leisurely up the hill, where I found my friends of the side table in exquisite glee, busied in copying a paper of notes, which they very properly hailed as a god-send.

It would be like pouring out tea for Gog to relate how I paced up and down, how I was petitioned to explain what I did not really understand, or to picture the intense application of three gentlemen, on a seat in the cloister, who were acting the part of a mutual benefit society.

It would be more wearisome than correcting Z——'s verses, to describe the rushing and crushing, the treading upon heels, and cries of "I dont care, I'm sure to be sent up?" What questions of "which did you say were the principal divisions of Europe? tell me that—stop one moment." What buttoning up of coats—what multitudes pouring out from all corners, as the voice of——pealed along like a gathering cry—"go-ing-up-go-ing-up."

LIONEL MONTMORENCY.

THE SALE OF CUPID.

Παλαεθου, παλαεθου.

Meleager.

I.

Sell the little urchin sell him,
 Or give him to that girl, I pray
 Take him charmer, mind and tell him
 Not to flee away.

II.

There is no flower of magic spell,
 But the cunning imp hath braided ;
 No bright-hue'd cheek I know right well,
 But his sleepless wing hath shaded.

III.

On no beautiful hand he lingers,
 His step is so joyous and free ;
 The touch of a Syren's fingers,
 Young urchin would never hold thee.

IV.

Then away with the young thief, sell him,
 Or give him that girl I pray ;
 Look, look, he weeps when I tell him,—
 Then stay with me love, to-day !

W.

ON POETRY OF THOUGHT, AND POETRY OF DICTION.

POETRY of thought is the sensation produced upon the mind by the smiles or frowns of nature, by the singing of a bird, the falling of a blossom, or the glistening of a dew drop on the leaf of a violet.

Thoughts of purity, and images of beauty, are like the honey birds of the east, hidden in the folds of flowers, we see the brightness of the one through the medium of language, as we do the coloured wings of the other, through the veil of leaves and fragrance.

In the whisper of Electra ;

α α συριγγος ως πνοια
λεπτου δονακος, ω φιλα, φωνει μοι

ναι ουτω
καταγε, καταγε' προσιθ' ατρεμας,
ατρεμας ιθι' OREST. 150.

Euripides gives us a true specimen of poetry of thought: it is from such passages we ought to determine the merits of a poet—no pomp of language—yet how the words steal over us, *συριγγος ως πνοια* “like the breath of a lute.” Perhaps one of the finest examples of poetry of thought, is contained in the meeting of Jocasta and her son.

ω τεκνον,

αμφιβαλλε μας'
τον ωλενασι ματερος,
παρηιδων τ' ωρεγμα,
ω, ω, μοις φανεις

H

αελπτα κα' δοκητα ματρος ωλενας,
 τι φω σε ; πως απαντα
 και χερσι και λογοισι
 πολυελικτων αδωναν
 εκεισε και το δευρο
 περιχορευ ουσα.—

Φων. 325.

It would be difficult to imagine any thing more beautiful than the “ πολυελικτων αδωναν,” the mother’s love that could not be satisfied. We recollect another word in Euripides equally expressive “ πτυχας,” folds or wreathings, as applied to the covering of the Deity’s pavilion; and yet the admirer of a line containing such a thought as this, is accused of being partial to a *high flown style*.

Poetry of thought may be compared to the Oracle of Delphi: its creations are shadowy, and sometimes impalpable; it embodies a grand, a lovely, or pathetic conception, rich in primary glory, but leaves it to the beholder to deck it with the ornaments of fancy.

We would instance the resurrection of the dead body in Lucan,

————— Nec se tellure cadaver
 Paulatim permembra levat, terræque repulsum est
 Erectumque simul.

————— Nondum facies viventis in illo
 Jam morientis erat,
Et stupet illatus mundo. Liv. Lib. 6, l. 755.

the look of wonder upon nature and mankind, the look of one risen from the dead, is equalled only by the concluding line.

Stat vultu moestus tacito, mortemque reposcit.

We have no hesitation in pronouncing the words

marked in italics, among the sublimest in Latin poetry. and yet the man who could conceive this magnificent image, is styled a *silver* poet !

It has been objected, that he who is not master both of thought and diction, can be no poet at all. This reasoning appears to be founded on a misconception of the meaning of the word *poet*, ποιητης (from whence our *poet*) signifies a maker or fabricator, without any reference to invention or imagination ; the proper rendering therefore would be simply *versifier*, or *maker* of verses, so that the appellation is equally applicable to the author of *Paradise Lost*, or *Buy a Broom*. The same observation holds good with respect to *angel* ; the general acceptance is a *blessed spirit*, but there is neither holiness nor happiness connected with the word αγγελος a *messenger* ; it may be a ministration of peace or wickedness, a good or an evil spirit.

Poetry of thought is the music of the mind—it is the melody that thrills over the soul of the wild Indian, when he sees his infant's cradle rocking on the tree ; the power that teaches the rustic to sigh for the perishing of a field flower, and grieve for the drying up of a water brook ; the power that made the Druid worship his God under the canopy of heaven, and dream of singing-flowers in the garden of Flathminnis.

For the ordinary observer, the works of creation have no distinct and individual charm ; he prizes the tree only because it shades him, and the water because it gives him drink. Nature has no watch-word for him, he never lingers to mark the traces of joy or sorrow on her face, nor exclaim with the amiable Bloomfield,

The moon arose, and such a night
Good heaven ! it was a sin to sleep.

Such an one may be a versifier, but not a poet of thought.

Words are the symbols of the imagination : a flower is a symbol of loveliness ; a storm, of terror and affright ; a battle, of desolation and murder ; but like the hieroglyphics, if unexplained by the priest, these symbols are powerless in themselves, save when interpreted from the book of nature.

We apprehend there is no beauty in the word *flower*, taken separately, but only when connected with him who made it. So if a poet, describing the death of a lovely woman, were to say, she passed away like a withered flower, that would be strictly poetry of thought, inas-much as the simile depends entirely for its sweetness upon the associations it calls up.

Again, there is nothing grand or alarming in a tempest, except so far as it induces the fear of danger, if dis-united from the footstep of God, and the voice of his anger.

War becomes a butchery, undistinguished by any great or noble exploit, if we do not see the arm of the Deity stretched out to pity and to save.

It is from the searchings into the depths and mysteries of nature, the listenings to heavenly voices at sunrise and sunset, that the imagination is purified and the thoughts hallowed—it is for this reason that the works of some of our poets are a transcript from a book of purity and happiness. It is this intensity of feeling for the joy and grief of nature which casts a gleam of glory upon the darkened grave of Shelley, and floats like a seraph mantle over the imaginings of Coleridge and Wordsworth.

If, then, poetry of thought is nurtured in the worship and adoration of nature, poetry of diction flourishes in the intercourse with polished society.

In the present day, when the popular poets of Europe are in the hands of every person of taste, the language takes a colouring from books, and to this we are induced to attribute the myriads of novels, romances, poems, &c. the distinguishing feature of which, is the gaudiness of the diction and the want of beauty,—real uncontaminated beauty in the thoughts.

Poetry of diction is like an embroidered garment upon a marble statue, there is no life within; the exclamation of King Lear, “blow winds, and burst your cheeks,” what is it but poetry of diction?

Magnificent images are not necessarily poetical: there is one line in Lucan which, in our opinion, presents a grander picture of the majesty of Cato, and the splendour of the Roman character, than the tragedy of Addison and all the eulogies heaped on him thrown into the scale. The line to which we allude occurs in the description of the sufferings of the partisans of Pompey, in the deserts of Lybia. Destitute of water during days of fire, (as he glowingly depicts them), and almost stifled by the sands whirled up by the winds, we may imagine their feelings when a vein of water is discovered, which a soldier scoops up in his helmet and offers to Cato. “Shall I be the only dastard in the crowd of heroes,” replied the indignant Roman.

Excussit galeam, suffecitque omnibus unda.

Here the poetry of thought consists in the grouping of the picture, the vast and burnt-up desert, the soldier offering the water, and the look of the surrounding Romans: the “*excussit galeam*” is rather a specimen of that ardour and excitation which Quintilian tells us, entitles Lucan to a place among the orators, rather than the poets.

Thus it is with many modern productions; they are neither deficient in spirited delineations of character, nor bold and animated narrative; but the "*clarissima sententia*," the burning light which shines through the conceptions of the poet of Corduba, are wanting,—like the enchanted flowers, their colors remain after the odour which vivified them is departed.

We remember no poet who affords more specimens of poetry of diction than the celebrated Pindar; his hymns are pre-eminently sublime, but we think it will be allowed that he frequently substitutes gorgeous expressions for true sentiment and passion. In his description of the "*Happy Isles*," we see the brightest poetry of thought, clothed in words of pure and unadorned harmony; but when he calls upon the Muses to shoot forth "*their arrows from the bow of poetry*," we are tempted to exclaim, this is poetry of diction indeed. For although the flashes of inspiration flitting across the mind, may be likened to the winged course of an arrow, here the *vraisemblance* ends,—we can form no idea of a poetic bow.

The language of Italy is in itself poetry, as connected with melody of expression: the songs of Paradise seem to have wafted their murmurs over this vineyard of beauty, and the courting of a *houri's* serenade to have breathed upon their dreams of voluptuousness and love.

Upon this the fame of some of their poets principally rests.

Metastasio is in part the poet of diction; his language is like a summer cloud encircling a form of loveliness, tinted, as it were, by the wings of Cupid.

He has but one object in nature, and that is,—love: all his expressions are flushed by this pervading power, they thrill on our ears, like the voices of his own country, but they have little energy in them.

Some of the Greek writers of the Christian era, are remarkable rather for elegance and purity of style, than for any poetry of thought; they paint female beauty somewhat in the hyperbolical strain of the Persian poets and Hafiz in particular.

Musæus in describing Hero, the priestess of Venus, calls her *λειμωνα ροδων*, "a meadow of roses," and Achilles Tatius, in the same spirit of Oriental metaphor, styles a peacock's tail, "a meadow of flowers."

Longus, in his pastoral romance of Daphnis and Chloe, sketches some charming scenes of shepherd life; we would particularly notice his relation of a shepherd's spring.

The romance of Heliodorus, with the exception of the opening, which is exquisitely picturesque, is chiefly supported by the sparkling playfulness of the language; or, as we should term it—poetry of diction.

There appears to be one general test by which poetry of thought may be distinguished from poetry of diction, viz., simplicity of expression; as in the fragment preserved of Simonides:

οιηπερ φυλλων γαρση, τοιηδε και ανδρων.

He tells us the race of man is like that of the leaf; he does not amplify the comparison; it is for us to add the green, the sere, the yellow leaf.

[In presenting to our readers the following "Farewell to Harrow," we have omitted one of the stanzas containing the name of the amiable and talented author].

LINES WRITTEN BEFORE LEAVING HARROW IN 1825.

*Jam secundis quam adversis rebus non dare
Spatium ad cessandum.*

Livy.

Ah, who can stop the coming day,
Prepare it pleasure, bring it pain,
Or come it but to take away
Those joys, we cannot know again?

And if to man were given the power,
Too soon the advantage would be past,
For, though we might delay the hour,
It must, alas, arrive at last.

With pain these tenets I profess,
Though still to them plain truth belong,
How gladly would I now confess
My sorrowing heart could think them wrong!

And is the time, alas, so near?
And shall I see so soon the day—
A day that must for aye, I fear
So many comforts tear away?

What will it add? Ah! time will shew,
Of cares I see a plenteous store.
What joys t'will give I may not know,
If any, it will seize on more.

I speak not of the merry talk
Resounding far, the breezy morn,
The setting sun, the social walk,
Gay hearts by anguish never torn:

I speak not of the evening stroll,
 The friends at every turning met,
 Of those, whose firm though mild control,
 Whose kindness I shall ne'er forget.

If, as I trust, I have a friend,—
 One friend? Nay, let me add a few,
 Oh let not all remembrance eud
 Of him, who'll often think on you.

• • • •
 • • • •
 • • • •
 • • • •

Harrow, thy name, whate'er my age,
 Shall ne'er be from this heart displaced,
 And thy loved scenes from Memory's page,
 Shall never, never be effaced.

A NUMIDIAN SKETCH.

SOPHONISBA.

*Non est, non, (mihi crede) tantum ab hostibus armatis cetati
 Nostræ periculum, quantum ab circumfuis undique voluptatibus.*

LIVY.

THERE were voices of revelry and mirth in the King's palace, shouts of triumph and exultation in the courts of Cirta, and dreamings of music in the lighted chambers; but in the silence which followed the rejoicings, were heard the cry as of one that mourneth, and the curse of grief and agony, when the Numidian turned his eye to the lonely walls where the stranger kept his night-watch. It was a sad, yea, a fearful hour, for the bridal of Sophonisba.

The multitudes which had gathered round the palace gates, were beginning to disperse, when a horseman was seen advancing at full speed toward the banqueting-hall; as he approached the crowd, who divided for him to pass through, he slackened his pace, and appeared to survey with mingled displeasure and surprise, the scene of revelling before him. He was about the middle age, and the sternness of the soldier was softened by a benignity of expression, and a winning courteousness of demeanor; he was covered with dust, as if he had journeyed a great distance.

"Brave doings," said he, throwing himself from his horse, and addressing an aged man, who had been scrutinizing him since his arrival.

"Ay—" was the laconic reply.

"Brave doings," returned the stranger, who it seemed entertained suspicions which he wished either to dispel or confirm.

"Doubtless when the eagle is on the walls, and the prey beneath his talons."

"Ha, old man, meanest thou the Roman?—the bird of Rome is terrible only to her foes, his wings are a resting place for her friends—heark ye, old man, what festival is this?"

"Festival, a blythe festival indeed, when the wife of Syphax intermarries with the blood-hound of Rome—when the daughter of Asdrubal crouches at the feet of Masanissa!"

"How! sayest thou so? Now by the Gods, Masanissa, I'll rend thy beauty from thy arms, and send her bound to Scipio?"

It was Lælius.

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*

The evening was calm and lovely, the stir of war was hushed, and a drowsy stillness pervaded the camp of Scipio, when Masanissa in shame and anguish retired to his pavilion. Like the lion of his native wilderness, his soul was lashed into madness—"blasted be my coward arm that yielded to the Roman," he cried, as he dashed himself to the ground. For a moment he struggled violently, then raising himself up, and mastering his emotions, he called a favourite slave, and commanded him to prepare a cup of poison, and bear it to Sophonisba. "Go," added he, "tell her that Masanissa keeps his promise."

* * * * *

Well might the messenger bow before the beautiful being, who sat like Venus in desolation; he gazed upon her, perhaps recalling some long departed vision; a tear ran down his cheek when he approached the mourner, and delivered the command of Masanissa.

"Welcome," Sophonisba cried, taking the goblet in her hands, "thrice welcome, the first gift of a husband to his bride, the torch which lighted my bridal shall gleam upon my tomb." Having thus said, she drained the cup to the very dregs, and before sun-rise, Sophonisba slept with her fathers.

THE POET IN BONDAGE.

SONG.

[THE following song was written by a Harrow Boy a few months since; we give it, not from any merit of its own, but for the purpose of inserting the very beautiful lines which were addressed to him in reply.

I CARE not for my youthful days,
My hours of sorrow, and grief and tears,
I think of the bright, the cloudless blaze
That shall glitter around my older years.

When the sun-wreath of fame shall garland my brow,
With no withered, no faded foliage on it,
And every leaf which darkens it now,
Shall smile like a rose of Sharon upon it.

I think of the day I shall tread the bowers,
The purple bowers my father trod,
And wreathing my temples with mosellay flowers,
Bow at the shrine of my father's God.

Then I care not what clouds of sorrow and tears,
On the day-spring of life may fall;
I know that one beam of my older years,
One day of my manhood will scatter them all.

REPLY TO —

Lift not the veil from the eye of his fancy,
Nor rife the flowers hope has strewn in his way;
It is holy and sacred to lighten the journey,
By faith in the future, by contentment to-day.

Speed thee well, youthful pilgrim! the dust of vexation
Shall sully no sandal thy piety wears,
And present affliction is welcome probation,
If filial affection shall dry up thy tears.

And what if thy manhood shall teach nothing more
Than the tale of submission thy childhood has told,
Reflection shall cheer thee when hope shall be o'er,
And the thoughts of thy youth, be thy solace when old.

GREEK ROMANCES.

THE PASTORAL OF LONGUS.

Auctor est amoenissimus et character eò melior, quò simplicior.
Joseph Scaliger.

It is worthy of remark in the annals of literature, that the *Iliad* of Homer and the *Pastoral* of Longus, although the first productions of their respective classes, should have been so beautiful and correct, that succeeding ages have been unable to improve upon them. The story of *Daphnis* and *Chloe*, is, (as all pastoral tales ought to be), simple and unpretending; it is founded on the attachment of two foundlings brought up by the shepherds, and who, at an early age, are sent forth to feed their flocks together.

The language of Longus is exquisitely beautiful; we fear no translation can preserve its sweetness; it has the softness of Theocritus, with more brightness of colouring and sprightliness of fancy.

Theocritus is the cottage poet; he sketches a rural description, as a peasant would describe a May-day to his child; he neither adds nor diminishes aught.

Longus, with equal homeliness and truth, but greater power of imagination, is fond of working up the picture, of throwing a light here and a shade there; the one paints a garden as it is, the other decks it always in sunshine.

There is a balminess and peace breathing over the pictures of Theocritus, like a summer sleep; his brooks

and fountains seem to murmur among roses, we listen with delight to the piping of the shepherds and the hum of the bee in the valley.

Longus is calm and tender, but more spirited, like the flowers in the garden of the Philetas, his images are sweetened by dews of odour; his rivulets sing along; but ruffled, as if love were bathing in them. His style is light and playful, all his ornaments appear to be unpremeditated; you know not whether they be the effect of nature or of art:

Non so ben dire, s'adorna ò se negletta
Se caso od arte il bel volto composti
Di natura d'amor, del cielo amici
Le negligenzi sue sono artifice.——

Tasso.

The romance opens with a description of Mitylene. Our readers must not look for any connection in our extracts, we have merely selected a few of the most beautiful passages.

“Mitylene is a magnificent city of Lesbos, intersected by canals flowing in from the surrounding ocean, and beautified with bridges of white and polished marble. About twenty furlongs from thence was situate the farm of a wealthy inhabitant. There were mountains on which the wild beasts* bounded without number; hills darkened by the most luxuriant vines; fields waving with corn; flocks bleaching the meadows with the snowiness of their fleeces, and mingling the melody of their bleating with the echoed calls of the shepherds. Moreover, the ocean broke, with its wild and melancholy music, along the extended shore, which was covered with a smooth and sparkling sand.”

* For hunting.

THE GROTTO OF THE NYMPHS.

“There was a beautiful grotto of the nymphs, formed out of a vast rock, in the shape of an amphitheatre. The statues of the nymphs were curiously wrought in the stone; they had no sandals on their feet, their arms were bare to the shoulder, and the tresses floating negligently over their laughing faces, gave them the appearance of a group of dancers. From a chasm in the rock a bright and sparkling fountain bubbled forth into a lovely brook, and made a flowery meadow before the cave.”

The second book opens with an animated description of a Lesbian vintage.

“It was the prime of autumn, the vintage was nigh, and every one busied himself in the fields, making ready the wine-presses, while others were cleansing the casks and jars, weaving baskets, or sharpening their little sickles to cut the clusters. Daphnis and Chloe therefore gave over the tending of their flocks, and assisted each other. Daphnis carried the grapes in baskets,—threw them into the presses, trod them, and poured the must into the casks.

“Chloe prepared food for the vintagers, and handed them cups of old wine, and then gathered the lower grapes. In Lesbos, the vines are not trained upon trees, but stretch their tendrils downward, creeping like the ivy, and they are so low that an infant might pull the topmost cluster with its hand.

“Many of the neighbouring women who had been called in, cast their eyes upon Daphnis, and lauded him as equal to Bacchus in beauty; and some of the bolder

among them caught him up in their arms, and kissed him :—it pleased Daphnis, but Chloe was grieved. And the wine-pressers shouted after Chloe, and sung the praises of the young grape-gatherer ;—then Chloe laughed and Daphnis sorrowed. They longed, however, for the vintage to be over, that they might return to their haunts in the meadows ; and instead of the noisy merriment of the wine-pressers, listen to the shepherd pipe and the bleating of the lambs. After a few days, when the grapes were gathered in, and the vintage was well nigh over, they drove down their flocks to the fields, and joyfully worshipped the nymphs, offering to them clusters upon branches, the first-fruits of the vintage, for it was their custom to bring them some token of their respect in the morning and the evening ; either a flower or an apple, or a handful of green leaves, or a libation of milk,—and they, being now at liberty, danced and sung, and sported with their flocks.”

It is after their return from the vintage that an old man, named Philetas, relates to them the following beautiful allegory :

“ I have a garden in which I am wont to pass my time, now that old age has rendered me incapable of labouring in the fields ; it produces every flower in its proper season ; in the spring, there are roses, lilies and violets ; in the summer, poppies, pears, and all sorts of apples ; and now, (autumn) grapes, figs, pomegranates, and green myrtles. This garden is the favourite resort of birds ; in the morning multitudes gather into it, some to sing among the branches, and others to feast upon the fruit of the trees, for it is darkened by the shadows of the boughs, and watered by three delightful fountains.

“ As I entered my garden yesterday, about noon, I

beheld a boy among the fig-trees, having his hands full of myrtle leaves and pomegranates, white as milk, and shining as if he had washed himself in all the fountains. He was naked and alone; he sported among the branches, rolling in the blossoms, breaking off the flowers, and scattering them about as though the garden had been his own. When I saw this, I ran towards the young urchin, with the intention of catching him, fearing lest with his jumping and mischief, he would destroy my fairest myrtles and orange trees, but he skipped nimbly from me, now running under the rose-bushes, now burying himself among the poppies like the chick of a partridge.

“ Being old, I was soon wearied of pursuing the boy, so leaning on my staff, and keeping my eyes upon him that he might not escape, I asked him what neighbour’s child he was, and how he dared to rob another man’s orchard. The little thief made no reply, but approaching and laughing very roguishly, pelted me with myrtle berries, and soothed me so (although I cannot tell how he did it), that all my anger vanished, and I promised him if he would come and give me one kiss, he should not only have as many figs and apples as he pleased, but pull all the most beautiful flowers and fruits in the garden. The rogue burst into a loud laugh, and turning himself into an old man, cried with a voice sweeter than a nightingale, or a dying swan, “ I am not a boy, though I seem to be, but older than Saturn or the universe. I remember thee when thou didst keep a great flock in yonder meadow, and was near thee when thou didst whistle under those beech trees, and whisper love-tales to Amaryllis, but thou sawest me not—it was I who gave thee the damsel, and those blithesome sons of thine.

And now I watch over Daphnis and Chloe, and having brought them together in the morning, I come to this garden, and sport among thy roses, and bathe me in thy fountains. For this reason thy flowers are bright, and thy orange trees flourishing, because the perfumed water from my wings doth fall upon them,—tell me is there a blossom scattered on the ground, or a fountain troubled? rejoice old man, rejoice, for thou hast seen Cupid in thy old age."

"He had scarcely uttered the last word, when he leapt into the myrtles, hopping like a young nightingale from bough to bough, through the green leaves, until he reached the top. For a moment I beheld his wings hanging from his shoulders, and at his back a little bow, another moment, and I saw him not?"

Our next specimen is the picture of a withered garden, we give it, with the concluding one, somewhat in the measure of good Master Spenser.

The Venus of flowers broken hearted,
Her bright wings fading from their sunny blue,
Singing like a weeping flute, departed,
And from the shady fig-tree arbour flew,
Brushing from lemon leaves the drops of dew.

* * *

The withered lily lay upon the ground,
The loveliest orange-boughs were broken,
And many a sweet voice from the myrtles round,
Murmured a hymn of grief in token;
And words of anguish and of wrath were spoken.
From violet and rose the honey-bees
Came gathering through the dying bowers,
And humming sadly in the green fig-trees,
Mourned the funeral of the flowers,
Companions of the morning and the evening hours.

A Lesbian winter appears to have been very severe, if we may judge by the difficulties Daphnis encountered in his journey to visit Chloe.

“There was suddenly a great fall of snow, all the pathways were choaked up, the meadows and fields were covered with it; the very torrents were frozen, the hedges and trees looked like stumps, no one led forth his flocks, but all busied themselves round the fire, some spinning flax, and others weaving nets for the birds. While the shepherds were occupied in this manner, others were rejoicing at being released from their labours for a season, rising early, and amusing themselves the live-long day, so that winter was more pleasant to them than spring, or even summer.

“But Chloe and Daphnis, when they remembered the sweet songs in the vallies, and how they had lived together, and had all things in common, desired nothing more ardently than the return of spring, for it grieved them when they found a scrip from which they had formerly eaten, or a cup out of which they had once drank, or when they beheld a flute thrown aside, the gift of a forgotten lover. And they supplicated Pan and the Nymphs to extricate them from their sorrows, and shew them and their flocks the light of the sun again; meanwhile, they anxiously endeavoured to contrive a meeting. But Chloe had no opportunity of exercising her skill, for her reputed mother was always with her, either teaching her to card wool, or spin, or at other times talking of marriage. But Daphnis having more leisure, as well as invention, soon hit upon an expedient for seeing Chloe.

“In front of the cottage of Dryas, stood two myrtle trees, and an ivy bush; the myrtles stood near each other, and the ivy ran between, so that a shady arbour was formed of the platted boughs and intermingled

leaves, covered with clusters of berries, like a bower in a vineyard. Numbers of winter birds, blackbirds, thrushes, and starlings, by reason of the famine, were perched in the branches. Here, under pretence of birding, came Daphnis, having stored his wallet with rural dainties, and bringing with him nets and lime twigs to keep up the deception. Although the distance did not much exceed a mile, the deep snow that had fallen rendered the journey very laborious; but all things are to be overcome by love,—fire and water, and Scythian snow. Having reached the cottage, and shaken off the snow from his clothes, he laid his nets, and then sat down to think of the birds and Chloe."

Daphnis waited long and patiently, "but no one stirred from the cottage, not so much as a bird was seen, for all housed themselves round the fire."

A ludicrous accident at length introduces Daphnis to the family and his beloved Chloe, he is received with open arms, "and when they told him, he must abide with them the next day, that being the feast of Bacchus, he was within a little of worshipping them through excessive joy; he displayed the treasures of his wallet, and the birds he had taken were put by for supper. More wine was brought, another fire lighted, and having amused themselves by relating village tales, or singing their rustic songs, they retired to rest?"

We conclude our selections with the admired description of a shepherd's spring: we refer our readers to the original, if they would fully comprehend its beauty.

It was the lovely dawning of the spring,
In valley and field the flowers were waking,
And many a young bird with its dewy wing,
With merry carol from the nest was breaking,

Its musical feet the green leaves shaking ;
The mountain echoed with the firstling's glee,
Right joyously on the fresh grass leaping,
And cradled in the violet-bell the bee,
From out the honey-bosom peeping,
Hummed its gladness,—in the bloom a love-watch keeping.

The sweet songs of the vineyards and the bees,
Fell lullingly upon the soothed ear,
And nightingales among the orange trees,
Piping their gurgling notes so soft and clear;
The old and young came from the fields to hear :
Some gathered flowers by the meadow side,
Of bright and beautiful there was no dearth,
Or picked up daisies which they strove to hide,
Then threw at each other, gay with mirth,
Or platted garlands for the nymphs who loved them from their birth.

Daphnis and Chloe on the peaceful hill
Would sit together in the evening prime,
And listen to the woodland fountain's thrill,
The echo of the shepherd flutes, the chime
Of voices coming from a blessed clime ;
And Daphnis took his pipe, and gladsome tune
Of village music to his love did sing,
Till the rich orange brightened with the moon,
No myrtle rustled with the blackbird's wing,
But all were hushed, the flocks and shepherd murmuring.

TO THE ROMAN EAGLE.

Wake not, wake not, bird of thunder,
 While the waves of battle leap,
 Though the earth be rent asunder,
 Sleep on, sleep.

A dream ! a dream ! in other years
 The war-god bent him o'er thee,
 And Venus wooing with her tears,
 Knelt before thee.

Fiercely hath thy death-shout sounded
 'Mid the scythed chariot's roar,
 Where the painted Briton bounded,
 But that shout is o'er.

Mighty one, by the desert springs,
 Like the palm tree of the east,
 Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
 Kings found rest.

There's a sorrowing voice at night
 Mourning among Carthage's stones,
 It whispers of a quenched light,
 Of fallen thrones.

Spirit of fire, the forest child,
 Looked up at thy passing gleam,
 Shaking his bright locks black and wild,—
 What a dream !

They sought to lull thee with the sigh
 Of citterns upon beauty's breast,
 But thy song was the battle-cry,—
 The storm, thy nest.

The Druid in the darksome glen,
 Bending at the shrine of gore,
 Shuddered at thy wrathful ken,
 And prayed no more.

Who, who doth tremble at thee now,
 Amid the red spear's rattle,
 Where is the burning of thy brow,
 The rush of battle?

In a garden of delight
 Have odour spirits blest thee,
 Slumbering in a nest of light?
 Then rest thee.

Bathe thy plumes in purple springs,
 Fountains of bloom and glory,
 Stir not, stir not, while the wings
 Of peace are o'er thee.

There is a darkness on thy home,
 A shadow of the dead,
 The genius of departed Rome
 Has bowed his head.

Wave thy pinions yet once more
 Upon the Capitolian steep,
 Beam upon the graves of yore—
 Now then, sleep!

W.

TO TIME.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF THOMAS).

TIME ! thou unknown being, whom the soul
 In the dark shadow of her love embraceth ;
 Torrent of ages and of years that roll,
 To the far-off sea no bright eye traceth ;
 Now while thy voices call,
 I dare to stand a moment ere I fall,
 To look upon thy course, thou ravager of all !

Who shall unveil the hour of thy birth ?
 What eye upon thy infancy can gaze ?
 Doubtless thy cradle, spirit of the earth,
 Rocks on the eternity of days.
 Ere man was made,
 Shrouded in the gleamless shade,
 Thy slumbering stirless germ was laid.

From Chaos the burning gates were rent,
 The suns lit up their glory fires ;
 Thou was't born ; by the Almighty sent
 To watch the wandering of those deathless lyres.
 He said to Nature,
 Time shall be for thee, eternity for me !

God, such art thou ! the sea of ages
 Breaks in fury at thy feet ;
 Over the beauty of thy works it rages,
 But not a wave comes near thy judgment seat.
 Millions of years
 And days of tears
 That trample each other's footprints as they fly,
 Are as nothing to the searching of Infinity.

THE HARROVIAN.

MAY, 1828.

GREEK ROMANCES.

THE CLITOPHON AND LEUCIPPE, OF TATIUS.

EXISTE dans l'art, une sublimité, says a French writer on the *ideal*, qui l'emporte sur la nature elle meme—the invention must ever be more praiseworthy than the copy; and a history of imaginary persons requires greater skill and variety of talent, than what is commonly called a *tale from real life*. The delineator of living manners is an imitator; the writer of fiction is an inventor—the one copies nature, the other creates for himself. There is far more difficulty in picturing a spirit, than a flower by the way-side: the merit of the first consists in the splendour of the original—that of the second, in the fidelity of the copy; yet we would wager Lionel Montmorency against Bartholomew Bouverie; the 'Harrovian' against anything Eton produces for twenty years to come, that 'Sayings and Doings' have been read by thousands more than Sir Michael Scott. Few, we apprehend, question

the superiority of Allan Cunningham to Theodore Hook, yet the 'Modern Instances' succeeded, and the romance of poetry failed; the sketches of manners, the 'fideles secretaires des flammes amoureuses' (as Pierre Botton somewhere denominates flowers), won a comfortable domicile in the circulating libraries, and Michael Scott was condemned to be taken to the place from whence he came, and rest his fame on the battle of Largo!

The Greek romances have not generally the recommendation of our old metrical compositions; they are not chronicles of the times, breathing portraits of the manners and customs of the periods to which they relate; the transposition of a hundred years would not injure their identity, for they rarely possess any.

We would except the *pastoral* from this observation; the 'Daphnis and Chloe of Longus, (which we briefly introduced to the notice of our readers in a former number), is a delineation in excellent keeping throughout, of the guilelessness and uninterrupted tranquillity of shepherd life, very different from the would-be pastorals of the French school, the heroes of which appear to have lived half their lives in the suburbs of Paris.

To the want of character, we may add the almost total absence of *taste*, or what would render our meaning still better, *judicium* in the sense used by Quintilian. This remark is particularly applicable to the subject of our present inquiry—Achilles Tatius. We do not deny that he evinces considerable elegance of mind, or as it is termed, *taste*, in his description of the picture of Prometheus, &c.; but it is in the frequent occurrence of these descriptions that the want of taste is manifested—as the playing of the same tune, be it never so delightful, a dozen times, would argue singular conceit and self satisfaction in the performer.

Tatius is always glowing, always luxuriant, in his portraits; like the female heads of Giulio Romano, his pictures are characterised by the flowing beauty and fancifulness of the arrangement. We may truly style the loves of Clitophon and Leucippe, 'Prose by a Poet; the images are striking and natural; we know nothing more beautiful of the kind (and we expressly recommend it to all sonneteers, songstresses, &c.) than his comparison of a languid blue eye, to a violet recently gathered. Imitating his predecessor, Heliodorus, in some respects, there is more of the stir and pulse of life in Tatius—more strivings after what the Greek novelists never attained,—the anatomy of the human mind, the laying bare the philosophy of passion: he succeeded, perhaps, more than any other of his class, in giving the shadow of the thoughts, and breathing a living interest into his relations.

Our sensations on reading the attachment of Daphnis and Chloe, their evening pipings in the valleys, their innocent tenderness, the refusal of one to be comforted because the other is not, are akin to the feelings with which we survey a group of village children playing before a cottage door, in the joy and peace of childhood,—all is calm and beautiful.

Longus paints but one picture, and he does it exquisitely. Tatius many, and frequently imperfectly; but sometimes with considerable liveliness and spirit, he changes the scene, and like an ancient host introduces us to his Spring, and Summer, and Winter rooms, and offers us good cheer.

In the Theagenes and Chariclea of Heliodorus, the *veni, vidi, vici*, are wonderfully exemplified—a more conquering couple can hardly be imagined. In Clitophon and

Leucippe, we have the *veni*, and *vidi*, but not the '*vici*;' this we consider the cleverest part of the romance;—the passion of Clitophon, his amorous stratagems, the charming of the lips, &c., are sweetly and winningly narrated.

We trust we shall not displease our readers by preferring a metrical translation to one of prose—the original is in itself poetry.

THE GARDEN.

* THE Garden was beautiful to the eye,
With bright wreaths hanging from the colonnades,
And roses wooing with an odour-sigh,
Nurslings of summer tenderness, and shades
Of flowers, thrilling with the serenades
Of honey birds, in the blossoms singing.
The gentle murmurs of the even-air,
And nightingales among the green leaves springing,
Breathing their love-songs tremulous and fair,
The harp of Summer seem'd to pour its bloom-hymns there.

The boughs fell o'er each other, round the trees,
In darkening folds the ivy garlands clung,
And wild flowers, playing with the idling breeze,
Their cups of beauty to the sunshine flung,
Or from the leaves their perfume-chalyce hung.
Amid the golden fountains and the flow'rs,
The whisperings of blissfulness and glee,
Waving its tresses o'er the shadow'd bow'rs,
A crown of glory for the plantain tree,
The rich vine wanton'd in luxurious revelry.

The ground was painted by a thousand dyes,
And when the musical zephyr blew,
Stirring the branches with his harpy sighs,
The freshening sun-beam wander'd through,
Bathing in nests of redolence and dew.

* "Paradise," in the original.

Rous'd from the spicy dreamings of the night,
 The sunny singers from their dwellings broke,
 And roses, purpled in a spring of light,
 In laughing loveliness and joy awoke,
 And merry voices from the lemon arbours softly spoke.

There, where the garlanded buds were blushing,
 A silvery fount its scented waters threw
 Among the trembling violets gushing,
 And sprinkling their leaves of ocean blue,
 When not a black wave clouds the peaceful hue:
 A mirror for the waking flowers to see,
 The glory of their morning faces,
 And win the garden-rifler, the bee,
 To frolic in their soft embraces,—
 Beautiful charmers of those cool and happy places.

Birds dwelt in the branches, some were sporting
 From bending bough to bough, with merry hop,
 And others hid among the foliage, courting,
 Leapt gaily, singing, to the fig-tree top ;
 With look of joy, and many a timid stop.
 The popinjay, in his plumes of glory,
 Gleam'd brightly on the glancing leaves afar ;
 The sweet cicada sung the ancient story,
 Of spirits worshipping the morning star.

The swan sat beauteous by the peaceful springs,
 And, shining through the trees, the gorgeous bird*
 Ruff'd the myrtles with his rainbow wings ;
 The violet and lily-bell were stirr'd
 With night wind dulcimer, and summer word.
 The battle of the flowers, with colour'd plume,
 The Venus of roses sparkled by,
 Shaking her pinion from the cup of bloom,
 And lulling the day-birds with her lover cry—
 Flowers and birds strove for the garden victory.

Andromeda, as all our readers are aware, having con-
 tended for the prize of beauty with the nymphs, was
 bound by them to a rock, and exposed to a sea monster,

* The Peacock.

from whose attacks she was released by Perseus, who afterwards married her.

PICTURE OF ANDROMEDA.

In a nook, hollowed out of the bosom of the stone, sat a maiden of so pleasant an aspect, that had you looked only on her beauty, you would have considered her an admirable statue; but if you turned your eyes to the chains and the sea monster, a lonely sepulchre seemed placed before you. In the countenance of the damsel, paleness and light were mingled: one dwelt in her cheeks, the other bloomed from her eyes; all brilliancy, however, had not departed from her cheeks, neither was the flower of her eyes altogether withered, but like violets recently gathered. Even her terror was interesting—her hands were stretched out and hung from her chained arms like clusters of grapes; and her features became yet paler—thus the virgin waited for death. She was robed after the manner of brides, in a garment woven from the feathers of birds, such as the Indian girls gather from the branches. A vast whale advancing towards the maiden, opened the ocean with his head, and the shadow of his mighty body lay stretched over the waters. Between the damsel and the whale stood Perseus, and as he rushed upon the monster, his shoulders were covered only by a mantle, with winged sandals to his feet, and a helmet upon his head. In the left hand he held the Gorgon's head, and brandished it before him like a shield;—it was terrible! for the tresses shook, and the serpents wreathed with fury, so fearful was the reality of the picture; and in his right hand gleamed a two-edged sword. Thus it fared with Andromeda.

One extract for our fair friends and we have done.

THE PICTURE OF EUROPA.

THERE was a verdant meadow on the shore,
Where the loveliest smile of day was fleeting,
And beautiful sun-clouds wandering o'er
The clear blue sky; choirs of virgins meeting,
With evening salutations greeting.
The mead was clothed with unnumber'd flowers,
And thickly planted with the green fruit-trees;
The boughs were woven into shady bowers,
A shelter for the lilies, birds, and bees,—
The sunshine glimmer'd in the leafy crevices.

Near where the meadow bordered on the sea,
Linger'd a beautiful damsel band,
Garlands upon their heads, their locks did flee
Sportively down their shoulders; hand in hand
They stood like dancers of a saraband.
Their cheeks were pallid, and with lips apart
They gazed upon the ocean's tranquil sleep,
Leaning with out-stretched arms as if to part,
Yet shrinking from the waters of the deep,
And on the stilly shore their timid watch did keep.

The sea was tinted with a rosy hue,
The surges against the rocks were breaking;
And some were laughing with a blush of blue,
Like infant violets from slumber waking,
And beauty smiles from the day-spring taking.
Dreamingly gliding on the silver foam,
Glittered a milk-white bull, and round him
In pleasant idleness the waves did roam,
And Cupids gladdening when they found him,
Fann'd the maiden on his back, and led, and crown'd him.

Her arm was round his neck, and on her breast
In sparkling folds a snowy tunic fell,
Her limbs were shadow'd by a purple vest,
A mirror for her loveliness, so well
The eye might of her clouded beauty tell.

The robe was fastened by a precious zone,
 Her golden tresses wandered on the gale,
 And gathering around her holy throne*,
 The coloured mantle floated like a sail,
 Bearing the love-bark to a far-off sacred vale.

Loves gamboll'd near her, and with vermeil wing
 Fondling the sweet wind hover'd in the air,
 And Orphean citterns tenderly did sing,
 And spirit voices blandly warbled there,
 And golden mantles floated in the glare.
 The waves rose lullingly, like a galley
 The freight of love and beauty glided o'er,
 Winning its pathway thro' the ocean valley,—
 No storm nor darkening tempest looked upon
 The peaceful waters—harps and Cupids, all are gone.

CRITIQUES.

No. I.—MR. A. MARTINEAU'S PRIZE POEM ON ZOOLOGY.

The style of these performances (modern Latin poems) always puts me in mind of Harlequin's snuff, which he collected by borrowing a pinch from every man's box he could meet, and then retailed it to his customers under the pompous title of "tabac de milles fleurs."

FITZOSBORN.

It is scarcely possible to imagine a more magnificent subject than Zoology,—the beauty of the animal creation; the bright though clouded grandeur of man; the splendid legends of the east; the poetical traditions of our own country; whole races of animals become extinct; the bones of one race hidden for centuries by the remains of another, and upon these graves of past generations, to use the words of Sir Humphrey Davy, the marble or rocky

* Jupiter.

ombs, as it were, of a former animated world, new generations rising with different habits and instincts, but all forming links in the chain of harmony which girds the universe—what a ground-work for a poem! What opportunities does such a subject afford to the poet, of picturing man as he *was*, and as he *is*!—the companion of angels in Paradise, with peace in his heart and plenteousness in his dwelling; and the wanderer, the outcast from his father's home, with the brand upon his forehead, a desolate and lonely being, selling his birth-right for a mess of pottage.

He might have glanced at the tales of glory graven for ever in the spicy gardens of the Orient; the beautiful allegory of the phoenix, the inhabitant of the golden nests in the elysium of the east, the type of the resurrection; and intimating by its death and return to life, after a thousand years, in renewed brilliancy, the gradual advance of the departed from one degree of happiness to another.

He might have gazed for an instant on the herds roaming in the eternal solitude of an African wilderness; the withered wastes of Lybia, where the lamp of life glimmers faintly through the living clouds of pestilence and death, where the hand of wrath seems to have traced the curse on the wind of fire, the blasted tree, the widowhood of creation.

Animated nature, in all her loveliness, and terror, was before him—from the lion of the desert to the purple butterfly of Cashmere; the eagle in his joy on the precipice, and the humming bird in its dwelling in the blossoms, the numberless tribes of insects, countless as the stars of heaven, all waiting the magician's summons—

“They will come when we do call them.”

Gladly would we have passed over any defects in the execution, had Mr. Martineau given us even an outline of the mightiness of the scenes he attempts to depict: his poem on Zoology, considered with reference to the subject, is little more than a catalogue raisonné,—a sort of zoological primer, shewing the various classes, and a few of the distinguishing features of each. There are not (at least we cannot discover them), more than one or two spirited sketches throughout the poem: 'Man,' whose portraiture presents such advantages, is dispatched in a line and a half.

" Ast hominum princeps inter mammalia fulget
Per totum terræ spatium genus."

The description of the monkey-tribe, which immediately follows (although correctly placed we acknowledge), gives the whole somewhat the appearance of a caricature.

————— " hosce sequuntur
Simiaque et celeri notus pede cercopithecus
Callidus humani vultus simulare figuram."

the 'hosce sequuntur' is any thing but flattering.

Our observations are directed not so much to Mr. Martineau's poem individually, as to modern Latin poetry collectively; without one exception, the best are but finished copies, proofs on India paper, productions which, it has been well observed, owe their very origin to the ruins of Rome.

The evils of modern Latin poetry are like the defects of a government—the weeding out of the one involves the destruction of the other. The student who should dare to throw off the chain of vassalage, and cease to transfer, without acknowledgment, half lines for Horace and

Virgil to his own pages; would be ranked, and deservedly so, among the most popular representatives of Balaam.

The instant he attempts to conform the expression to the sentiment, in the stead of lowering the sentiment to the expression, he falls into the most Gothic barbarisms, and his language becomes an unintelligible *patois*.

It was the hope of avoiding these solisms, that no doubt induced Mr. Martineau to commence his lines so frequently with 'quid.' We counted seven instances in the short space of 120 lines, in which the word 'quid' occurs, used interrogatively.

It is a singular circumstance, that the only passage in which Mr. Martineau gives "ample room and verge enough," for the play and passion of the thoughts, should exactly coincide in the spirit with the beginning of a stanza, in Mr. Wordsworth's *Elegy on the death of Dr. Parr*.

Mr. Martineau has been describing the horrors of the frigid zone, when he suddenly leaps into the torrid, and breaks out into the following exclamation, in our opinion the most spirited lines in the poem.

" *Quò me musq; rapis? Videor per tesqua vagari*
Per loca inexhausti fragrantia lampade Phœbi
Quà rex ipse leo solis spatiatur in agris
Et fremitu horrisono nemorum penetralia vexat
Indorum aut propter colles."

The corresponding line to which we allude in Mr. Wordsworth's *Epicedium*, is—

" *Quo musa tendis? Desine tristium*
Tandem modorum."

The coincidence is the more remarkable, as the two poems were composed nearly at the same time, and under circumstances which effectually precluded any intentional similarity.

One of the most elegant and appropriate similes we remember to have met with in modern Latin poetry, is in Gray's poem, "*de Principiis Cogitandi*." We allude to the likening of the internal perception of the mind, to the reflection of a Hamadryad's features in the waters.

"Qualis Hamadryadum quondam si forte sororum
Una nobis peragrans saltus, et devia rura ;
(Atque illum in viridi suadet procumbere ripa,
Fontis pura quies, et opaci frigoris umbra)
Dum prona in latices speculi de margine pendet,
Mirata est subitam venienti occurrere Nympham :
Mox eosdem, quos ipsa, artus, eadem ora gerentem
Unâ inferre gradus, unâ succedere sylvæ
Aspicit alludens ; sese que agnoscit in undis."

There is a beauty and originality in this comparison which pleases us vastly.

We have been induced to make these observations, because we are convinced, that so long as skill in Latin versification shall be the pathway to honour and reputation in our public schools, true classical learning must languish, imagination decay, and those who might have distinguished themselves in original composition, degenerate into parodists of Virgil and Juvenal ; condemned to see at every turn the charge of plagiarism in the words, of Martial.

"Stat contrâ dicitque tibi tua pagina, Fur es."

For our own part, we were ever partial to the mechanism of Latin verse, and the day is still fresh in our recollection, when our last 'copy' was returned to us without a correction.

We have now put off our critical robes, and stand prepared to render to Mr. Martineau our meed of praise, for the smooth and polished harmony of his lines, and the lucidness of his arrangement.

The following line is particularly soft and elegant.

—————"aut flumina subter
Dulcia muscosi carpentes gaudia lecti."

The eliding of 'insectorum' before 'horas,' in the next line, forms an unpleasant cacophony. The concluding lines do honour to Mr. Martineau's heart as well as his head, and upon the whole, although falling far short of the subject in power and magnificence, we can say of his poem (and it is praise we should apply to few modern Latin compositions), that we have read it with pleasure.

If we occasionally find the "disjecta membra pœtæ," the broken members of Horace or Ovid, patching up a crumbling creation, we should attribute it to the system, not to the individual. If the "acer spiritus et vis," the words that weep, and the tears that speak, are wanting; we should recollect, that if Lucretius lamented the penury of the Roman language in philosophical subjects, and Pliny in natural history, we who possess merely the shadow of its former greatness, the echo that dies away on the winds of ages, we least of all ought to look for a revival of its lustre, and an increase of its copiousness in the nineteenth century—an æra too mighty and glorious in itself, to need any illumination from the spirits of antiquity!!

The May-day of Latin poetry is passed; the clouds of years are upon the tombs of her poets; the gales of the vineyard cannot waken the slumber of the harp of Virgil, or the love-lute of Catullus,—shall they sleep for ever?

So far as versification improves our knowledge of classical construction, and familiarizes us with the intricacies of the language, it has our perfect approval, but here it should end. *Vive moribus præteritis, loquere verbis præsentibus*—live like the ancients if you please, but use the language of the moderns.

FLOWERS AND WEEDS.

BY AN OXFORD MEDALLIST.

MY DEAR *****. A Greek writer very happily compares poets to bees, in number, although not in the sweetness of their nourishment; for, continues he, bees banquet on honey and flowers, but poets on the smoke and dust of a city.

To this unpoetical diet I trust you will attribute the *pauvreté* of the present paper; a dull country city such as S———y, is any thing but an inspirator. I hope, however, to furnish you with something better for your fourth number.

It is rather ominous to drop the veil on the first page—"down with the curtain."

MIDNIGHT.

Mr casement is open, the wind of even
 Warbles like a voice from heaven,
 The shouts of the village have died away,
 The voices of men, oh where are they?
 In the chambers of woe, by the couch of the dying,
 Where the friend and the foe, and the dead are lying.
 Harken! the sound of the deathly whisper,
 The merry laugh of the orphan lisper,
 The thrill and the moan of the parting cry,
 When the shadow of death is passing by.

Moonlight quivers upon my head,
 My thoughts are with the mouldering dead,
 I look on the dark and boundless sea,
 Where the barks of life ride gallantly

Over the red wave, over the billow,
Like sunbeams across a dæmon's pillow ;
Flinging their banners of glory high,
But the arm of blasting and withering is nigh—
A gasp of the ocean, the sleepless waves
Are wandering over a thousand graves.

The dews are falling, I linger and look
As the night-wind ripples yon tranquil brook,
And I think of the friends whom time must sever,
Of the days and joys that are gone for ever :
The voice of peace at my father's door ;
The whisper of love which cometh no more ;
Of those who hastened out to meet me ;
Of those who hung on my neck to greet me ;
Of her who's cheek with tears was wet,
Of grief when we parted, and joy when we met.

I will shut the casement, fair and bright,
My lone room gleams in the sad moonlight ;
The scenes of the past are flitting before me,
The smiles of the lost ones are trembling o'er me.
I will lay me down, I will take my rest,
Even as a wood-bird in her nest.
God of mercy, thou art nigh me,
In the darkness thou art by me ;
Stretch out thy mighty arm to bless,
Father of the fatherless.

The "Legend of the Odour Lute," is founded on
nothing, and I am fearful will end in nothing.

LEGEND OF THE ODOUR LUTE.

IN Eden was a lovely nook,
Of roses and of camphor-trees
Watered by a golden brook
Of most delightful melodies.
Here when the radiant sun was set,
And a flush on each unbound coronet,

The spirits came
 To light their flame.
 The morning and evening angels met ;
 Those who watch'd on the summer sea,
 Or in moonlight round the Phoenix nest,
 Or shed the dew of joy and glee,
 A blessing on the infant's rest.
 Those who slept in the fig-tree bowers,
 Or hallowed their lutes in the orange flow'rs ;
 All that were beautiful and fair
 In Paradise, were gathered there ;
 And murmurs of gladness and praise were sent
 From many a rose-loved instrument,
 And eyes of blue
 Shone softly through
 The arbours of holy merriment.
 There was a spirit, the only one
 Who dwelleth in the burning cloud,
 That wreathes the forehead of the sun
 When his glorious face is bow'd.
 Before that seraph-veiled throne
 Where the king of spirits dwells alone ;
 And when the slumbering God of fire
 Darkened the gleam of that angel's lyre,
 And his pinions of beauty and light lay furl'd
 Like a shadow of heaven upon the world.
 The spirit sought this happy spot,
 The halcyon nest where sin was not ;
 And amid the singing of flower and bird,
 In the arbours green his voice was heard.
 'Twas summer eve, a holy sleep
 Hallowed the garden and the spring,
 The sun birds slept, and not a leap
 Broke the green leaf's slumbering,
 Save a sweet sound on the air,
 The echo of a cherub's prayer.
 In Paradise there bloom'd a flower,
 A censer of celestial dew,
 A spirit's brightest, dearest dower,
 Dwelt among its leaves of blue ;
 The Odour Lute, the magic spell,
 That sung the praise of God so well.

When the Almighty from his height
 Of glory looked upon the earth,
 To see if the first break of light
 Were worthy him who gave it birth.
 And each pavilion round the sun,
 Rung with the morning orison,
 Amid the music of the wings
 Fanning the vine leaves, and the strings
 Of air-harp's pouring murmurings :
 This little flower with whisper meet,
 To chime to the beat of a Dryad's feet,
 Like angel cup
 Kept thrilling up
 In ecstasy to greet
 The lovely brood
 Of field and wood,
 Waking in happy brotherhood.
 And there was one who loved this flower
 Among the rich and glorious many,
 The summer children of the bower;
 The dearest and the best of any :
 And like a worshipper of the sun,
 Bowed before this humble one.
 Oh woman, woman, what a shrine
 Of worship and of praise thou art !
 Breathing the sacrifice of thine,
 The first fruits of the heart.
 Where cloud and tempest darkeneth never,
 And seraphs may fold their wings and rest for ever.
 Altar of heaven, oh where shall we,
 Wandering this mighty world about,
 In forest wild or garden see
 A rose, a withered weed without—
 The living emblem of thee,
 The hand mark of Eternity.
 'Twas evening, and that bright one bent
 Before the beauty of the flow'r,
 And mingling with the element,
 Her gladness in that holy hour
 Breathed thankfully, oh ! nought but prayer
 Could tremble from a lip so fair.
 Her face was lighted by a dream,
 Of that sweet day when morning's beam

Broke freshly like a flaming tide
 Of sun-waves over Eden's prime,
 And seraphs slumbered by the side
 Of Beauty ; sleeping upon Time
 Her soft locks lifted by the sigh
 Of flower-winds playing timidly,
 Shone mildly round her, and her hands
 Were clasped on the snowy breast,
 Like the pinions of those bands,
 That close their plumage when they rest.
 The Bright One moved not, the trees
 Were glistening with the incense gum,
 And rocking the cinnamon leaves, the bees
 Chimed in with their peaceful hum.
 Lovely one, nor flower nor tree
 Come between thy God and thee !
 Oh what is beauty but a veil,
 The cloudy-crested angel threw
 Like darkness o'er a sunny tale,
 For heavenly light to sparkle through,
 And grave in glory on the face,
 " This is a spirit's dwelling place !"
 The myrrh boughs rustled, and a cry
 Of waking cittern trembl'd by.
 She raised her eyes, oh who could look
 Upon those beautiful, balmy fires,
 Glittering like an odour brook,
 The cradle of the fountain lyres.
 Or like the luminous flutes at night,
 Singing in the flowers of light.
 It was some child of a holier sphere
 Who turned his even wanderings here ;
 His cheek was bright, but there were traces
 Of grief, too dark for angel faces ;
 A shade that told of blue eyes brighter,
 Of pinions gayer, footsteps lighter :
 A cloudless harp in a world of bliss,
 Ere it learn'd to sing with the harps of this.
 The spirit stoop'd his shaded brow,
 Amid the sweet and perfum'd gush
 Of blossoms on the almond bough,
 Spreading his plumage to the rush

Of redolent gales, as if to win
The cooling air which wandered in :—
No seraph song may e'er forget
The hour when those soft eyes met.

Bright one, and the music wild
That murmured round the flower-child ;
The cry of joy from the spice bird's nest ;
The moon-light hymns from the isles of rest ;
The voice of the lute of the lily bell,
Fare ye well, fare ye well !

THE following little poem was suggested by the spirited translation, or rather imitation, of Claudian, which appeared in your first number.

THE DYING SUN-BIRD.

Look up, look up yet again
Searcher of futurity,
Can the storm of grief or pain
Cloud the lamp of Eternity,
O sun-bird ?

Look up on the singing birds,
The sweet eyes smiling o'er thy rest,
Listen to the holy words,
Of worshippers around thy nest,
O sun-bird.

Herald of fire, from stream to stream
Of bloom and light thy wings shall climb,
Throwing a bright and wakening gleam
Over the glimmering seas of time
O sun-bird.

A CHAPTER ON EYES AND HAIR.

* Shadow of God! the living waves
Of life thy setting flash shall see,
The angel's black plumes on the grave,
Shrouding the face of earth and thee,
O sun-bird.

Star of ages! through the veil
Of darkness on the fields unfurl'd
Thy pinions sparkle like a sail,
Of galley gliding to a world .
Where all is peace, O sun-bird.

A CHAPTER ON EYES AND HAIR.

When 'mid the worship and surprise
Of circling angels, woman's eyes
First opened upon heaven and earth.
MOORE.

Thy tresses are a dwelling for nightingales.
JADI.

ARE you in love? you are fascinated. Do you prefer the New Monthly to the Gentleman's? you are fascinated. Are you lean or fat, melancholy or merry, fond of dancing, or staying at home? all is fascination, and in the hope of gratifying my beautiful readers,

"Soyent blanches, soyent brunettes."—

I shall proceed to lay before them some fruits of my study on this most interesting subject.

Fascination is derived from *fasce*, a *band*, and appears to signify either the union sought for with the evil spirit, or the dæmon chain which binds the person or persons suffering under the fascination, to that spirit.

* Type.

Plato speaks of a two-fold fire, the one burning, and the other not, but illuminating nature with its pure and innocent brilliancy: in this harmless light the eye participates, and so long as the light retains its natural purity, it has no injurious influence, but when agitated by passion, whether of envy or of love, the rays of the eye become infected, and communicate the poison to the object of the passion, even to the bone, as Heliodorus hath it. The rays of the eye are carriers of the feelings or spirit; and in the good or evil effect of this power, consists what is generally styled *fascination*.

Pliny tells us of some among the Illyrians, whose powers of fascination were superhuman, and we read of the man who fell down dead before the eye of St. Paul. Chariclea was attracted by some envious eye; and Pericles never went to, nor returned from, the senate, without kissing Aspasia. Narcissus was an example of self-fascination.

It was beautifully imagined of the ancients, that bearing the beloved one in our eye,—“How often (says Philostratus in a letter to his mistress), have I opened mine eyes that thou mayest depart!”

The next property of the eye to be considered is its colour. For my own part, I like them most which look kindest on me, but Lionel (who's sister possesses a charming pair of “love witnesses”), declares for *blue*, and Philostratus, for whom I entertain particular regard (my readers should remember that he was a ‘lady's man,’ being secretary to the Empress Julia), considers the rivalry to be between *black* and *blue*.

It argues somewhat in favour of the purity of *blue*, that while the poets Anacreon, Horace, &c., praise the black eyes of their mistresses, they almost invariably picture the goddesses with *blue*.

An eye, to be perfectly beautiful, must be large. Juvenal hated little eyes,* and Aspasia and Panthea were celebrated for the fulness and grandeur of their eyes; a Greek amatory writer compares a cup to Juno's eyes; and Eustathius in his romance, denominates the eyes of Ismene the mirror of Cupid. Some one called eyes "counsellors of love," if so, they are chamber counsel; and it was to take their opinion, I presume, that Cupid came, when as Gilles Durant relates—

" Banni du ciel il vole en terre,
Et resolu de s'en venger
Dans les yeux, et vient se loger
Pour de là faire aux Dieux la guerre."

My observations refer more particularly to ladies' eyes, or I might instance Julius Cæsar, Tiberius, Cardanus, the famous Scaliger and Augustus,—all distinguished by the splendor of their eyes, especially Augustus, so much so, that persons in his presence fancied themselves in the sunshine. The beauty of an eye is complete, when size, colour, light, and tenderness are united; there should be a liveliness and sorrow intermingled, like a shade flitting over a laughing cheek; a music thrilling from it, if I may use the metaphor, and melting like an evening blush amid the brightness. The eyes of the lovely Panthea were characterised not more by their bewitching gaiety, than by the soul—the passion—the living spirit which breathed from them; and if under any circumstances we may term eyes—*θεων γλωσσαι*, "the tongues of Gods," it is when they are lit up with beams of happiness and joy; when the lights which sparkle from them are so many messengers of happiness and bliss.

* See his 16th Sat.

Beautiful E———

"Cur mihi plus æquo flavi placuisse capilli!"

Why have thy golden locks pleased me so?

Those sunshine ringlets, "the wings of love!" the
λεωνων ωθη φερων, the garden that beareth flowers in abun-
 dance—the nightingale's nest of Jadi—the blossoms of
 affection——beautiful E———

"Yet, looking on this sun-bright tress,
 Unlocks the source of dried-up tears,
 And thoughts, intense and maddening, press
 On my hot brain, thro' hopes or fears."

Eve's hair was golden, Cupid's golden, Venus' golden,
 and mine is, is—red.*

The family of Venus, who introduced hair-dressing,
 seem to have preferred the *toupee*, for we discover from
 a statue of Cupid, of Praxiteles, that this beau of Olym-
 pus was wont to gather his locks into a sort of crownlet,
 bound off his temples by a diadem; and Narcissus, that
 "glass of fashion, and mould of form," was partial to the
 same style—the circular wreath, with the wavy tresses
 flowing down his shoulders.

Lysippus, in one of his exquisite pieces of sculpture,
 represented the soft summer curls parted on the forehead,
 and falling, in rich profusion, behind the ears; thus, too,
 the syren companions of the voluptuous Cleopatra, shook
 their truant ringlets.

"Refugosque gerens a fronte capillos."

Hair, shading the countenance, appears to have been
 considered as indicative of savageness, for the hair of
 Medea is described as playing here and there, and being

* We assure our readers that the writer of this paper is particularly hand-
 some; his hair is black, and soft enough to make a wig for Apollo.—Ed.

agitated on the forehead. Let not my charming brunettes be angered, if Venus had yellow hair, Panthea had black ; if the eyes of Narcissus were blue, Leda's were hazel ; and if Mars loved the one, Jupiter adored the other.

Have you seen the Sleeping Beauty, by Titian, that living dream of loveliness and passion, with the lips of roses, and the cheeks, as Ovid sung, like dying grapes?—if you have not, go and see it, and when you return, we will talk of beautiful cheeks.

I have an excellent chapter on ears in preparation, we will therefore pass to noses—pray do you know what constitutes a *royal* nose? Plato says it is aquiline, and termed *royal*, par excellence. Aspasia, and the coxcomb Paris, had noses of this description. A French writer talks about “la noblesse du nez,” the nobility of the nose. Query—do plebeians ever have *royal* noses? There are eagle and paroquite noses ; pug, square, and turned up noses ; thin, consumptive, and corpulent noses,—all beautiful, but requiring more time for the development of their charms, than I can at present spare them.

In a fine generous horse, saith Columella, the nostril should be open. In a handsome woman, saith Philostratus, it should be contracted. Bear this in mind, reader.

What shall I say of the molles digiti et longi, the soft taper fingers, the eulogised feature of the morning ; the “rosy-fingered morn” of Homer ; the enchanters of silk and jewelry ; knights errant, as a writer in the year *one* apostrophised them ! Pretty fascinators ! ye shall turn over a leaf on your charms at the next meeting of the authors of the “HARROVIAN.”

Not even the flower blooming so houri-like on Lady Charlotte's lips, can detain me longer ; I have a garden

of sweets in store—Lionel and the Poet, and Le Troubadour, who is well-nigh broken-hearted because his name was omitted to the translation from THOMAS, in the last number, and a dozen of our contributors are waiting for me. Addio *βεγγόμενα ρόδα* my talking roses—or as Milton imitateth it in his Arcades—

Ye nymphs, the breathing roses of the wood.

W.

THE PRINCE REGENT'S JUVENILE BALL.

What a nice boy you are.

OLD PLAY.

WHAT a *nice* boy Frederic B—— is, said the beautiful Miss Percy, in my hearing, as she saw him run off to play at cricket with a party of Harrow boys, who were also on a visit at Beauvil. Now this Frederic B——, happens to be as mischievous and impudent an urchin, as ever deserved or escaped a——. He forms, however, a happy example of the favour which is universally extended in their judgment of boys, by children of a larger growth. It is among the many blessings they enjoy, that every one is disposed to look at them with a favouring eye.

With ladies, if any young gentleman of eleven, or twelve, does not shew himself utterly unworthy of that name, by his want of manners, and by his avoidance of them, if he can speak to them a few minutes without seeming afraid, he is set down as a *nice* boy. Among men on the other hand, if he can allow with a laugh, that he has been flogged three times in a week, can tell a

good school story, and drink a glass of wine without making a face at it, he gains, and justly so, the name of a *very fine boy*.

This kindly feeling towards youth, extends from the peasant to the sovereign. Well can I remember my feelings, (though then so young), when I heard these magical words, "the Prince Regent's Juvenile Ball." Though my ideas of royalty were crude, and my expectations highly wrought, they were not disappointed, and never before or since have I passed an evening of more continued enjoyment. Uninterrupted I might have said, had not the blue-eyed Emma been engaged every time I asked her to dance, and my little sister been not engaged at all. Among the many reasons which I have for respecting and loving my gracious Sovereign, not the least certainly is his behaviour to his juvenile subjects on that night. He seemed to give himself up entirely to their enjoyment, and to throw off all semblance of the King, except the one they would particularly delight in, that of a kind and beneficent father. He talked to this one, asked the name of that, patted another on the head, or took a fourth in his arms. I may safely say, that he that night won the heart of a great many *nice* boys. I can remember for myself, that like an impudent dog as I was, I gradually sidled up to him, nearer and nearer, chair by chair, till having approached as near as I dared, I sat and looked at him, and trembled at my own temerity. His Majesty, if he observed it at all, only did so with a good natured smile at my odd fancy.

The kind consideration which boyhood claims, is one of the arguments I would bring forward in favour of the old saying, that it is the happiest time of our lives. Even now I would give much of my incipient dignity as a

little man, for the real kindness shewn to me as a little boy; to recover with ladies that unrestrained flow of good-humoured intercourse, which when diminished, I now first duly appreciate; and with men, that ready good-nature, which would encourage my slightest remark, or commend my feeblest production. But these times must at last pass away, and that praise so readily granted to us by our superiors, we must try to deserve from our equals. While, therefore, we praise and are thankful, for the flattering encouragement shewn to boyish endeavours to do right, we must not let the absence of it paralyze the exertions of manhood. You can now, gentle reader, form a pretty shrewd guess at my age; it only remains then for me to say, that though now distinguished by that honorable name, I shall soon cease to be a Harrow Boy.

D. M. N.

THE EARLY DAYS OF THE RIGHT HON.
ROBERT PEEL.*

BY A CONTEMPORARY PUPIL OF THE REV. MARC
DRURY.

*Omnes hic digni, tu dignior omnibus, omnes
Hic plene sapiunt, plenius ipse sapit.*
EPICR.

It was Leonardo da Vinci (I believe), who recommended a painter never to be without his tablet; this celebrated artist knew that nature must be copied in her dishabille, when restraint is cast off, and the limbs are in

* Had we availed ourselves more fully of the communication of our respected friend, the sketch of Mr. Peel would, we doubt not, have been more interesting; at a future time we hope to renew the subject.

the position best pleasing to the inclination. How applicable the advice to the days of our boy-hood, those hours the history of which is traced in sunshine ?

How pleasant after a lapse of ten or twenty years, to turn over the pages of our sketch books, and read the characteristics of the *now* General or Statesman, *then* remarkable only for the daring or simplicity of their conduct. And how much more valuable are the portraits when painted "dans une infinité de rencontres," and glowing in all the ardour of

The first impassioned dream of youth.

The recollections of our contemporaries are evanescent, oftentimes effaced by the wear and tear of the world, or if they survive for a season in the midst of darkness, and woes, their glimmer is as a dying lamp in a sepulchre. Children, moreover, are destitute of reflection : they look upon the clear and joyous brows of their companions, and think not that years will wrinkle them ; that the flower of their youth will fade even in the summer leaf, that their limbs will fail them, "ere their hearts grow cold," and the eyes wax dim 'before the one upon whom they delight to gaze, is departed. The thought never crosses the mind of youth, that the arm now so sociably linked in his own, may be withdrawn in the crowd of the world, and the lips once so vehement in professions of affection and esteem, in the space of two or three years, forget that such a person ever existed as Frederic —

We may say of boys affirmatively in the beautiful words of the unfortunate Neele.

They seek not to anticipate sorrow
By throwing the flower of the present away,
Nor gather the black rolling clouds of to-morrow,
To darken the generous sun of to-day.

Some of my school friendships are broken, and the remembrance of others altogether obliterated; but among the recollections which still linger about my heart, twinkling like stars through the mist and duskiness of years, and making me feel in mind, if not in body, a Harrow Boy is the remembrance of—Robert Peel.

The genius or taste of a man is generally shewn in his youth, less brilliantly and distinctly it may be than in after times, but it is evinced in the joy of a game of cricket, or the additional twenty verses to a 'copy.'

Well might the mind of man be compared to a musical instrument; it is indeed a harp of most sensitive feeling, and the gentlest touch on the chords of childhood, will thrill over the thousand strings, waking each infant thought and passion; and though the melody may die away, the murmurs float around us in the storms and sorrows of life, like the music of the Indian, the sweeter for having been heard in the land of our purity and happiness. Mr. Peel was my senior at Harrow, he had resided some time when I was entered, and had already obtained the reputation of a clever boy.

A student is seldom liked at a Public School; there is a suspicion lurking in the minds of his fellows that he is over-reaching them; an antipathy arising from the shame of being excelled, and an aversion to the cause of the obloquy. Mr. Peel felt the full force of this hatred, which increased in proportion to the coolness and determination opposed to it. Anger and fury, although they feed the fire for a time, and raise the passions to the highest pitch of frenzy, must, in a short time, be lulled; they are self repellants; the contemptuous heedlessness of Mr. Peel, was a tacit reproach far more powerful than words, to the wrath of his companions;

and their dislike endured the longer, because it appeared to be so little regarded. I say *appeared*, for notwithstanding he kept "the tenor of his way" in seeming pleasantness, his heart was pained and afflicted, and in one of his themes, rendered peculiarly interesting from the circumstances attending its composition, were some affecting lines on the beauty of patience under suffering. So distressing became the malevolence of some of his schoolfellows during the first few months, that I have been informed, by a valued friend of Mr. Peel, his removal from Harrow was anxiously desired by an honoured member of his family. How far the proposal met with Mr. Peel's sanction I know not; I cannot but attribute much of his present calm and imperturbable self-possession to his early sufferings.

Mr. Peel, if I remember aright, was more florid in his juvenile compositions than in his maturer productions; a vein of energetic and dispassionate argument, however, always pervaded his exercises; and when I have accidentally passed by his room, I have frequently seen him leaning on his arm, and engaged in study, while the major part of his associates were amusing themselves in a more healthful, although not so intellectual, employment.

In my time, and I suppose the system is unaltered, themes and verses carried away the prize; elegance and fluency of translation were but little attended to, and a 'good construe' of one of the most difficult plays of Æschylus was considered inferior to a paper of thirty or forty soft, flowing verses. In the poetry and prose Mr. Peel was equally successful; his themes were acknowledged by his tutor to be the most finished efforts of the school; and his poetry, if not dewed in all the fountains of Castaly, was purely classical and correct.

Mr. Peel was indefatigable in his studies, harmless and unassuming in his manners and deportment, mild and conciliating in his disposition; and, if to this I add, prudence and unostentatious morality and virtue, I think no one will hesitate to place Mr. Peel, in the words of my motto, among the—worthiest of the worthy.

NOTÆ VARIORUM.

LONDON BARDS AND HARROW REVIEWERS.

"Of cares we see a plenteous few."

HARROW.

LET the editor of the Merchant Tailors' Magazine be called into court. The crier having audibly called the 'Editor' three times, and no answer being returned, we proceed to pass judgment. It has been said, that all taste is west of Temple Bar; I doubt whether the Merchant Tailors' Magazine be altogether calculated to negative the assertion; the characteristic of city productions is durability, rather than elegance; and the Merchant Tailors' School, notwithstanding it has sent and continues to send forth very learned and talented men, has never, I believe, produced a single poet of eminence. We can expect nothing very poetical in the dusky lanes about Cannon Street, or the iron wharfs of Thames Street, where the mind is too busily occupied in the realities of life to wander in the *ideal*.

Merchant Tailors' men, (I speak from occasional intercourse with them at Oxford)*, are generally distinguished

* We know many very elegant men of St. John's, who have been educated at this venerable school. EN.

This doleful dammage, and in compensation
 Of this sad loss, appoint for recreation
 Some equipollent seasons as will fit
 Seem to you wisdoms best for to permit;
 Thus your poor orators devoutly pray
 That your sequester would sometimes away;
 O let not then our masters be our JAILORS,
 So shall we ever pray for MERCHANT TAILORS.
 This our petition is, which you shall see,
 Subscribed with hands two hundred, seventy-three."

We understand that our Westminster friends are preparing a publication to be entitled the "Fire-brand." Let the inhabitants of Old Palace Yard look to it.

Umbrageous Saddle. A patent has been granted to M. Jeunesse, saddler, Paris, for an umbrageous saddle, which protects the horseman from the heat. We give our readers some idea of its construction, from the Repertory of Inventions:—

It is a common saddle, on the front of which, set up at pleasure, by means of two screws, is a verticle rod, the top of which carries, horizontally, a sort of *capote* or hood, made of taffeta. The opening of this hood is directed towards the horses' croup, and the rider's head enters at it; by this means he can see before him without being incommoded by the sun. It folds up like an umbrella when the horseman mounts the saddle, and the weight of it does not exceed six pounds.

Hail, magical *ombrifere*! what ages of immortality await thee in the glaring promenades of Brighton, and the throngs of Hyde Park!

Sun-repellers! ye will shortly become a staple commodity—a parlour guest, in green, blue, and orange.

N. B.—Umbrageous saddles to let out on hire, at threepence per hour.

LIONEL MONTMORENCY.

TALES OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

NO. 2. MAY-DAY.

May-Eve was the season in which the British mythology commemorated the egress from the ark.

CELTIC RESEARCHES.

THE light of May-day shone beautifully upon the fields and lakes ; there was no sound of sorrow throughout all the land ; the floating islands,* the wandering sanctuaries of ages, glittered like barks of sunshine on the waters ; and the harps and white robes of the bards, flashed amid the bosom-like swell of the leaves and fountains.

The promontories, the little hills, the rocks which the footsteps of the patriarch were said to have printed, were covered with crowds of young and old : some striking their shields with joy, and others worshipping glass boats in imitation of the ark.

The dark and glimmering caves were perfumed with festal garlands, and the light shone faintly in through the apertures, as if the Deity of the door† had furled his pinions, and the sweet voices of the May-men and May-women murmured tremulously along on the winds of spring.

Nature looked up lovely from her tears ; the shroud of time rolled darkly from her, and the beloved one of heaven smiled happily ; the eye of wrath was no longer fixed upon her countenance ; her faded beauty, the summer music, the cradle-songs of spirits, the voices whose

* They commemorated the ark under the symbol of a floating island.

† The appellation is borrowed from the Patriarch standing at the door of the Ark.

mild and holy harmonies still spoke in the breezes of three thousand years,—were remembered no more ; and earth, like one great over-shadowing being, bowed before the Quickener* of all things.

The birds sung in the fields and vallies, the sacred oxen lowed in the meadows ; altars were erected in the midst of the vines,† crowned with wreaths of the dark luxuriant leaves ; and the chrystal‡ cups of honey were twined with clusters of wild blossoms.

In the oriental avenues leading to some of their dwellings, were trees dismembered of their boughs, and festooned with flowers, and citterns of a large and ornamented construction, emblematic of the harps of the sun-god, were hung among the garlands. It was from the flower-twined oak of the ancient Briton, that the May-pole of our happy villages took its origin.

All was fair and pleasant, and the May-smile slept upon the fields and forests over which in times past the seas of human blood* had rolled in one vast surging solitude.

As the clangor and shouting of the war-men rose and fell, the hymns of the May women whispered by in wild and soothing melodies, consisting of old legends, and invocations to May, somewhat in the following manner.

INVOCATION TO MAY.

O Mayeve thou fair one
We look for thee,
With songs of the harper,
The glad voice of the sea.

* An epithet taken from an Ancient British poem in M.S.

† Vines are supposed to have been cultivated by the Ancient Britons.

‡ Erant autem Electrina atque vitrea vasa.—Old Record,

* The Britons, designated the Deluge the "Sea of Blood."

Beauty-child, the rose-smile
 Of even is coming,
 The ark on the waters,
 The birds are humming.

The sweet clouds of glory,
 The souls of the blest,
 In gardens of starlight,
 Are waking from rest.

The love-wreaths are scattering
 Flowers on the lyre,
 The sun-lute is closing
 The plumes of fire.

Arise then, thou fair one,
 Beautiful May;
 Arise then, thou sweet one
 And come away.

In the still and twilight recesses, the priests were performing the mystical dance, their instruments being garlanded with chaplets of May-flowers, and each one, as he completed the mazy evolution, bent his head before the mouth of the cave, in which the chief Druid was tarrying. The dance was accompanied by strange yet striking allusions to scenes long past, which they recited from charts composed of leaves and branches of trees. They chaunted in an unknown tongue, the tales of the children of the sun,* who strayed in other years from their dwellings of light and perfume, to behold the dance of the Fire Spirits, the wanderings of the Patriarch, and the loveliness of the lands beyond the sea, the gardens of the morning star,

* The twilight and darkness in the sacred caves alluded to the internal gloom of the ark.

† The Indians with whom the Britons are said to have had intercourse. There is a tradition that metrical tales in an Eastern dialect were preserved among the Ancient Britons. x 3. Old Welch Poem

they whispered too of the horrors of the deluge, when thousands strove to climb up the sides of the ark but could not.

The Fire! The Fire! burst from a thousand voices, as the sun was discovered setting over the Elysium of the West, and at the same time the multitudes by the lakes and fountains, in the fields and forests, fell prostrate upon their faces, and a burning shadow was cast over the woodland streams, as the angel of glory passed by, pillowed on the clouds of heaven.

The Druids lifted up their faces, their features were irradiated with joy, they had heard the voice of their mighty one, they had seen his beauty, the spirit around whose cradle their fathers had watched, the God who threw his mantle over the convulsions of a dying world, which while it veiled the splendour of his countenance might float a banner of peace and glory over the darkness and tempests of time.

The priests bowed them before the pavilioned clouds around the sun, souls of the departed, and a glad and rapturous hymn broke from the throngs of worshippers.

HYMN TO THE CLOUDS.*

LIVING clouds of fire and soul,
Gathering brightness as ye roll,
Day-stars of the unknown Pole
List ye!

* The Britons believed the clouds to be composed of the souls of the departed, who wandered over the earth, participating for a time in terrestrial passions, till by degrees they reached the state of purity, which entitled them to a place near the great object of their adoration—The Sun.

Britain was fabled to have been the birth-place of the Sun.

Mantles of the sun-bright blest,
 That gleam upon the forest rest,
 Lighting up the death-bird's nest
 List ye:

Shadows of the mighty-dead
 Darkeners of the shield and spear,
 When the chariot seat is red,
 Look down here;

Roamers of the happy sky,
 Burning garments blazing by
 The sun's all glorious canopy.—

Ye who listen'd to the roar
 Of blood-waves breaking on the shore,
 When the song of joy was o'er.
 List ye!

Lyres of heaven; whose hymns of light
 Breathe among the flowers at night,
 When the moonlit vines are bright.

Ye who sing the serenade
 O'er the blue-eyed girls who fade,
 Throwing a soft and fragrant shade
 Upon their tombs.

Ye who shone so fair and sweet,
 In sun-gleams round the Patriarch's feet,
 When the children throng'd to greet
 The wanderer, list ye.

The festival of the deluge proceeded, the milk white
 bulls were sacrificed, the wine and mead poured out; the
 voices of gladness and rejoicing, the sounds of melody,
 and the odorous breathing of the flowers, rested like a
 cloud of beauty upon the May-day of the ancient
 Britons.

CRADLE SONG.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER).

Look, the bark is on the sea,
Softly, softly, glide it,
Gentle passenger with thee,
May ye be the first to guide it.
The waters bear it to the shore,
Be the voyage blithe and gay;
Calmly sailing evermore,
Let us soothe it with our lay.

Hope is breathing in the sails,
With joy and gladness swelling.
Of peaceful nights, and summer gales,
And stormless ocean telling.
Flee, flee away, bird of woe,
Wake not the infant's trance;
Pain and grief it doth not know,
It is love's inheritance.

Hanging garlands to the mast,
Young loves fan them with a sigh,
Bacchus laughing as he pass'd,
Blue eyed friendship standing nigh.
Pleasures dancing round thee,
Speed the bark along!
Sorrow hath not found thee;
May we smoothe thy course with song.

Who is this upon the firstling,
Bending with an eye of love,
It is virtue, sorrow's nurs'ling,
'Tis a spirit from above.
Little warbler! never fear thee,
Speed thy happy bark along,
Heav'n is with thee, we are near thee,
May we full thee with our song.

LE TROUBADOUR.

THE HARROVIAN.

JUNE, 1828.

FULL LENGTH PORTRAITS.

THE REV. J. W. CUNNINGHAM, M.A., VICAR OF HARROW.

Fair Truth, be thou my muse!

MONTGOMERY.

WHEN Apelles was requested to take the portrait of Antigonus, who had lost an eye, he took his face in profile; and in so doing Apelles shewed himself a very sensible man; but the Rev. J. W. Cunningham is neither one-eyed, nor one-handed, nor singular in any respect, but a very 'proper man,' and clever withal. We purpose, therefore, to exhibit to the readers of the 'HARROVIAN,' not a likeness in profile, but a full-length portrait of our worthy Vicar, and we have feathered our plume for the occasion.

Mr. Cunningham is known as a poet and a prose writer. We shall begin with his poetical character; introductory to which, and in gratification of our ambulatory propensities, we shall say a few words on modern Religious Poetry.

Religious poetry may be divided, we think, into two classes—poems founded upon, or illustrative of, certain passages or facts of scripture, such as the ‘Widow of Nain,’ and poems inculcating, through the allurements of fashionable poetry, (we do not use the term reproachfully), a strictly correct and virtuous moral, as ‘De Rancè.’

We have not opportunity at present, or we think it might be shewn, that all poetry is primarily and essentially *sacred*; the language of Paradise was poetry in its most pure and unadulterated essence, fresh and bright as the lips that breathed it—the dialect of God and of angels. If we listen to the harp of ages it will tell us that the clouding of the eye, and the hushing of the Eden-voice, were coeval; we shall hear this common and natural music whispering from some desolate hamlet in Palestine, tremulously, but never ceasing, pouring its murmurs from beneath the out-stretched wings of the ocean, or amid the flames which shrivelled the limbs of Cranmer: nestling itself in the darkness and loneliness of years, this wandering melody is still present with us; and if it be not sweeter than in times past, it is at least equally soft and heavenly, in the aspirations of Montgomery, and the hymns of Heber.

It has been frequently asked why so few poems of an avowedly religious character, are popular. We hesitate not to reply, because they rarely deserve popularity.

Writers of sacred poetry, (with a few splendid exceptions), appear to us, Poets in Bondage;* they have none of the glow of freedom, none of the honey-feel of gladness in their compositions; they have neither the light of heaven, nor the redolence of earth. It is of

* No reflection upon our own dear ‘Poet.’ We style him, as Longinus did Homer, *par excellence*, ‘The Poet.’

little avail to bend the human knee, if the "knee of the heart" be not bent also—to string rhymes as boys do bird's eggs, without the hand of fire to link them to each other.

We would not be understood as reflecting upon the Christian feelings or sentiments of such persons, but we do say that they cannot feel what they write. Genius, inspiration, and all their synonymes, are mere mummery, if the soul be not gladdened with the love of heaven.

"The mind that could this truth conceive,
Which brute sensation never taught,
No longer to the world would cleave,
But grow immortal with the thought."

The great defect of sacred poetry seems to be a want of simplicity and ethereality, (if we may use the word); the same images are employed, indiscriminately, to denote earthly and heavenly joy; even Milton is not free from this error. His association of heathen deities with sinless spirits; of vice and profaneness with angel-love and affection, are monuments of bad taste, if not of mental impurity. His tale of love is a dream of beauty, fair as a shadow gliding over an odour-child, and, while reading it, we bask in the sunshine of happier and holier hours, when

"Exulting nature found her lyre complete."

But his pictures of heaven are only imaginings of a brighter earth, where the flowers are more gorgeous, the fountains rosier, and the music more enchanting—a garden which the Greeks would have denominated Paradise; but they are of earth, earthly; the brotherhood of human misery clings to them—the perishing of the grass, the fading of the flower.

We are certain of incurring ridicule, when we state our preference of Montgomery to Milton; not that Montgomery is equal to Milton, any more than we, Edward Seymour, are equal to Mr. Cunningham, whom we have so boldly, and it may be arrogantly, presumed to criticise. But there is a balmy amenity, a beauty resulting from calm and hallowed feelings, diffused over the writings of this sweetest of Israel's minstrels, which go far towards realising our youthful images of religion and happiness, and heaven.

Who can read the penitence of Cain, or the love of Zillah, without being affected—the death of Adam possesses power to convert an infidel. Here we have, indeed,

“The flower of meekness on a stem of grace.”

‘Greenland,’ cold and unequal as it is in some parts, is, nevertheless, a surpassing picture of Christian piety and resignation triumphing over the storms of the ocean and the hatred of man.

What a mighty shadowing forth of ages past is ‘The Pelican Island’—what a carnival for the

“Thoughts that wander thro’ eternity.”

Does sacred poetry offer a more sublime passage of the kind, than the following :

“The world grows darker, lonelier, and more silent,
As I go down into the vale of years,
For the graves’ shadows lengthen in advance,
And the grave’s loneliness appals my spirit,
And the grave’s silence sinks into my heart,
Till I forget existence in the thought
Of non-existence; buried for awhile
In the still sepulchre of my own soul,
Itself imperishable.”

Inferior to Montgomery in power and originality, but rivalling him, we think, in tenderness and pathos, Dale occupies the next niche in our esteem. The Widow of Nain is a charming delineation of maternal and filial affection; we have frequently felt, after the perusal of it, inclined to exclaim, with the widow's dying son,

"If this be death,
'Tis blessedness to die."

We do not admire the Irah and Adah of the same author; we must ever reprobate the introduction of pagan mythology into poems descriptive of divine wrath or approval. In the present instance, Mr. Dale has contrived to unite four antique ladies and gentlemen in one stanza.

We cannot conclude this branch of our subject without alluding to a production which is likely to rank high among modern sacred poetry; we mean, the Omnipresence of the Deity. The propriety of the appellation is at least doubtful; the impossibility of portraying the omnipresence of the Deity is certain. Man, whose life is but a day-gleam upon the waters, is not peculiarly fitted to chronicle the glory, or paint the boundlessness of divinity.

Mr. R. Montgomery is, we believe, young, and we feel a kindred feeling towards him on that account; may he speed his course as successfully as he has commenced it: his own beautiful words, with one alteration, may serve as a motto for us both:—

"Oh! darken not our dawn of fame."

We pass to the second class of religious poetry:

Wordsworth, although not professedly a sacred poet, (for we cannot but consider the Ecclesiastical Sketches a failure), is rich in scriptural simplicity and beauty: his

imagination is an odour-cup, overflowing with light and fragrance. What a gush of love and harmony, is the exclamation in the Village Girl—

“Her beauty made me glad.”

But it is the feeling of fellowship towards his neighbour, the companionship between himself and every image of heaven; whether it be the garden flower, or the greenwood leaf, or the cottage infant; the making each individual association, a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving—it is this we admire in Wordsworth. Other living poets have, perhaps, greater splendour of diction and gorgeousness of colouring, but few have such holy communings with the sweet and lulling sounds which dwell upon the gales of summer. Wordsworth bears a garner of pure and spiritual thoughts away in his bosom; like the pastimes of his own Ruth,

“They are all with him in his cell—”

before the altar of God, or the scented dwelling of the mountain daisy,—that little flower which he has so exquisitely apostrophised

“Sweet, silent creature,
Who breath’st with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature.”

The genius of Keats was too partially developed, and the grave had thrown too vast and darkening a shadow over his life, for us fairly to estimate his powers; but we doubt not if he had chosen a scriptural subject, if the music of the name of God “had gone into his being,” with energy equal to that of Endymion, his name would not

have been "written in water, but graven for ever in that sun-lit book whose leaves are unfolded on the wings of time."

But we must conclude our fairy voyage and turn to Mr. Cunningham—"Alfin a te ritorno."

Mr. Cunningham's principal offering to the muses is, we believe, a poem in four cantos, entitled '*De Rancè*,' and founded on some passages in the life of an ecclesiastic of that name. The poem is introduced by a preface, written with much elegance and purity of taste; there is, however, one paragraph in it which we cannot refrain from noticing. Mr. Cunningham "hopes that something will be allowed to a person engaged in duties of too solemn a nature to admit of all the laborious exactness which this species of composition demands."

'*Lucina fer opem*,' we will undertake to write fifty lines per hour, even measure, in any metre Mr. Cunningham shall prescribe, and never rhyme breeze to trees, nor flower to bower, throughout the whole!

De Rancè, if we are to judge from the character given him by Mr. Cunningham, must have been a very extraordinary personage; the red man in *Der Freischutz*, is a *Daphnis* to him. Among his other exploits, the scorching the garments of the vestal virgins deserves mention; we are astonished how *Livy* could have forgotten the circumstance.

It may not be amiss to caution young ladies who are too tenderly inclined towards the members of the *Parnassian Club*, that there is a dangerous sect abroad, called the '*Dismals*,' who derive their inspiration from a very questionable source. *De Rancè* appears to have been a 'fellow' of this honourable society:

"The poet's lamp, as poets tell,
Is kindled only at the skies,
But there's a flame, the birth of hell,
Which sometimes lights the poet's eyes.

Such was De Rancé's"——

Every man may date his calamities from some particular occurrence : De Rancé's originated in a deer chase, and a wonderful deer it was, the like had never been seen before, and we are sure it never has since ; we learn that—

"With a glance
It stretched at once o'er half of France."

Heavens ! what would we give for one of those eyes when we are wandering through the green lanes about HARROW, or racing over the fields to Pinner and Harrow-weald ; our hearts like the dew upon the meadow-grass, we would embrace our friends in our visual arms,

"And take in draughts of life from the golden
Fount of kind and passionate feelings."

Amplification is one of the sources of the sublime, and Mr. Cunningham has used it with considerable success ; we would except, however, the following description of a maiden blush :

"Just as you've seen a sudden blush
Wake on a virgin's cheek of shame,
O'er the *pale white* unbidden rush,
And wrap it in a robe of flame."

How could so tasteful and polished a prose-writer as Mr. Cunningham imagine such a simile as this ? Passing over the solecisms of '*pale white*,' and '*cheek of shame*,' it was assuredly ill advised to suppose all the world as perfectly acquainted with the details of this miraculous

blush as Mr. Cunningham. We candidly confess our entire ignorance of such a phenomenon—a cheek in a robe of flame! why, we should be dreaming of Hercules in his burning shirt.

Further on, we have ‘sleeping rocks,’ from which appropriate epithet we conclude Robert Montgomery* borrowed his ‘fighting rocks;’ then come ‘pale tear,’ ‘snowy breast of youth,’ as if the whiteness of the skin had any thing to do with the purity of the heart; ‘bursting head,’ ‘blushing room,’ &c. &c.

These are merely defects in style, they do not by any means affect the merits of the poem as a whole, any more than the vulgar furniture of a room would injure the architecture. The action of the poem is well sustained, and the moral, viz. “the misery of vice, and the happiness of virtue,” powerfully wrought out.

There is one circumstance connected with *De Rancè* which we would briefly notice—angel-guardianship and protection. Archbishop Tillotson in his sermon “on the Nature and Offices of good Angels,” tells us it was a firmly-believed tradition among the Jews, (the Sadducees excepted), that every man, at least every *good* man, had his guardian angel, appointed to direct and prosper him in his way. They are very sedulous and officious in restraining and pulling back from sin, continues this celebrated preacher; and again, in a strain of harmless pleasantry, “there is no reason to think that the angels are now either dead or idle.”

We cannot, however, but think that human aid would have been more in keeping with the character of *De Rancè*, (as portrayed in the poem), than spiritual, for

* This was omitted, if we recollect rightly, in the second edition.

we do not find it stated any where, that the profane and dissolute are so peculiarly the objects of divine watchfulness and intervention.* Mr. Cunningham appears to have taken the idea from that noble expression of Plutarch,—“Angels are the overseers of divine service.”

Mr. Cunningham's muse is not a Phoenix; she cannot live in fire: her element is grace and elegance. There is much sweetness and pastoral simplicity in the following cottage hymn, which occurs in the fourth canto.

DEAR is the hallowed morn to me,
When village bells awake the day,
And by their sacred minstrelsy
Call me from earthly cares away.

And dear to me the winged hour,
Spent in thy hallowed courts, O Lord!
To feel devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of thy word.

And dear to me the loud 'Amen,'
Which echos through thy blest abode,
Which swells and sinks, and swells again—
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

And dear the simple melody,
Sung with the pomp of rustic art;
The holy, heavenly harmony,
The music of a thankful heart.

In secret I have often prayed,
And still the anxious tear would fall,
But on thy sacred altar laid,
The fire descends and dries them all.

* “'Tis fired—an angel sees its flight,
And, stooping from his throne of light,
Guards, with a seraph-wing, a breast
Untenanted by heavenly guest.”

Oft when the world with iron hands
Has bound me in its six days' chain ;
This bursts them like the strong man's bands,
And lets my spirit loose again.

Then dear to me the sabbath morn,
The village bells, the shepherd voice ;—
These oft have found my heart forlorn,
And always bid that heart rejoice.

Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre,
Of broken sabbaths sing the charms ;
Our's are the prophet's car of fire,
Which bears us to a Father's arms.

This is a pleasing picture of rural worship. There are few country churches more interesting in their history or appearance, than the village church of Harrow ; the remembrances which it awakens in our bosoms, its rustic and antique simplicity, the venerable old clerk with his white hair and faded eyes, which have looked on so many bright and buoyant Harrovians ; its village music not always in tune, but more affecting on account of its locality, than the finest exhibition of Westley ; the meek and unaffected devotion of the aged, and even of the young, save and except an occasional glance towards that "bed of tulips," the sixth form gallery.

We cannot refrain from giving one more extract of a similar nature, from a little poem which appeared some years since in a provincial paper.*

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

AND as the ray of evening fades
I love amid the dead to stand,
Where in the chancel's deepening shades,
I seem to meet the ghostly band.

* Now re-printed in the Album.

One comes—oh, mark his sparkling eye,
I know his faith, his strong endeavour,
Another—ah, I hear him sigh,
Alas, and is he gone for ever !

Another treads the shadowy aisle,
I know him—'tis my sainted sire ;
I know his patient angel smile,
His shepherd voice, his eye of fire !
His ashes rest in yonder urn,
I saw his death, I closed his eye ;
Bright sparks amid those ashes burn,
His death has taught me how to die.

In this species of composition Mr. Cunningham excels ; although not perhaps so animated, he possesses much of Bishop Heber's purity and holiness of expression ; for our own part we have twined the Cottage Hymn and the Village Church among our fairest flowers of Lebanon.

We have occupied so much time and space with our observations on Mr. Cunningham's poetical powers, as to leave ourselves no room for any remarks on his distinguished merits as a prose writer ; at a future season, when opportunity offers, we may, peradventure, throw in our mite of praise and approval.

One word on Mr. Cunningham's character as a preacher, and our rude and imperfect portrait is finished.

It surely cannot be deemed flattery in a Harrow boy, when he offers his tribute of respect to one to whose exhortations he has listened with delight, and he hopes with advantage, to commemorate, in these humble lines, the chastened eloquence, the paternal tenderness, the clear and uninterrupted stream of impassioned language—to affirm, that "the eye of fire" is not darkened, nor the "shepherd voice" silent, in the village church of Harrow.

EDWARD SEYMOUR.

SEPHER RASIEL.

BY AN OXFORD MEDALLIST.

The book which Adam received from the angel Rasiel.

WOLFF'S MISSIONARY JOURNAL.

I.

CHRONICLE of Eden ages,
Many a bright and glorious look,
Wandering o'er thy sunny pages,
Hath hallowed thee, thou angel book !

II.

Light of earth ! the joyful feature,
Hath faded from its laughing glee,
Clouds rolled o'er the loveliest creature,
Star of Time, when it gazed on thee !

III.

Voice of the flowers, dost thou tell
Of beautiful and lute-lull'd places,
The sweet sounds from the honey-cell,
The gladness of Elysian faces ?

IV.

Lamp of the vine-leaves, is thy story
Of odorous gardens far away ?
Gales, whose breath is a song of glory,
Leaves, whose thrill is a beauty-lay ;

V.

Bowers of light, where a summer spell
On rose and emerald fount doth fall,
And purple veils with cloudy swell,
Like a tent of heaven ? pavilion all.

SEPPH RASIEL.

VI.

Legend of bloom, the lily-breeze
As it roams in beauty o'er thee,
The night-flush on the orange trees,
Do they know who bow before thee ?

VII.

Shrine of Eden, the fairest kings
Of day-rise and the even-cloud,
And one more fair than flower or wings,
To thy signets of fire have bow'd.

VIII.

Tale of the roses, doth the smile
Of the Bright One linger on thee ;
The eyes of heaven shine on the while,
When the flowers do cease to be ?

IX.

Holy Book, doth an angel-hand
Thy leaves of fire and life undo ;
Garland them with a flower-band,
Mantle them from the wind and dew ?

X.

The even gleams, the suns of old,
Have brooded on thy fragrant rest ;
And cherubs, with a garment-fold,
Canopied thee on their breast.

XI.

In scented glen, and garden wild,
Where the airs like spirits flee,
With flower-wreathed locks, the glory-child
Uplifts its hands, and bends the knee.

XII.

And while its timid blue eyes roam,
The smile of gladness seems to tell,
Of wanderings round its Eden-home,
The flowers, the fount it knows so well.

XIII.

The winds that wave the golden vest,
 Bless it as they murmur by,
 And the sun-beam, like a seraph guest,
 Leaves a brightness on its eye.

XIV.

Timidly, when the balmy night
 Of beauty rests upon the bow'rs,
 With baskets gleaming in the light,
 The angel-gatherers of flowers,

XV.

Have bow'd their faces to the earth,
 Like lily-cradles for the bee,
 Or violets, at a dew-harp's birth,
 And laid the sweetest flower on thee.

XVI.

Chronicle of Eden ages !
 Tale of the mighty ! may I see
 The glimmering veil of Time unrol
 One wreathing of its clouds for me !

CRITIQUES.

MR. C. WORDSWORTH'S PRIZE POEM, ON THE DEATH OF
 DR. SAMUEL PARR.*

Black sorrows, wrapt up in a mist,
 May whistle us where they list,
 And, like hob-goblins, they conspire
 To lead our thoughts into the mire.

AN ALPHABET OF GROANS.

ELEGY is the simplest, and ought to be the easiest
 species of composition ; there can be nothing very difficult

* Mr. Wordsworth styles his poem " Epicedium,"—we have some doubts as to the correctness of the appellation. These are the words of Servius. *Epicedium*—"Carmen quod canitur de cadavere *nondum sepulto*." This was not the case, we believe, in the present instance ; we shall enter fully into the subject in our next.

in the expression of heartfelt sorrow and unfeigned affliction. But the misfortune is, that nature is too natural for some persons ; it is not sufficient that the few but hallowed tears of anguish should water the bier—the eyes

“ Must bubble up sorrow at these obsequies.”

It is not enough that we have the grief of the heart, we must also be favoured, as an old writer quaintly expresses it, “ with the distillations of the quill.” Picture to yourselves the Narcissus of Harrow, on a beautiful evening in May, accoutred for the transit of Hog-lane, with a white jacket, gilt buttons, and trowsers to match ; a black silk handkerchief round the neck, and the collar falling over it, like a lily on the shores of Acheron ; a straw hat, somewhat similar to the umbrellas worn by the monks at Jerusalem, encircled by a green ribbon ; and, as the *accomplissement*, a bat of L—— manufacture, reclining on the right shoulder.

Now, could any person suppose that a Harrow boy, in the middle of Hog-lane, with the sunshine field before him, and groups of cricketers behind, would turn round, throw down his bat, cast a look of scorn upon the “ pomp and circumstances ” of cricket, and exclaim

“Valete lusus, vos hilares joci,
Valete”——

Which we might English thus—

Farewell wicket, farewell cricket,
Farewell racket ball.

While Mr. Wordsworth is uttering this sublime exordium, a mournful melody breathes from some invisible harp

——“ Et lugubre murmur
In liquidis fidium susurris.
Auditur”——

En passant. It is a rule, we believe, in hexameter and pentameter lines, to complete the sense in each distich; we suppose the regulation does not extend to the stanza.

After the unearthly music had died away, and the invisible harp said its say, (our thoughts rhyme), we recommence with—Eheu! and the following extraordinary lines

—————“Cui fides,
Nil recta posthac, nil labor impiger,
Nil artium doctrina nutrix,
Inveniet simile aut secundum.”

We make no comment on the parody of Horace, because we are aware that such coincidences are unavoidable in modern Latin poetry; but, in the name of Minerva, and all the barristers of Olympus, what could induce Mr. C. Wordsworth to apply these words to Dr. Parr? The ‘simile’ is bad enough, the ‘secundum’ is perfectly ludicrous. Dr. Parr is the *beau ideal* of nature’s workmanship; nothing equal, or second to him, is to be looked for in after ages; his learning and piety are alike inimitable!

It would be anything but commendable in us to offer an opinion on the merits of Dr. Samuel Parr; he was unquestionably a great scholar and a very excellent man, but there are, we doubt not, many equally great and good men still living. Talents, however brilliant, and acquirements however great, would surely not entitle a person to rank above all who may happen to come after, or authorise the suspension of a banner from the top of Harrow steeple, with the inscription

SAMUELIS PARR, LL. D.

Harroviensis,

————— Cui Fides

Nil —————

Inveniet simile aut secundum.

The next stanza discovers Miss Melpomene rising from her grotto, and welcoming the learned Doctor. Melpomene, in a bridal apparel, and the Doctor in a red nightcap.* We see no reason why Dr. Parr should not be the peculiar favourite of the 'Queen of Tragedy,' although we have never read his productions in that line; but what has Melpomene to do with an elegy in 1828. Melpomene was a beauty in her time; but all ladies fade, and Melpomene has long passed a certain age. We do entreat Mr. C. Wordsworth not to disturb the dreams of this young lady for the future, and never to introduce into any embryo prize poem, that odious 'simile aut secundum.'

"It is very easy to turn anything into ridicule." A Sunday paper, remarkable for its bulk, gravely asserted, not long since, that Rousseau had benefitted the world more than Byron, and Sir. W. Jones, and Bennet, and Parr, and Peel, and Sheridan, and the Harrovian, and a thousand other gems put together. Oh, for a sheet of foolscap paper!

"'Tis true. 'Tis pity,
But 'tis not every lunatic that's witty."

We learn two very interesting particulars from the next stanza; firstly, that Mr. Wordsworth's harp is not adapted to elegy, (we suspected as much ere now), but is beyond measure delightful in a waltz or quadrille, (we believe it); and secondly, that this Epicedium was composed—Scene, under a tree.—Attitude, Mr. C. Wordsworth, reclining.—Time, unknown.

Passing by the intermediate stanzas, we find some

* We recollect a likeness of Dr. Parr in this costume.

elegant and pleasing lines, descriptive of the early days of Dr. Parr. We extract a few—

————— Nec Jubar
 Hoc dulce, nec natalis olim
 Aspiciet juga læta collis.
 At auspicatos quid revoco dies,
 Quando hic juventæ delicias novæ,
 Declive contemplans viretum, et
 Herga, tuam, pia mater, œdem.
 Carpebat."

These are very sweet lines; indeed the poem is a polished composition throughout, so far as Latinity is concerned.

Oh, fie, Mr. C. Wordsworth!

"Ludo innocenti deditus et joco,
 Nec vina, nec dulces amores
 Temperit, aut hilares choreas."

What a delicate piece of satire; the Doctor had two wives we know, and Melpomene was the third, but we did not know that the reviewer of the *Variorum Horace* was a dancer. Now, after this pleasant description, we were certainly not prepared for the following exclamation, more especially when we remembered, that apostrophes are not allowed in elegiac poetry.

"Quo Musa tendis?"

How strange that the muses of Mr. A. Martineau,* and Mr. C. Wordsworth, should have behaved so ungraciously; there is, however, this difference between them. Mr. Martineau's muse ran away with him; Mr. Wordsworth's without him.

We are presently introduced to the ladies of Pieria,

Quo me, musa, rapis?

with dishevelled tresses, pale cheeks, and eyes red with weeping, &c., &c.

Mr. Wordsworth is now fairly beside himself, his "thoughts are in the mire;" he hears sounds of lamentation at Harrow, and sees a figure wandering through the lanes, dressed (we presume) in white.

———"Tuas
Jam prata muscososque saltus,
Triste docet resonare laudes."

Mr. Wordsworth next acts the part of a comforter; he throws his arm round the neck of his muse, and endeavours to console her.

"No muse's wing
Can bear the weight of his soul-suffering."

It must be acknowledged his consolation is very effective; he first supplicates the daughter of Parnassus to cease her lament, and then proceeds in the most rational manner possible, to argue the matter with her.

It was a noble thought of Thomas, in his eulogy on Descartes. The eulogium of Descartes should be pronounced at the statue of Newton, or rather it should be Newton to laud Descartes. Dr. Parr has not wanted illustrious eulogists: the eloquent sermon delivered by Dr. Butler, is in the memory of every Harrovian.

Among the youthful tributes of respect, which have been scattered like flowers on the ashes of this celebrated man, Mr. C. Wordsworth's is not the least honourable; it is a soft and elegant production, in a strain of pure and flowing harmony, ornamented occasionally with pleasing and natural thoughts, and strongly tinged with the kindness and amiability of the author.

We reckon it one of the pleasures of the 20th of May (the day on which we are writing this critique), to be enabled to separate the prize poem on the death of Dr. Parr, notwithstanding its numerous faults and inadvertencies, from the sweeping condemnation of the French orator, who affirmed that the only just and proper acknowledgment we should make to modern Latin poems, is—"en les oubliant."

FRENCH POETS.

CLEMENT MARÔT.

FRENCH is the language of mirth and merriment, no dialect under the sun equals it in *badinage*, the words are like sun-laughs, they leap like Keats' fountains "in melody and dancing." Clement Marôt is the sylph of old French poetry—the Beranger of the 15th century—the most celebrated name from the earliest ages of French poetry, to the time of Malherbe. Nature had given him says La Harpe, that unattainable talent—grace: his style is charming, in light and airy compositions, such as ballads and epigrams, he is unrivalled.

"Imitons de Marôt l'elegant badinage ;"

says Boileau, the *badinage* of Marôt was more than elegant, it was noble*; there is a deep and passionate feeling breathing throughout many of his compositions, as in the address to one who regretted his youth.

* Qui ait badiné aussi noblement.—CRIT.

“ Pourquoi voulez vous tant dures
 Ou renaitre en fleuriss-ant age ?
 Pour pecher et pour indurer ?
 Y trouvez vous tant davantage ?”

Some of his epigrams are beautifully playful—I particularly admire ‘De Oui et Nenni.’

“ Un doux nenni et un doux sourire.”

How arch is the concluding couplet in the epigram ‘ Pour la Jeune.’

“ Car je la donne de bon cuer
 Et le cuer meme, je vous donne.”

The reproof of a handsome woman, who lauded herself, is equally pleasing,

“ Vous êtes belle en bon fois,” &c.

The translation of the Psalms, (I speak of the partial translation) although languid as a whole, is brightened by some fine passages, and by one or two really magnificent stanzas. The measure is sweet and flowing, resembling, I think, at times the plaintive tenderness of Racine: the following lines from the 33rd Psalm, appear to me very melodious.

“ Sur la douce harpe,
 Pendue en escharpe,
 Le Seigneur louez ;
 De luts et d’espinettes,
 Saintes chansonnettes,
 A son nom jouez.”

A distinguished feature of Marôt’s version, is its simplicity ; in the 137th Psalm for instance, “ may my right hand forget her cunning ” is rendered,

—“ Puisse oublier ma dextre
 L’art de harper.”

There are some pretty thoughts in *La Temple de Cupido*; if I mistake not, one of Milton's most delightful similes may be traced in

"Alloient semans roses."

The description of the temple of love is poetic and natural.

"Je dis

Que celui temple est une rose,
D'épines et ronces enclose."

But Marôt's great excellence consists in his epistles which are master-pieces of their kind: the epistle '*Aux Dames de Paris*' is exquisite; so are several to the king. I would add one to a friend, entreating his aid and co-operation.

My specimens are taken from among the ballads. An excellent critic has remarked, of the songs of Beranger, that a translation, which shall preserve their spirit and badinage, is hardly to be hoped for. The observation applies with peculiar force to the *chansons* of Clement Marôt, and my readers must not form their judgment of the original from the translation.

The following ballad bears some resemblance to a beautiful little poem, '*Ma Vocation*,' of Beranger.

BALLAD.

I.

CUPID, as he fluttered by me,
Saw my soul was very dark,
And whispered, as he turned to eye me,
"Marry, I will be the clerk."
Listening to the young bereaver,
I roved the vineyard with a glance,
Sooth I love the fair deceiver—
'Tis the loveliest girl in France.

FRENCH POETS.

II.

She has a laughing eye ; my heart
 Thrills through with her princely highness,
 But, like a smile when lovers part,
 There's a honey-cloud of shyness.
 'Twere a sorrow worth the telling,
 If anger cloud her summer trance,
 Cruelty take up its dwelling
 In the loveliest girl in France.

III.

I cannot flee, I cannot flee,
 My footsteps are arrested ;
 My bright hopes, like a forest tree,
 In her smile and kiss are vested.
 Is it strange, then, that I planted,
 This my flower, with watchful glance,
 Vain and fickle, be it granted—
 'Tis the loveliest girl in France.

The next is a composition of much tenderness and naiveté.

BALLAD.

Joy to May ; the flowers, the grass,
 The bloom of earth is waking ;
 Lovers, tittering as they pass,
 Another ' dear one ' taking.
 It is the fancy's lightness,
 A summer flush—a fever,
 The gladdening bosom's brightness,
 But my love lasts for ever.

Oh, no one shines so sweetly,
 In their joyousness and bloom,
 But clouds and darkens fleetly
 In the shadow of the tomb.
 Blessings on *thee*, my dear one,
 Thy beauty fadeth never,
 In storms and darkness near one,—
 I love thee, child, for ever !

It is virtue whom I honor,
 Glowing on the mountain shrine,
 Happy thou who callest on her,
 She will hallow thee and thine.
 "Lovers, come ye, fair and bright,
 "Where the rose-wreaths cannot sever;
 "Lovers, come ye, where the light
 "Beams upon my love for ever!"

The picture of an ignorant and low minded country-
 man, is happily portrayed in Frère Lubin*.

BALLAD.

Running postman to the village,
 How many times I cannot tell:
 Helping in the field and tillage,
 Brother Tom will do it well.
 But to please you with his diction,
 Live a life which leads unto it,†
 'Tis an office of distinction,
 Brother Tom will never do it.
 Mixing like a man of science,
 His neighbour's gold cross with his bell,
 Silks and stuffs in rich alliance,
 Brother Tom will do it well.
 Listen, if you hope to tease him
 For your trinkets, pray eschew it,
 You may curse, and hunt, and seize him,
 Brother Tom will never do it.

LE TROUBADOUR.

* 'Frère Lubin' in the original; I have substituted Tom for the sake of the metre.

† Which leads to pleasing you with his conversation.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HARROW. . .

JANUARY, 1825.

The past, the treasured past, is ours.

Nous vivons, ou nous ne sommes pas; we live but twice—in youth and in old age—manhood is the battle day when we call upon our friends, and lo, they range themselves against us; in the dawn and setting of existence only are we at peace; in the former with ourselves, and in the latter with our God.*

It is not a year since I left Harrow, yet I fancy it twenty. A cloud seems to rest upon the sweet familiar faces, and a bitterness to breathe in the glad and buoyant voices which welcomed me with so much ardour in the pupil room and in the school, in the ramble, and—no, not in the cricket ground—in the study, twelve months ago. I have re-visited Harrow, I have stood in the old hall, and sat in the same chair, and eaten from the same table; I have pressed the hands of those who knew me once, but who will probably know me no more, and lingered by the dwelling of my early days, the room of my hopes and griefs, where my map was traced, and my farewell written, and in all this I felt not joy, but sorrow.

Things take their colouring from the imagination; boyhood is a summer dream, and it thinks but of summer, it is a spirit of glory illuminating each gloomy spot, and “making sunshine in the shady places;” where there are two or more boys, I never knew them sad; external circumstances have no effect upon their minds, their lamps of gladness are fed by that hand which giveth and repenteth not.

* I fear this is not always the case.—*Edward Seymour.*

Beautiful though it be, it is a dream; the gentlest wrestle with the world breaks the charm and the spell together. I know not otherwise to account for the desolate appearance of Harrow, when I revisited it, even in that brief space of time; changes many and various had taken place, and the hammer was busy in the dwelling formerly consecrated to study and meditation.

I met many new faces as I walked up the village, but I fancied (it must have been fancy), that they were not so cheerful as the old. Who inhabits this house, now, said I to a young cricketer who stood scrutinizing me, as if in doubt whether to laugh at a stray Londoner, or welcome an old Harrovian. "Mr. ———."

It has not benefitted by the change, was my involuntary exclamation, for I called to mind how often we had hastened down from church to criticise the Harrow beauties as they rustled past our gateway in all the pride of silk and loveliness, and my eyes turned unheedingly towards the door which used to lead to the pupil room, and it was closed!

But what say you, doth this concern January, 1825—nothing, my kind reader, I am speaking of April, 1828, but I love the 25, because I was younger and happier—because the tomb-shadow had not darkened my path; I knew heaven was love, and I thought man was; but I am in the world now, that fearful place, the world, in all its loneliness and bleakness, and I think so no longer. The treachery of youthful attachment, of youthful friends, is passing from me like a poison cup, and though the wound still rankles in my heart, I will turn to them, even as unto a sister in a far distant land, whom I shall never see again, and bless them once, and for ever.

But the flower garland which united us, linking heart to heart, and mingling our feelings like roses on one bright

and holy altar—this is faded, this is broken, never to be relinked on earth.

The preliminaries of a public school are soon arranged : the ‘ who are you,’ and ‘ what is your father,’ and ‘ where do you reside,’ once answered, and your name ‘ cut,’ all is accomplished, and you enter quietly upon your domicile. I had, however, omitted to mention a circumstance of primary interest to the individual concerned—*placing*. What a spell speaks in this word: How many are placed upon a pinnacle, and how many more are placed upon the shelf: what multitudes are placed on one side, and how few are placed in the upper shell !*

I intend to devote my present paper to the sketching of two or three of the lights of our little republic in 1825; my next recollection shall embalm some of my young contemporaries.

Among the lamps of the hill, Theophilus Caper was unquestionably the *lightest*, both in step and feature; the laugh of his eye was a quadrille, the motion of his limbs a waltz; he walked in a minuet; his very conversation was dancing, the words glided over each other like the notes of Mori’s violin: were you to imagine him Orpheus at a forest concert, Narcissus practising a *pas seul*, Paris attitudinizing—after all, you would form a very faint idea of Theophilus Caper.

Oh, how often has the Harrovian wandered out of bounds to watch Mr. Caper, in his four wheeled chaise, with the reins between the finger and thumb of the left hand, and his face inclined in *obliquum*, offering his nose

* I was. Lionel Montmorency

So was I. Edward Seymour.

I was—not. Le Troubadour.

† Our readers of 1825, will regret to learn, that Mr. Theophilus Caper sailed on Saturday the 24th instant, for Pauderang-to-to, in the South Seas, where he has been appointed tutor to the Infanta.

in rubicund perspective, (I hate perspective, it reminds me of Mr. P.)?

The horse was a prodigy of sense and education, his countenance was strongly expressive of equine procociousness; the same dislike of anything approaching to a jig, the same beautiful stepping out movement, distinguished this excellent animal and his master. It was delightful to behold him minuetting up the hill leading into Harrow, occasionally deviating from the beaten track, (it is the custom of genius), and approaching, it may be, too near the hedge, but there was nothing vicious about him, it was only a *chassée*!

I remember reading a poem by Beranger de la Tour, entitled 'La Choreide,' in which he asserts the sun and moon to have been the first dancers, and David the second, (Leigh Hunt says, he was the first methodist *), and argues the purity and piety of dancing from this fact. I profess myself unable to determine the point—ask the Poet!

Mr. Caper indulged, occasionally, in the long bow, as well as the long movement. "This is the style in which they dance at Harrow, was his customary exclamation to a stranger; what could I do with eighty couple, you know, if there were not some regularity?" Very true, Mr. Theophilus Caper—what could you do, or rather what will you do?

Totally different from Mr. Caper, but not a whit less interesting or original, was Mr. Foliage Perspective.

These were the two beacon-lamps, the moons of Harrow on the Hill; yea, their radiance extended even to the glories of Stanmore, and the greenness of Pinner.

"O animæ minium beate."

I have said that Mr. Perspective was morally and essentially unlike Mr. Caper, indeed, he had not the ele-

* Mendacium.—Edward Seymour.

ments of dancing within him ; and if, as Beranger assures us, the world will be at an end when dancing shall cease, I really think that some prompt measures should be taken to prevent the introduction of any more *φολιαγγοί** into society.

Some very curious anecdotes are related of the christening of young Foliage, but foliage being a branch of drawing in which I never excelled, my leaves appearing like clothes pegs (as P. called it), I shall say nothing about them. To offer any adequate idea of Foliage Perspective, unless Edward Seymour will give him a niche in his Full Length Portraits, is hopeless. His name was indicative of his character ; he saw nothing immediately before him, except *Prælia et Jurgia Acklandiana*, and Mrs. Avis† *déjeuné à la fourchette*, his ideas were so identified with arbours and forest avenues, and distant views and marble Venuses (the reader will please to recollect they were *marble*) as to present nothing distinctly to his imagination.

I am studying *retrospective* now, but it seems that I do not progress more than in *perspective* ;—after all, Mr. Foliage, *perspective* is the easiest.

There is one more of whom I must offer a sketch—William Edwards, our village clerk. ‡

The most interesting person in a country place, is the old clerk (I cannot imagine a young one) ; he is the chronicler of all that is beautiful and good in the hamlet ; he may be said, I think without impropriety, to stand between the Living and the Dead.

William Edwards, when I last saw him, was more than

* Lionel Montmorency et 'Poeta in Viaculis,' viri docti, *φολιαγγοί* edidit, quamquam id in nullo MS. vidi. Sed profecto legendum *φολιαγγοί*.

Niger Interpres.

† Anglice—*Bird*.

‡ I have not intentionally given our clerk a feigned name ; I would have preferred the real one, but have forgotten it.

seventy years of age: the inclination of his body and the tremulousness of his hands, whispered of a shadow nigh at hand; but the ruddiness and health of his countenance were still undimmed.

There is something, to me at least, delightfully poetic in the contemplation of one of these rural patriarchs, especially when apparelled like William Edwards, in the glory of peace, and village remembrances—in the sweet and balmy light of olden memories.

The custom has been since abolished, but during my early residence at Harrow, it was customary to attend public worship on Fast-days: on one occasion I remember I had omitted to take up a Prayer-book, and I requested the clerk to lend me one. It will be long before I forget the doubtful scrutiny of the old man.—“You young gentlemen borrow, but you never return,” was his monitory address, as he handed me a venerable book, which might have been a bequest of worthy John Lyon. I need not say that I returned the book with many thanks, after the service was concluded, and the features of Edwards wore a pleasing smile when I added—“*One Harrovian, you see, borrows and returns.*”

Edwards, in the absence of the organ, formed one of our rustic choir; he was a musician, ay and a singer also, in that lowly chorus whose song is the melody of nature—

“The music of a thankful heart.”

Farewell, old man! the sound of the dulcimer passeth away, but the song of the broken lute abideth with us.

Farewell William Edwards, when the sabbath sun rolls back the clouds that darken my spirit, thy music and prayers revisit me. I behold once again thy white locks and feeble limbs, and the bright and careless faces around thee—believe me, Mr. Foliage Perspective, *retro-spective* is the pleasantest.

EVENINGS OF A STUDENT.

MYSELF.

THERE is a fearfulness and solemnity in evening—it is the death-hour of beauty : we seem to behold a being of light, and bloom, and glory, fading away before us like a moonbeam on a rose-leaf ; we watch the veil of blackness gather over it, fold by fold, occasionally ruffled aside by the wind, but still rolling over until the last gleam upon the pall is like a torch in the valley of shadows—lost in gloominess.

How often have I lingered by my casement on a beautiful summer evening, and listened to the sweet and far-off voices of the cottage children in the meadows, the bird-like hum of infant merriment and gladness, the village melody thrilling from some humble but rose-wreathed dwelling—while the angel of light was spreading his fair and redolent pinions over all !

“ Oh, may just such another sun
Gild the course which I have run ! ”

To the student, evening is a dim and darkening vision ; the last leaf of the Book is turned over, the symbol-chart of immortality is veiled from his eyes, night is on the waters and upon his spirit—he seeks for knowledge and he finds it not.

“ Give me thy power, and I will dwell in the desert : ”* he feels a mystery about him, he sees a hand beckoning him and a footstep leading him on, and he will follow over the sand-wave and the withered heath—a charm is on him—he will worship in the shadows of the wilderness.

But there are times when evening comes unto him in

* Salathiel.

peace, and breathes a beauty over his soul, and lulls him into hallowing memories of Paradise, dreams and sunny thoughts, and bright and balmy picturings of woman—and *one*, the only one he could love, smiles upon him, until he seems to float in an Eden bark over silver waters, with angel-mantles fanning his slumbers, and gales like songs of roses, wandering round him. Earth is passed away—"he leans upon immortality."

I am not the linguist who spends nights in tracing the connection between a Persian and Arabic word, with reference only to literary distinction; nor am I the mathematician who 'cheats fair sleep' to revel in the mysteries of science; nor the classic who finds nothing pleasant in a language beyond the 'viri docti' of the olden time—I am none of these.

I value books as the heirs of literary property, the lights which glimmer over the wrecks of ages—the connecting links between cent and cent—between Homer and Milton, and Newton and Descartes. I see nothing praiseworthy in devoting a ponderous volume to the consideration of a subject neither individually nor relatively of any paramount importance; in notes of half a dozen pages upon the erasure of *ou* and the insertion of *oure*, and ending in nothing but an overflow of compliments, probably deserved in proportion to the plenitude of their bestowal.

What would these worthies have said to that exquisite line of Byron?—

"The music breathing from her face."

It would have afforded them employment for years, and perhaps in the course of twenty years, a tome might have made its appearance, to prove that ladies wore small musical instruments, suspended from the front ringlets, which they played in the style of the flageolet.

Clement Marôt called his books "his goods"; they are mine also, and by their assistance I hope to pass many pleasant evenings with my friends; the Harrovian will be happy to see them at all times, and I should have introduced myself to their notice at a greater length, had not the space reserved for this paper been too confined to admit of an elaborate exordium.

I shall not boast of my cheer: we shall wander among the living as well as the dead; among the Troubadours and the poets of Italy; in the vineyards of Spain, and, occasionally, among the wild and romantic imaginings of the North. We meet, and I hope we shall part—lovers.

AUGUSTUS MORTIMER.

OUR VILLAGE CHURCH.

My soul is made for peace.

LONDON MAGAZINE.

I.

How beautiful, when sunset mild
 Is trembling on our old church pane,
 To look upon the village child,
 To see its mother pray again!
 The old men, with their silver hair,
 And rayless eye, and feeble limb,
 Bowing their humble heads in pray'r,
 Or joining in the Evening Hymn,

II.

And, as the sunbeams twinkle through
 The glimmering aisles, the eye may trace
 In many a rough and rustic pew,
 A sabbath beauty on the face.

The moving lip, the bended knee,
The murmurs of a heart-breath'd prayer,
The dark day of the earth to flee,
The witchery of its hope and care.

III.

Village minstrel, though thy brow
With the clouds of time be shaded,
And the beam that lights it now,
Be the summer's glory faded.
Yet, old man, I love thee well,
In the silent aisle to meet,
Ere the gay-decked hamlet belle
Is throned in her oaken seat.

IV.

Village minstrel, though thy hymn
To the stranger be not sweet,
It is a holy sound to him
Who guards and guides the good man's feet.
And when upon the sacred book
I see the even shadows fall,
Upon thy trembling hands I look—
That shadow gathers over all.

V.

They whisper of a buoyant glow,
A bright eye, and a laugh of joy;
The hours of gladness school boys know—
I am not, cannot be a boy.
Yet I am young; the flowers of May
With their fairest wreaths have bound me,
And I am in my summer day,
But the cold bleak winds have found me.

VI.

There is a grave, oh, some would fly
The darkness of thy youthful rest,
But I have sat and mourned by—
I love the early grave the best.
I think me of the rainy sky,*
Thy young friends gathering far and near,
With pallid cheek and clouded eye
To curtain round thy sable bier.

* The youth alluded to, was interred on a very wet day.

VII.

Our village church!—how soft the swell
 Of gleeful voices as we talk,
 While the chiming of the bell
 Warns us from the rural walk.
 Our village church—the sun is fled
 From the spire and church-yard tree,
 But a light is on the dead,
 Let us enter and be free.

EDWARD SEYMOUR.

THE ROUND TABLE.

MEETING OF THE AUTHORS OF THE HARROVIAN.

Saturni, 24^o die Maii, 1828.

THE hour of six having been appointed for the meeting of the Authors of the 'Harrovian,' the room was crowded with friends and contributors. Several packets of letters and periodicals having been placed upon the Round Table, purchased for the use of the Association, the EDITOR was proceeding to address the Meeting, when Mr. Lionel Montmorency rose, and begged to object in limine to the proceedings of the Society, he—(loud cries of order—favete linguis—the Hon. Gentleman at length sat down. The Editor assured Mr. Montmorency, they would be happy to hear any observations he might choose to offer, he (the Editor) merely wished to make a few preliminary remarks. (Loud cheers—go on, go on).

Gentlemen.—It is now four months since the 'Harrovian' was projected, and almost instantaneously carried into effect; that our movements have been characterized by somewhat of haste and impetuosity, I am free to confess. (Hear, hear). And that we have met with opposition when we least expected it, I am likewise compelled to acknowledge. But on the other hand, we have received the flattering support and assistance of some of the most distinguished

pupils of Harrow, whom we had not hitherto the pleasure of ranking among our friends. I have been favoured with the most gratifying assurances from Oxford and Cambridge—the contribution of a highly gifted member of the former will be found in the present number. A Cambridge friend, a student of Trinity, whose name were I to mention, would carry respect and esteem along with it, has promised me a paper for our fifth number. (Cheers). I received a letter from him a few days since, and which the Secretary will read to you, informing me of the approaching examination, and regretting his inability from excessive study, eight or nine hours a day, for weeks together, to assist in our number for June.

The serious indisposition of our friend, a school-fellow of the late Henry Neele, will delay for some time the promised anecdotes of that lamented poet. (This announcement was received in solemn silence).

Gentlemen.—‘The Harrovian’ is triumphantly successful. (Deafening applause). Successful beyond our most ardent expectations. (Here the Editor was overpowered by his feelings, a glass of water having been handed to him by the ‘Poet,’ after a lapse of a few minutes he was enabled to resume). Really, Gentlemen, when I think of the kindness which has been extended towards us by all whom we are solicitous to please, I know not how to express my gratitude. (Non sic mihi videtur, from several voices). ‘The Harrovian’ was not projected with a view of pecuniary emolument.

Mr. BENJAMIN SURFACE thought money ought not to be despised, his family motto was, “*auri sacra fames.*” —

The EDITOR requested the interruption might not be repeated.

‘The Harrovian,’ he pledged himself, was not published with an eye to lucre, at the same time it would be gratifying to its friends and well wishers generally, to be informed that the expences had been abundantly satisfied. (Loud cheers). He valued this, inasmuch as it proved the extensive circulation of their work, and consequently the estimation in which it was held.

On the table, Gentlemen, you will find the literary publications which have honoured us with their sanction and approval, and we are proud to number among them some of the most deservedly popular periodicals of the day. To the London Magazine in particular, the authors of the ‘Harrovian’ offer their most heartfelt acknowledgments; there is not one in this room—I am sure I speak the sentiments of the contributors, (of all), but values the eulogy—eloquent, and delightful as it is, even less than the style, because this convinces us that so tender and powerful an incentive to youthful industry and ambition, must have emanated from a pure, and elegant, and enthusiastic mind; and of such only the Harrovian desires the praise and esteem. (Tremendous cheering).

To the London Weekly Review, and the Athenæum, we are likewise much indebted for their leniency in pardoning our errors, and their readiness in praising us when we have been successful. I will not enumerate the morning and evening papers, the Morning Post, Courier, &c., &c., which have kindly noticed our efforts, they are on the table—before you peruse them, I would

remind you of the frequently quoted words—"delectando pariterque monendo," and I conclude by congratulating you on the triumph of Harrow, in the success of the 'Harrovian.' (The Editor sat down amid reiterated applause, which continued for several minutes).

LIONEL MONTMORENCY, who had been occupied during the Editor's address, in examining the letters on the table, now rose. The Editor had spoken of a Secretary who would read the voluminous correspondence before them; he wished to know the gentleman who had been appointed to fill that responsible situation.

The Editor observed, that being acquainted with Mr. Montmorency's punctuality and attention to business, he had always looked forward to his undertaking the management of their proceedings—he trusted Mr. Montmorency would not disappoint the expectations of the society.

Mr. MONTMORENCY supposed the Secretary would not be deprived of the privilege of speaking, (laughter), he meant of addressing the Association. (Oh, certainly not). After some consideration, the worthy member signified his acceptance of office,—the notification was received with much approbation.

EDWARD SEYMOUR wished it to be certified how many numbers of the 'Harrovian,' it was the Editor's intention to publish—he had understood the work was to be completed in one volume. (Dissatisfaction, accompanied with hisses).

W——considered the question a very improper one: the 'Harrovian,' was not a diviner, he was going on with the Rev. Edward Irving, and the Apocalypse, and the Seven Plagues,—when he was called to order by the Editor, who assured Mr. Seymour, no limit had as yet been assigned to the Publication.

Here some dissention took place between two fourth formers at the end of the room, respecting a passage in Pope's Letters. "Some persons, like some pictures, are best in a corner," which one of the aforesaid gentlemen imagined to have been offensively applied to himself: the quarrel ended in both being turned out.

Tranquillity having been restored, the Secretary asked the Editor in a low voice, whether the heap of papers fastened with red tape, were the contributions of the gentleman who signed 665 to the poem which he held in his hand. The Editor believed not, but added, he should be particularly obliged by a private communication from the correspondent who had affixed that signature to the contribution alluded to.

The SECRETARY was desired to read some of the articles in preparation for the fifth number: they were as follows:—

Living Poets.—No. 1. L. E. L. by Edward Seymour.

Letters from Cambridge, by a Student of Trinity College.

Recollections of Harrow.—1826.

Evening of a Student.—Subject uncertain.

Poetry and Prose from Oxford.

Greek Drama.—Sophocles. With original translations of the Chorus.

On Poetry in Simile.

The Poet.—A Tale.

A Hebrew version of John Gilpin, by a celebrated linguist, is promised for an early number.

Much amusement was caused in this stage of the proceedings, by the entrance of Le Troubadour, who approached the table in great vehemence, and demanded with much impetuosity, to be informed the reason why his name had been omitted to the poem in No. 2. The Editor assured Le Troubadour, the omission had been entirely accidental; he hoped his worthy friend did not inherit the passions as well as the genius of the old French poets. Le Troubadour trusted a similar accident would not occur in the fourth number; he had been at considerable pains to prepare the paper on Clement Marôt, therefore he should prefer having the proof sent to him.

The Editor feared the request of Le Troubadour could not be complied with; some beautiful verses had been lost to the 'Harrovian,' by this means already. The author was desirous of correcting the proof, which was accordingly forwarded to him, he unfortunately left it upon the table, and an under-sheller turned it into Latin, and got 'three mornings' for his ability.

W.— said it was only stealing from the poets. (Laughter).

The SECRETARY, in whose case 'Sudor' might be substituted for 'labor,' was at a loss in what manner to dispose of the numberless contributions upon the table—they were really strainless.

W— thought the worthy Sec.—intended—brainless. (Laughter).

The SECRETARY objected to puns; the duty of the Association was to provide means for preventing this alarming increase of business. He held in his hand no less than ten letters from the same individual, five of which composed a Treatise upon the Art of Eating. (Cries of make him eat them). He had also a packet consisting of a quire of foolscap from Rome, purporting to describe the manners of the Italians, but which was copied from Matthews' Diary of an Invalid. (Hear, hear, hear).

But the greatest curiosity was the first canto of an Epic; entitled, 'The Torch of Harrow,' to be completed in thirty-six cantos! (Bravo). It was a Lyric, (cries of no, no, a *Detiric*), he would read the opening stanza.

Harrow, the fire-brand
Burns on thy hill,
Harrow, the Spectre hand
Points to thee still. (Much laughter).

W— took this opportunity of ascertaining if his chapter on Ears and Fingers was inserted; he had also to complain of a very unfortunate mis-print in the chapter on Eyes, the insertion of γ , in the place of θ , an alteration which completely destroyed the sense.

The Editor apologised for the non-insertion of the article alluded to in the present number; it was inadvertently included in the advertisement; the superabundance of matter had induced him to print the Round Table in a small type,

for the sake of compression. (Hear). The misprint in the amusing paper to which W—— referred, was an oversight of the compositor, and extended only to a few of the early impressions.

The SECRETARY moved the order of the day.—He considered the circumstances anything but ludicrous; unless some steps were immediately taken towards remedying the evil, he should be compelled to resign. (Hear, hear).

Mr. PATRICK O'FLANNAGAN, (a non-con.), was not aware Mr. Montmorency approved of *resignations*. (No politics).

EDWARD SEYMOUR proposed an engraving of the editor on the cover; he thought it would answer the purpose of deterring the contributors.—The Editor thanked Mr. Seymour.

'The Poet' imagined a fire the readiest mode of dispersing the criminals—in some instances purification might not be altogether useless. Mr. Flannagan could superintend the operation.

Mr. FLANNAGAN begged to correct the 'Poet'—he was a not a paper, but a sugar-refiner. (Much merriment).

EDWARD SEYMOUR thought that two or three of the old contributions might be committed to the flames, with no injury to 'the Harrovian;' contributions were like flowers, when they cease to be fresh they ought to be thrown out of the window—he was for *annuals*.

The SECRETARY hinted that the simile was borrowed from the Hermit in London.

Mr. SEYMOUR very indignantly denied all knowledge of the Hermit, and intimated his dislike of all busy-bodies.

The EDITOR would be the first to congratulate Mr. Seymour on his acquaintance with so distinguished and elegant a writer as the Hermit in London.

The fire having been carried by acclamation, a bushel basket was placed in the middle of the room, and the work of destruction commenced. At this interesting period of our deliberations, the printer's boy knocked at the door and asked for copy—adjourned immediately—the room ringing with the shouts of allons! qu'il brule, qu'il brulent.

Signed,

LIONEL MONTMORENCY,
Secretary to the 'Harrovian.'

Adjourned to the 24th day of July.

THE HARROVIAN.

JULY, 1828.

LIVING POETS.

L. E. L.

Thou of the low sweet voice!

HEMANS.

It was fortunate for the fame of Dame Porcelete, that her lot was laid in the twelfth century, instead of the nineteenth. The concluding line of her epitaph, by Bertrand—

‘En l’oumbra é fin de las donas fa condes’—

would have met with as kind a reception, (we mean from the Quintilians of our time), as Mr. Hazlitt’s last new book from the Quarterly.

People talk of genius retrograding; it may be so with men, but we remember no era in British history, when female genius was so bright and so universally acknowledged as now. Without mentioning names celebrated in every department of science and literature, where shall

we find the Graces more beautifully typified than in the gorgeous Hemans, the chaste and frequently sublime Joanna Baillie, and the sweet, the bewitching Improvisatrice—the delightful L. E. L.?

We look upon Miss Landon, as upon a charming child, spoilt by over-indulgence; its occasional good feeling only making us regret the more the fondness which so injured her disposition.

Miss Landon commenced her poetical career with bright and beautiful imaginings: her fancy was like a vine, wandering over a summer garden and wreathing itself with the flowers, breathing with the songs of the birds, and the glow of the sunbeam; but it was wild, irregular, and running to waste.

Instead of dressing the vine and watering it with the dews of tenderness and solicitude, Miss Landon was lauded to the skies: faulty rhythm, and meretricious displays of ornament, were considered trifles amid such a wilderness of sweets; the monitory voice was stifled or unheeded, and Miss Landon became, what we fear she must continue to be—a *mannerist*.

Mr. Thomas Moore, with all his beauties, is the most constant and persevering mannerist with whom we are acquainted; and yet we recollect to have seen this gentleman styled, in a Magazine of much ability, the first of living Poets! We speak of Mr. Moore merely in connection with L. E. L.

The author of *Lalla Rookh* is the founder of the modern school of artificial poetry, the principal characteristics of which are, a childish love of tawdry ornaments, and a most outrageous habit of exaggeration. We hear much of the beauty of Mr. Moore's songs; some of them are doubtless very charming, but we fancy they are those

which the author would think the poorest, because the least bedizened. We confess we entertain no very particular regard for courtiers or court dresses, and we prefer Mr. Moore's company much more when he addresses us in the simple language of natural affection, than when he attitudinizes in his embroidered waistcoat and ruffles. A very shrewd estimate of a poet's genius may be formed from his outward habiliments; we see the correct and stately march of Mr. Milman's verse mirrored in the battlements of his neckcloth.

There is another circumstance attaching to Mr. Moore, peculiarly injurious to a young writer who makes him the model of his style;—he is not always a *genuine* poet; by which we mean that he frequently writes from necessity, not from the overflow of rich and beautiful thoughts, but merely (as we have often done since our literary existence) because the press is waiting. We do not advance this upon conjecture; we are intimate with some of Mr. Moore's friends, to whom he has frequently spoken of his poetical labours in no very *can-amore* terms.

Knowing these things to be so, we cannot but lament that Miss Landon should have been so led astray by the glitter of Moore's poetry, as to form her style almost entirely upon it. If our readers will compare the 'Fate of Adelaide,' published in 1821, with the 'Improvisatrice,' they will at once comprehend our meaning: there is a simplicity about Miss Landon's first production, not visible, we grieve to say, in her subsequent poems; and we remember one passage descriptive of an army moving to battle, which had we the poem at hand, we would quote for the gratification of our readers.

Although wearisomely fond of description, L. E. L. is deficient in giving the shades of character, and variety

of illustration. We have heard it objected to this lady's pretensions, her inability to identify herself with the subject delineated. Now we apprehend the converse of this to be the fact. It is the circumstance of her own heart giving the colour, as she beautifully expresses it, to every individual scene and portrait, that originates the sameness and monotony unfortunately too frequent in her works. Miss Landon is a young woman of pure and glorious impulses, with a mind probably more truly poetic than the majority of her contemporaries. The *Improvisatrice* was a fresh and glowing picture of her own heart—a burning shadow of her own sentiments and feelings—the feelings of a triumphant and gifted female, valuing the beautiful powers only as they captivated the object of her love. This was well, and had Miss Landon never written any thing but the '*Improvisatrice*' and '*Erinna*,' we should have placed her, without hesitation, among the sweetest writers of the age. The '*Troubadour*' is but a reflection of the '*Improvisatrice*,' with scarcely any new combination of character, no enlarged knowledge of the human mind, and but little of original imagery; and the '*Golden Violet*,' had it not been for '*Erinna*,' like Mr. Campbell's '*Theodoric*,' would have acted the part of an extinguisher.

It will be seen from these hasty remarks, that we conceive Miss Landon's principal defect to be her incapability of portraying the passions in their mighty and "inaudible goings on": her women have the feelings without the warmth and brilliancy of the '*Improvisatrice*;' we become weary of a constant repetition of the same sentiments, and are sometimes inclined to exchange the sunshine of Miss Landon's '*Countess*,' for the moonlight tenderness of Mr. Maturin's '*Eva*.'

The heroines of L. E. L., we have said, are essentially one and the same; they appear the beautiful but unreal beings of a dream; there is no stillness, no repose, we had almost said, little humanity in them; they are all actuated by the same passion working upon the same spirit—each of them seems formed to answer the question—

And what must love be in a heart
 All passion's fiery depths concealing,
 Which has in its minutest part,
 More than another's all, of feeling?

Select one of Miss Landon's highly-wrought pictures of Woman, and compare it with the following, taken at random, by Joanna Baillie.

But she of gentler nature, softer, dearer,
 Of daily life the active, kindly cheerer,
 With generous bosom, age or childhood shielding,
 And in the storms of life, though moved, unyielding.
 Strength in her gentleness, hope in her sorrow,
 Whose darkest hours some ray of brightness borrow,
 From better days to come. Whose meek devotion
 Calms every wayward passion's wild emotion.
 In cares and suffering, soothing, useful, sprightly,
 Bearing the press of evil hap so lightly,
 Till evil's self seems its strong hold betraying,
 To the sweet witchery of such winsome playing.
 Bold from affection, if by nature fearful,
 With varying brow, sad, tender, anxious, cheerful—
 This is meet partner for the loftiest mind,
 With crown or helmet graced;—yea, this is woman-kind.

Now why this vast difference between the two? Because the authoress of 'Metrical Legends,' paints woman naturally—Miss Landon, artificially.

It has been said, "the very essence of genius is the power of abstracting itself from reality, and building up

its grand, or lofty, or beautiful structure, out of the slightest materials.*

We apprehend there is a fallacy in this reasoning. Many of Shakspeare's plays are constructed on the slightest materials: so is the 'Œdipus of Sophocles,' and the 'Iliad.' But will any person pretend to say that the authors of these magnificent productions, abstracted themselves from realities, or impugn their genius because they did not? On the contrary, are not the poems to which we allude, bright and glorious creations, veiled with the garments of ideal beauty we grant, but thrilling with the pulse, and passions, and excitements of mortality?

"With the heart breathing on each cheek:"—

Look at Eve; here was abundant scope for the great master-soul to have abstracted himself from reality—to have built up a fanciful and imaginary structure, but he did not—his Eve is a woman, with the love, and hope, and joy, and beauty, of a woman, ere that hope was dimmed, and that beauty clouded. We would give three mornings' to see what Miss Landon would make of this.

Again, "The shadow of a hint is sufficient for the creative mind to work upon, till it exhausts invention."

It is a question which we think the propounder of this apothegm should answer for the benefit of the community: what will become of the creative mind which, being led on by a hint, or deceived by its shadow, has exhausted invention? The unfortunate author, when in the Paradise of Fools, might apostrophise the hint in a parody of Richard's curse.—

Shadow of a hint! thou send'st me hither!

* Lit. Gazette. Review of The Troubadour.

But mark the conclusion: "And the most indistinct rudiment of human feeling, whether found in books, or in life, is metaphysics enough for such minds to develop into every form of intense passion, be it love or hate, misanthropy, (*quære, ric?*) or pathetic interest."

We suppose this rudiment must be discovered before the invention is exhausted, or the development will be more than doubtful. It appears to us that the rudiments of human feeling cannot be developed into "every form of intense passion," unless some martyr to the cause will build up an Epic of three-score and five books, tracing the rudiments from infancy to manhood and old age. The scream of an infant, when its playthings are taken from it, is a rudiment of feeling,—

Sweet rudiments

Of future harvest.

PHILIPS.

but the development of passion, we imagine would be on the side of the unfortunate bystander.

The most important objection we take to the poetry of L. E. L., and one which is likely to form a prominent feature in the future estimate of her talents, is, that she is not a purely *English* poet. We have seen it somewhere remarked, that while the South has its dreams of vineyards, and bright blue skies, and calm and golden waters, we have that which 'passeth shew'—living, fadeless, transcripts of native scenery and character.

Look through the 'Improvisatrice,' the 'Troubadour,' and the 'Golden Violet,' and tell us if you find three unornamented portraits—three descriptions—which the forest-voice, the sweet wood-birds, or the village charms have inspired? The creations of L. E. L. do not make us glad; we follow her through olive groves, and odorous

halls, we lift the radiant mantles from the faces of the sun-lit creatures around us, but do we love them as holy shrines of heavenly worship—the fair and vivid records of beauty, the breathing images of our sisters and our friends?

We have frequently thought what a magnificent poem might be formed, by picturing an Improvisatrice who had lived in the old world and the new—who had dreamed under the shadow of angel's wings, and bathed her spirit in the sounds of Paradise, folding up the legends of other days in the dim and mellowing darkness of memory, and blending the smile of heaven with the cloud of earth.

Rosalie (with the exception of 'Erinna') is our favourite poem: there is more of domestic interest and true pathos, less of mannerism and more of beauty and truth in the imagery, than in any other. Wearied as we are of Miss Landon's puerilities and extravagancies, it is refreshing to meet with a picture of nature; we start from our visions of passionate looks, and "dark eyed cavaliers," and rejoice to find ourselves once more in the less brilliant but more congenial atmosphere of natural poetry.

Mens onus ressonit et peregrino
Labore fessi venimus, Larem ad nostrum.

Take the following sketch of a penitent girl, deserted by him for whom she had forsaken all things.

"She thought upon her love, and there was not
In passion's record one green sunny spot.—
It had been all a madness and a dream,
The shadow of a flower upon the stream,
Which seems, and is not; and then memory turned
To her lone mother—how her bosom burned
With sweet and bitter thoughts! There might be rest—
The wounded dove will flee into her nest—

That mother's arms might fold her child again ;
 The cold would scorn, the cruel smite in vain,
 And falsehood be remembered no more
 In that calm shelter ; and she might weep o'er
 Her faults and find forgiveness.

She prayed one deep, wild prayer—that she might gain
 The home she hoped ;—then sought that home again."

This is an exquisitely affecting passage ; the lines marked in *italics*, appear to our taste highly picturesque.

What can be more beautifully and vividly touched than the return of Rosalie to her birth-place ; the incident of the friend of her youth offering her infant to its adoring parent, and the effect produced on the soul of Rosalie, is the sweetest conception in the poems of L. E. L.

" It must be worth a life of toil and care—
 Worth those dark chains the wearied one must bear
 Who toils up fortune's steep—all that can wring
 The worn-out bosom with lone suffering.—
 Worth restlessness, oppression, goading fears,
 And long-deferred hopes of many years—
 To reach again that little quiet spot,
So well-loved once and never quite forgot.
 To trace again the steps of infancy,
 And catch their freshness from their memory !
 And it is triumph, sure, when fortune's sun
 Has shone upon us, and our task is done,
 To shew our harvest to the eyes that were
 Once all the world to us.

But how felt Rosalie?—The very air
 Seemed as it brought reproach ; there was no eye
 To look delighted—welcome, none was there !
 She felt as feels a outcast wandering by,
 Where every door is closed ! She looked around—
 She heard some voices—sweet familiar sound.
 There were some changed, and some remembered things ;

There were girls, whom she left in their first springs,
 Now blushed into full beauty. There was one
 Whom she loved tenderly in days now gone!
 She was not dancing gaily with the rest:
 A rose-cheeked child within her arms was prest;
 And it had twined its small hands in the hair
 That clustered o'er its mother's brow.

She gave her laughing dove
 To one who clasped it with a father's love.

But Rosalie shrank from them."

The mind that could produce these lines is capable of greater things than hanging a banquet-room with roses, or wreathing a lady's head with pearls.

It is time we say a few words upon the structure of Miss Landon's verse, and here we regret to own that our accomplished Sappho is far from the *prope perfectam* of Cicero. It should seem that Longinus foresaw the present laxity of metre, when he cautioned his friend against the use of the *γλαφυροὶ λόγοι*. The precipitate measure, rendered popular by Sir Walter Scott, calculated, he tells us, for dance and merriment, but every way inadequate to the expression of real passion.

Whatever may be Miss Landon's poetical qualifications, a correct and musical ear is certainly not among the number; we do not remember ten, rarely two, melodious consecutive lines in her works; and unfortunately the most inharmonious lines occur in the sweetest pieces. In the Death song of Sappho, for instance:—

"And fever has breathed in thy words"—

a jumble of discord, equalled only by the following—

"He stood by the hill side."

Miss Landon cannot write musically; she has no skill

in the construction of verse—witness the numberless lines composed of monosyllables only. Mr. Moore might, in this instance, have been studied with advantage: he is an Epicurean in versification.

An equally dangerous, and we are inclined to think even more disagreeable defect in Miss Landon's style, is her partiality to inverted language. This unfortunate predilection, which shewed itself in many parts of the 'Improvisatrice,' seems to grow with Miss Landon's growth, and strengthen with her years; her affection towards it is unbounded, and we are convinced from its introduction in places where the legitimate construction could be more correct, as well as musical, that Miss Landon writes inverted poetry from taste and principle.

We give three instances of a wilful violation of taste, from the 'Golden Violet,' the latest, and we should therefore conclude the most polished production of the authoress.

"And gazed the countess on the lake."

"Bethought the countess of a tale."

"Took the spirit bud as fair."

We have dwelt upon this subject because we long to see Miss Landon free herself from the disgraceful thralldom of *mannerism*. We would have a beautiful woman appareled in the colours which heighten her charms, and we would not only have the song of the wood-bird transcribed for us, but listen to the melody of the voice which breathes it,

We speak not of occasional grammatical errors, and more than occasional plagiarisms—such as

—The music of his very name
Has gone into my being.

KEATS.

Oh let me love her; she has past
Into my inmost soul.

L. E. L.

"We 'hear a *bell* you cannot hear,' which says we must not tarry."

If we compare Miss Landon with her contemporaries, we shall find her less splendid and musical, but more truly poetic, than Mrs. Hemans, with greater sprightliness and play of imagery than Joanna Baillie, without the calm, anatomising power, the simple grandeur of the delineator of the Passions.

Miss Landon, we think, could never have written the two lines descriptive of the Indians, on their discovery by Columbus.

"A land whose simple sons till now
Had scarcely *seen a careful brow.*"

If Miss Landon's imagination were in reality so rich and exuberant as her friends affirm it to be, 'welling' forth harmonies of new and beautiful imagery, and ornamenting every subject she touches upon, our repugnance to court dresses and gala nights might probably be removed. But this we believe not to be the case; that Miss Landon's powers are like the waters spread before the grotto of the nymphs, covered with flowers, we acknowledge, but we sometimes doubt whether a clear stream of sweet water would not have been equally pleasant, even though there had been no flowers to scent it.

We agree with those who think L. E. L. would have been a poet, had a line of poetry never been written; and we ground our opinion upon 'Erinna,' undoubtedly the finest thing that L. E. L. has accomplished. It comes—thrilling up like an odour-bird from the very heart-beat of the flowers, and waking every dreaming thought and passion into joy and music.

The portrait of the poet's mind is in noble keeping—

“Oh, glorious is the gifted poet's lot,
And something more than glorious, 'tis to be
Companion of the heart's least earthly hour,
The voice of love and sadness calling forth
Tears from their silent fountain. 'Tis to have
Share in all nature's loveliness, giving flowers
A life more sweet and lasting than their own;
And catching from green-wood and lofty pine
Language mysterious as musical,
Making the thoughts, which else had only been
Like colours on the morning's earliest hour,
Immortal, and worth immortality.”

Has L. E. L. done this—is the ‘Golden Violet’ worth immortality? And why has she not? surely not for lack of power. The passage we have quoted, not surpassed by any living poet, evidences the contrary. We must look for the cause, we fear, in the ill-timed flattery of friends, and too much gallantry of critics.

Let Miss Landon's admirers point out to us fifty, nay, even twenty lines, throughout her poetry, inspired by ‘green wood and lofty pine’—a stanza devoted to the giving a sweet and lasting life to a mountain daisy, or a lily of the valley——but we return to ‘Erinna’—

“O, dream of fame! what hast thou been to me
But the destroyer of life's calm content.
I feel so more than ever that thy sway
Is weakened o'er me. Once I could find
A deep and dangerous delight in thee;—
But that is gone. I am too much awake,
Light has burst o'er me, but not morning light,
'Tis such light as will breathe upon the tomb,
When all but judgment's over. Can it be
That these fine impulses, these lofty thoughts,
Burning with their own beauty, are but given
To make me the low slave of vanity—

Heartless and humbled ? O, my own sweet power,
 Surely thy songs were made for more than this !
 What a worse waste of feeling and of life,
 Have been the imprints on my roll of fame,
 Too much, too long ! To what end have I turned
 The golden gifts in which I pride myself ?

Is there not afar people who possess
 Mysterious oracles of olden time,
 Who say that this earth labours with a curse !
 That it is fallen from its first estate,
 And is now but the shadow of what it was ?
 I do believe the tale. I feel its truth
 In my vain aspirations, in the dreams,
 That are revealings of another world." †

The only passage we remember of a similar nature, and having the least claim to a comparison with this sublime and pathetic burst of poetry, is the picture of the bruised feelings of a poetic and highly-gifted mind, in the Course of Time.

" It was not so with him : while thus he lay
 Forlorn of heart, withered and desolate
 As leaf of autumn, which the wolfish winds
 Selecting from its fallen sisters, chase
 Far from its native grove to lifeless wastes,
 And leave it there alone to be forgotten
 Eternally—God passed in mercy by—
 His praise be ever new ! and on him breathed,
 And bade him rise, and put into his hands
 A holy harp, and into his lips a song
 That rolled its numbers down the tide of time—
 Ambitious now but little to be praised
 Of men alone—ambitious most to be
 Approved of God the judge of all, and have
 His name recorded in the book of life."

There is more solemnity and subdued power in Mr.

† We quote from memory

Pollok than in L. E. L.; but we think the train of thought is very similar.

We have already exceeded our limits, but we must give one more extract of the most touching description—the sorrow of a delightful poet for her departed parent.

“ My task is done, the tale is told,
The lute drops from my wayward hold.
The hour is dark, the winter rain,
Beats cold and harsh against the pane ;
Thus should it be; I could not bear
The breath of flowers, the sunny air,
Upon that ending page should be,
Which one will never, never see.
Yet who will love it as that one,
Who cherish it as he would have done.†

My page is wet with bitter tears
I cannot but think of those years,
When happiness and I would wait,
On summer evenings at thy gate ;
Or sweeping o’er the green fields watch,
The first sound of thy steps to catch ;
Then run for thy first kiss and word,
An unkind one I never heard.

Farewell ! in my heart is a spot
Where other griefs and cares come not :
Hallowed by love, by memory kept,
Deeply honoured, deeply wept,
My own dear father, time may bring
Chance and change on his rainbow wing.
But never will thy name depart
The household god of thy child’s heart.
Until thy orphan girl may share,
The grave where her best feelings are.
Never, dear father, love can be,
Like the deep love I have for thee.

† By substituting ‘had’ for ‘would have’ the construction will be equally correct and the metre of the line preserved.

Grief is ever beautiful ; but sorrow, such as this, is delightful, for many reasons ; it convinces us that there is in L. E. L. more than the 'tinkling cymbal' ; that there are springs of pure and glorious feelings yet unopened, and voices of sweet and simple melody, whose whispers, like the song of the rose bird, are stifled only by the flowers. We extract no more.

"'Tis meet such song should be the last."

EDWARD SEYMOUR.

THE SPIRIT OF COMMERCE.

WE have had occasion, we believe, more than once, to remark upon the discrepancy which is too often found betwixt the practice of Christian countries, and those rules of action which the spirit, and sometimes the very letter of the Christian religion enjoins. It is an observation not often made, perhaps because it is by no means flattering to us, (but we believe it to be just), that if we observed the precepts and ordinances of our faith, pure as it is, with as much zeal and punctuality as the ancients did the very gross and monstrous rites which their superstition required of them, the face of society would then exhibit the genuine features of the religion we profess, and in discussing its merits, it would no longer be necessary to employ all that learning and argumentation (too frequently employed in vain), to prove its origin, since its divinity would be manifest in the lives and conduct of its professors.

We have been led into this, rather solemn train of thought, by reflecting on the great actuating principle of modern times, equally the characteristic of the country, and of the age in which we write and live—we mean that insatiable spirit of avarice, that unhallowed lust of gain, that sleepless, remorseless avidity for wealth, which seems to have taken possession of us all.

There is no topic on the stage more common than the ridicule of the vices, peculiarities, and absurdities of certain professions. So common indeed, that in some shape or other, directly or indirectly, we may venture to say, that it is the burthen of nearly one-half of our current productions in farce and comedy. The quackery of the physician—the hypocrisy of the church—the knavery of the lawyer—the profligacy of the army ; these are our standing jests—the ever-green jokes that

flourish summer and winter—the source of half the wit, and mirth, and satire, at which we alternately laugh and look wise, as we happen to be within the scope of the poet's allusions. Now, however venerable and pleasant the aforesaid jokes may be, and whatever amusement they may afford us in an idle and splenetic hour, nothing can be less judicious or candid, than to apply them seriously, as we frequently do, to the character and tendencies of the various pursuits of life.

There seems to be one occupation, however, and the ruling one too, which has hitherto escaped—commerce, grave, sober, sedate, calculating, unfeeling commerce—the wit and the poet have scarcely touched here; reason, it might be thought, disdained their alliance, since she could expose without it, the grovelling and imposing nature of their calling. “Don't talk to me,” said Burke, “of the honour and liberality of a merchant—their God is their gold—their desk is their altar—their ledger their bible—they have faith in none but their banker.”

Now we are not going exactly to laugh at the follies and vices of commerce, as has been done with the failings and peculiarities incident to the other occupations of life, but we may perhaps point out those defects which arise from its very nature; and this, as we have hinted, we take leave to think, is no very inappropriate time to do so, when the rage for commercial speculation, as it is called, seems to have become quite epidemic—when Lords and Legislators quit their patrician pleasures, and patrician duties for the lust of lucre—and the *auri sacra fames* is become at once the fashion and the passion of the age.

Even science itself too, we are afraid, the only science at least in vogue at present, is in danger of becoming subservient to this passion; and political economy, the theory of the nature and causes of national wealth, may serve by no very unnatural process, perhaps, if not properly corrected, to stimulate the more palpable and profitable practice of individual money-getting.

We confess we are always a little suspicious of any thing, when there prevails an uncommon rage for it. Whatever it be, that the “most thinking public” become periodically and violently in love with, as it often does, whether it be a poet or a player,—a minister or a mountebank—bullion or the church—whether the cry be no popery, or no paper money, we are apt to be slow at joining in with it. An extraordinary and sudden devotion is generally attended with zeal, and zealots in the best cause are apt to become exclusive and intolerant; there is a

* Had Burke lived during what has been called the panic—the crisis—the convulsion, &c., of December, 1825, when Lombard Street trembled to its foundation, he would have had reason to retract even this small praise—their bankers were then the last persons they had faith in.

spirit of pride ever belonging to a new sect or school, and the symptoms of this spirit, we think, are already in some of its worst manifestations, sufficiently apparent in the sect of Political Economists. Like all men attached to a particular study, they are prone to exaggerate its importance, to enforce its pre-eminence over all other sciences, and by forced definitions, and false applications of its principles, to confound with it, by affecting to comprehend within its limits, the peculiar and legitimate objects of other and more important branches of human knowledge. Thus of late, the science of Ethics, properly so called, which treats of the theory of moral sentiment, and the laws of practical morality, as they are essential to the well being of the individual, and that of society, seems to be considered as something subordinate to political economy, and the subject of wealth has been represented and studied as the end rather than the means to be referred to, in the career of national progress and the consummation of national glory.

We may chance to touch upon this point at some future time. We meant only to remark upon the additional stimulus which the reigning vice of the present time may possibly have derived, even from a species of philosophy.

But in enforcing the evils attendant on the commercial spirit of England, we shall be told, perhaps, that all the business of human life is a system of commerce, that the services of the soldier or the barrister, or the physician, or the priest, are all exchanged for valuable consideration; and that all these various professions are only exercised with a view to the wealth that may follow them. Undoubtedly it is so. And we admit too, that they are, like every thing else with which human nature and human passions have to do, liable to corruption in their progress; that the very purest of them all in its origin—that of the minister of religion—has become somewhat tainted, with the lust of filthy lucre; and that a crown of glory, in the world to come, is too frequently found in the member of an established hierarchy, to divide the affections with a mitre in this.

This, however, only confirms our position, if it should appear that the venality and corruption which are found to attach even to the noblest professions and pursuits in life, arise from the very prevalence of the commercial spirit, and that hunger and thirst after wealth, which impel the mass of the community in a country situated like our own.

"And honour sinks where commerce long prevails."

Let us see if there exist not some peculiar characteristic features which distinguish the mere merchant—the dealer—the speculator—the gambler; call him which ye will, for they run insensibly into each

other, and serve to fix upon it that gross, narrow, and mercenary disposition, which is unknown to the rest of men.

The physician, whose "art and care," have raised a fellow creature from a bed of sickness; the lawyer, whose eloquence has baffled the oppressor's wrong; the divine, who reforms his country; the soldier, whose blood has been shed in its defence; derive all of them a gratification in the performance of their duty, distinct from, and far above the pecuniary recompense they receive, which it will be said is the end of all; but the merchant does not, money is the only reward, and it soon becomes the only motive of his exertions; and as the nature of them does not admit the exercise of any one virtue in the course of them, so the qualities and disposition which are commonly acquired by mercantile men, as surely prevent it by any application of their riches in the end.

To acquire the means of living, it will be repeated, is the object of every profession, of every art, of every labour in life, and as money affords these means, the object is to acquire money. But consider for a moment, and losing sight of that vulgar credit which money only can give, but which it can only give in a state of society corrupted to its very core. Reflect, we say, on the degrees of moral worth, honor, and self-approbation of a physician, for instance, and a merchant, who each of them laboured, as far as this object is concerned, in vain. The former has effected—he has the repute and the consciousness of having effected many cures; of having dispelled sickness and pain from the roofs of hundreds; of having eased the heart and dried the eyes of parents, sons, and friends, by the exercise of his assiduity and skill; of having prolonged the lives of numbers who lived to continue their part in the world—to heal, to admonish, to instruct, and to reclaim—"to lure to brighter worlds, and lead the way."

Look again at the professor of the law. He will be blessed with similar reminiscences; and, supposing that fortune has frowned, or friends betrayed him into poverty, he will not still be without consolation. He will recal many instances of innocence defended, or injury redressed. He will remember having, at one time, stopped the arm of the oppressor as it was raised; and at another, of having punished, when he was too late to arrest it. These are the revisions and the gleams of sunshine which will compensate the want of other gains, and which will look brighter even when alone—"unmixed with baser matter."

It is unnecessary to pursue this observation through the other professions. It is obvious that they alike enjoy privileges of felicity unknown to commerce. Thus it is then—To get money is the end, or rather one of the ends of every occupation in life, if it must be said so,

of commerce, equally with the arts and professions,—but here is the difference. If commerce miss its end, it has nothing to repose upon ; it has nothing to boast, it has nothing to console, nothing to dignify its unrequited labour—it is irretrievably damned : whereas the others, having a chance for the same end, possess, in addition, a pleasure and an honor in the very means ; and if, at the end of their toil they fall short of the goal to which they were directed, they can still retrace, with satisfaction and delight, the road they have passed to reach it.

But not only have the liberal professions and arts the infinite advantage of being honorable and beneficial in their very nature and progress, by the duties they are in the daily practice of ; but they are equally so by the dispositions and sentiments they acquire. A love of the right, the moral, the wholesome, and the beautiful, will insensibly attach, in some degree, to the professor and the artist, whose constant theme they are ; whilst commerce moves but one affection of the soul—the vilest and most exclusive of every other—the love of lucre ; cold and cruel as it is, needs not the fostering of incessant attention to all the petty, practical, and poisonous details of business to nourish it. The base plant is too quick of growth, even in the best, to require any encouragement in common soils, and proves to our wretched experience, its tendency to predominate, even where the acquisition of money is not the first, and the only, but the secondary, and consequential object of pursuit.

We have known men engaged in commerce, favoured by friends, by fortune herself, with every prospect of realising an ample property,—at first, wary, honest, and successful. In a little time we have beheld these very men, drunk with the first draught of prosperity, become rash, knavish, and beggared. The success with which their first exertions were crowned, instead of satisfying their wants, only provoked them. They were not content to get money as they had got it, slowly, surely, and honestly ; but launched forth into speculations to which the capital they possessed was not adequate ; which, if they had succeeded, would have given them only what they had not the capacity to enjoy, or the heart to bestow upon others, but which were certain, if they failed, as they did, to involve their own ruin and disgrace, and at the same time, that of hundreds who were connected with them. This is the crime of commerce ; it creates and fosters a vice which nature disclaims ; it converts the means of living, into the end of existence ; it substitutes wealth for honor, and has confounded all distinction betwixt poverty and baseness. It derides equally all knowledge, and all principle. Its ambition is, to be rich, and it stalks on to its object, in disdain of every virtue, which it violates to reach it. And what, after all, has it to boast ? By what are its vices redeemed ? It has occasioned and facilitated the com-

munications betwixt distant nations, it may be said. But if it introduces one people to another, in order to corrupt or degrade them both, for what is it to be praised?

But it would be easy to go much further than this, by considering it in its usual consequences, and how it successively, in its progress, allies itself with a most debasing and admitted vice. A merchant in theory, to be sure, is a very interesting and romantic personage; a man who exports the produce of his own land, and imports that of another, for the common benefit of them both. The profit arising from this traffic seems honorable and independent—the fortunate result of an accommodation where the hand affording it reaps a joint profit with those for whom it was immediately designed. But, what is the fact? By far the greater part of mercantile life, as it is practised, is only an enlarged system of gambling. Bales of hemp or of flax; tons of iron or of oil, serve merely the purposes of counters in the game of commerce; they are transferred from one hand to another, as a mere subject of speculation; and every art and every villany which is employed in this mockery of business, is concealed, or sanctioned, by the parade and gravity with which they are perpetrated. Here it is that we are imposed upon, for whenever commerce is attacked, for the moral degradation which it induces, we are immediately presented with it in the abstract; and the various crimes it exercises and encourages; excuses in its details are thereby attempted to be disguised. While we dwell only on the general and pleasing picture, represented to us by poets or politicians, of fleets covering the ocean, bringing home the wealth of one kingdom in exchange for that of another—we forget all the petty, poisonous practices which belong to it. We forget the constant habit, and its effects of buying and selling, and the consequent meanness and deception which attach to it. If we would know it as it exists and influences society, we must not be satisfied with this; we must descend to the counting-house, and the Exchange, and all the haunts and offices into which this chartered foe to honor intrudes its infectious head. We must enquire the daily and ordinary practises of those engaged in it; we must ask, what is their object? and weigh well all that a desire to attain that object, necessarily prompts and promotes. We must observe the votaries of commerce too, when disengaged from the immediate pursuits of their business, and see if even then, its spirit does not impart to social and retired life, a congenial and unconscious meanness.*

Amongst the cant and quackery of the world, and as a specimen of

* We are but little acquainted with the mercantile world, but we think our Correspondent wrong in characterising Traders as universally mean. The most splendid feasts, (we do not say the most elegant), are those given by opulent merchants.—*Ed.*

that disposition so common in it, to compound for the greater sin by condemning the less, may be reckoned the very vehement and virtuous outcry, which is everlastingly raised against gaming. Now, heaven forbid that we should be the apologists of that, or any other vice,—but Dr. Johnson, who had some pretensions to morality,—Dr. Johnson “himself has said,” that it was little better than cant, and that, for one man who was ruined by deep play, there were a hundred ruined by over-trading. For our parts, we put them not in competition to each other; we speak of them as they appear to us, as one and the same sort of thing, actuated by the same principle, and tending to the same end; and we laugh to scorn the affectation of considering the speculative merchant as anything else, or better, than a gambler by profession, and by wholesale. The game may be different, to be sure; it may require more or less skill to play at it,—it may be carried on at Cornhill, or St. James’s;—there are tricks and shufflers, and dealers in them both; but the only difference we can discover is this,—that in this play it is the winner who is deemed the rogue,—in business, it is always the loser.

But it may perhaps be said, to what purpose is all this? Why insist upon a position of this kind, and dwell upon those evils which naturally arise from the very structure of society, as it advances in the career of civilization and commerce? We answer, that we do not desire to insist upon it; we are satisfied with stating it; we are desirous only that justice should be rendered to all the various members of the community; and, that however beneficial commerce may be considered to the state, it must not be forgotten, on this, as on every occasion, that the advantage is purchased at some price, and that a highly commercial state of society is not likely to be distinguished by rigid integrity and refined honor. Let the history of the Mining mania, of 1824—25, prove this. We confess, we smile in contempt, when we hear, as we often do, from the mouths of commercial men, the words—honor, and liberality, and candour. Nothing can be half so absurd in our ears. Talk of modesty in a bagnio,—talk of courage in a calf,—or wisdom in a goose, and we know what to make of it;—but honour, and candour, and liberality in commerce, can have no meaning, as they have no place; and we feel perfectly satisfied if we find common honesty there.

W.

THE DESOLATE ONE.

Nor one left unto thee, old man,
 To smile upon thee when thy hour is near!
 With cheek all withered and wan,
 To throw the dust of earth upon thy bier!

No sweet voice unto thee, lone one,
 To prattle gladness in the evening hours,
 To kiss thy aged cheek, or run
 To pour the night stream o'er thy cottage flowers!

With laughing tenderness to guide
 Thy tottering footsteps o'er the village stile,
 And sit at morning worship by thy side,
 On the rude bench along the crowded aisle.

And when upon our hamlet porch,
 The eye of sunset shoots his golden ray;
 Where is the blue-eyed boy, the torch,
 The burning lantern in thy darkened way?

Desolate one, but not alone—
 Tho' he of the light foot may not greet
 Thy coming with a joyous tone,
 So wildly musical, and soft, and sweet—

When the glad farewell music fills
 Each Sabbath heart with melody and glee,
 Sunning away the cloud of ills,
 Thy God the lantern of thy path shall be.

EDWARD SEYMOUR.

GREEK DRAMA.

ŒDIPUS AT COLONOS.

How few poems worth immortality has the age we live in produced; how frivolous and ephemeral is our literature generally! When the winds of two or three hundred years shall have separated the chaff from the wheat, the weeds from the flowers, Byron and Southey, and Moore and Coleridge, will perhaps not fill a quarto!

"O nostra mente cupida e superba!"

How different the poetry of the Greeks! Time has been a garment to it, a veil of summer thoughts and memories; ruffling to the music of the olive gatherer and the gales of the valley, it floats upon the waves of time, like a bark of worshippers, in the days of yore, upon its own blue seas,

"Cheering its way to Delphi."

The poems of the Greeks, are legends which come over us like the visions of our childhood; they tell us of beautiful faces gone from the earth, and voices no more heard. Of dancing and joy, and the poet's song, whose inspirations still breathe in the fanning of the vine, and the rustling of the laurel leaves.

The poetry of Greece is an angel-book; it is the 'Sepher Rasiel' of earth; we turn over the bright and unstained leaves, and exclaim, "who hath

"Mantled them from the wind and dew?"

Sophocles! what a rush of sweet and odorous imaginings cometh with that name, like the plumes of the flower-

sleepers at the call of their lover. His manly beauty, the purity and simplicity of his language, his bravery and glory, the melody and quiet of his spirit! And Œdipus at Colonos—the birth place of the minstrel, where the nightingale sung without ceasing, and the light of the vineyard was upon singing men, and singing women.

What a composition is ‘Œdipus,’ composed too they say, when the bard had attained his ninetieth year—in his old age, indeed—but it was the old age of Sophocles.

How calm and beautiful! what a dream of tenderness and misfortune; the calm of the Grecian sky, and the lull of the waters seemed to have mingled with his feelings. Œdipus, blind and desolate; a wanderer, but not forsaken; forgotten of heaven, but not complaining; looking forward to the grave as a heritage, a resting place from the scoffer and the scorner.

And Antigone, the fair and lovely guide of the old man, so fond and innocent, so beautiful and patient—

“We cannot choose but love thee.”

How exquisitely are the venerable poet and his grandchild imagined in these two! The old man, deserted and even persecuted by his children, but cheered, like his own Œdipus, by an inward light, which cleared away the darkness from his eyes, and passed before him, it may be, the days and times that were coming, when ‘Sophocles’ should be a household word, a spell to call up the soul of music from the hush and sleep of ages.

It was a light, whose burning was bright and lasting, for it was lit at the shrine of religion, and fed with the oil of piety and peace.

We can easily imagine Sophocles to have been an universal favourite, and to have preserved the uninter-

rupted attachment of the Athenians during his long and splendid life. He is so benignant and fatherly in his writings, so perfectly free from party violence and animosity; so mild and conciliating, that we look upon him as one in whom each stormier passion was purified and hallowed—one whom we may place between Milton and our Bible. If his manhood was brilliant, his old age was serene and happy; he walked in the dark day when the shadows were gathering round him, like one who has run his course in joy; and when the light within him died away, he finished it in gladness.

We intend, at some future time, to devote a few pages to a critical examination of the similitude existing between the style of Sophocles and Euripides; at present we have only leisure to make one or two brief remarks.

The poetry of Sophocles is like the nightingale of Colonus,—warbling in the ivy, and fanning aside the leaves with its music, till it pours a clear and gurgling fount of harmony from the very depths of the foliage.

The poetry of Euripides, on the contrary, is like the song of a bird in an orange tree, almost stifled with the flowers, but either unable, or unwilling to shake back the leaves, which impede its caroling.

Euripides is so continually plying us with moral apothegms and rules of conduct, frequently very clumsily introduced, that he himself is often ignorant when he sins, and fancies that, like Cupid in the garden of Philetas, he is all the while pelting us with flowers.

Sophocles, on the other hand, with admirable tact, always contrives to work out the moral in the natural progress of the drama, and its effect is powerful in proportion to the skill of its introduction.

We think no stronger proof of the beauty of the

Œdipus can be given, than the fact of our never wearying of its perusal; it is the laurel of the olden song, green and verdant in the withering and desolation of years, and will be a thousand ages hence—like Delta's love,—‘the beautiful, the unforgot.’

We shall return to the choruses; meanwhile we commence with a description of the poet's native place—Colonos.

STRANGER, you come to a land of might,
Where the bound of the charger is tracked in light;
And the nightingale sings in the olive dells,
When the vineyards are lit by the sun's farewells;
Fanning the leaves of the ivy by,
With the music of its sigh.*

Stranger, you come to a land of glee,
Where the voice of gladness welcomes thee;
The song of the lute thrills out to greet thee,
The joy of the vineyard goes forth to meet thee.
A garden of glory, a nest for the dove.
When the voices are sweet, and the winds are love.

Stranger, you tread in a vale of flowers,
Peace be unto thee! land of ours.
The day-set gleam on each golden spot,
Brightens the vine leaves; tarry not
Stranger, look up—thy footstep roams
Over the beauty of spirit-homes.

* Mr. Dale renders these lines,

Through embowering ivy shades.
Where her plaintive notes are swelling.

The word is *αεχω* erigo. extendo. *αεχει χορτου αγγαλιδα*. Plutarch in *Thes.* Brunck renders it *incolens*, which is the rendering adopted by all the translators. If *αεχω*, will bear our construction, and we think it will, there can be no doubt as to the superior beauty of the thought. See Hederic. *Lex. Const.* Scap, &c. &c.

Stranger, you walk in the peace of earth,
 When the fairest flower of the field hath birth,
 And the dew of summer falls to bless
 The firstling of bloom with its loveliness.
 Where the forest rills are playfully leaping,
 Over the green leaves, never sleeping;
 On and on thro' the bowing flowers,
 Peace be unto thee ! land of ours.
 Stranger, the lute thrills out to greet thee,
 The joy and the dance go forth to meet thee !

The Chorus, describing the sorrows of humanity, and from which Gray borrowed two or three stanzas, in his "Ode on the distant prospect of Eton College," is so well known, that we shall merely give a free rendering of the *Autistrophe*.

On it were better not to look
 Upon the blue sky's angel book,
 The journey of the green-wood brook,
 That singeth on its way.

But flit on in the infant smile,
 That serveth only to beguile,
 Our mother's sorrows for awhile,
 And pass away.

The sun of youth in glory rears,
 Its beauty like a star of years,
 How often doth it set in tears,
 Rising never !

And clouds of wrath and anguish chase,
 The glory from the wanderer's face,
 And blood and ruin leave their trace
 For ever.

And friendless, desolate old age,
 Lingers o'er the last dark page,
 And bends towards its heritage,
 In gladness.

Then gathers up its limbs to die,
No silent mourner standing by,
To watch the coming hour, no eye,
In sadness.

I am not alone in tears,
Wandering in the night of years ;
There are other mourners near me,
Other widowed hearts do hear me,
While the waves in awful strife,
Break upon the wreck of life,
Let the lamp of hope be lighted,
In the path of one benighted.
Will the tempest never cease ?
Shall the mourner not have peace ?
I will flee unto my nest,
Day and night I cannot rest.
In the summer evening's hum,
When the olive gatherers come,
With fresh leaves their cups to fill,
Hand of Heaven, I feel thee still.
Whither, whither, shall I flee,
Whither, shall I hide from thee ?

There is much spirit in the original of the following.

O that I were 'mid the spears and the shout,
The shields of the warrior are flinging out,
To the rocks and the vallies round about !

Or bowing my head to that light divine,
Where the lamps of our praise and worshipping shine,
And the glory of our God doth curtain the shrine !
The war is coming—

The warrior throws up the flashing rein,*
Blood and foam are upon the chain,
The neck of the war horse throws it again.

* χαλινος *frænum*. " Dale and Potter seem to have forgotten that χαλινος does not mean a 'rein,' but a 'bit.' If this criticism of the Quarterly Review be just, all the Lexicons are wrong, for they render χαλινος *frænum* and *habena*,

Are the war-men coming, or come they not—
Tarry they still by river and grot,
Say, is the joy of the battle forgot?

We conclude, for the present, with the following funeral hymn, regretting our inability to preserve the gliding ghost-like measure so admired by the Quarterly.

Spirit of darkness, if I dare,
ake thy death-dream with a prayer;
If my cry to thee ascend,
O be thou the mourner's friend;
Flash the torch of love before him,
Spread thy wings of silence o'er him.
Calm his bosom, dry his tears,
Roll away the cloud of tears.
Let the tempest-beat be o'er,—
Wanderer on earth no more!
Chain and prison cannot bind thee—
Will the voice of sorrow find thee?
Pilgrim rest thy weary feet,
Mourner, be thy slumber sweet!
Ye of earth, and thou who keepest
Watch before the gates of hell;
Eye of fire that never sleepest,
Time's Almighty centinel?
Ye of the death-watch, close your wings
Over the mourner's wanderings;
Gently now the pilgrim guide ye.
Let the stranger sleep beside ye!

neither of which signify a *bit*, but a *curb*, or *bridle*. χαλινοί in the lines of ŒEachylus, instanced by the Reviewer, are not proved to be *bits*, indeed the διαβροί, appears to militate against the conjecture. Oppian uses χαλινά to signify *cables*, funes nauticos. So we have Διὸς χαλινός metaphorically *pro imperio Jovis*, and we believe, people are generally said to guide with a *rein*, not a *bit*.

SOFA CRITICS.

WE consider ourselves peculiarly unfortunate, for three reasons; first, because we are very clever; 2nd, because we are very impudent; 3rd, because we are confoundedly idle.

Now, we think our cleverness is sufficiently apparent, from the circumstance of Mr. Ollier, (a gentleman who receives 400*l.* per annum for writing the 'Critical Notices,' in the *New Monthly*), doing us the inexpressible honour of cutting us up, some centuries since, in the most finished style of the *Shoulder-of-Mutton* school. The reason is clear; the editors of the *New Monthly* thought we should beat them—and so we shall.

We are critics of a mild and peaceful disposition; our pugnaciousness rarely extends beyond a momentary struggle, between our gentility and our stays, our love of fashion, and our love of ease. It is evident from these premises that we are unable to fisticuff with the compilers of the *N. M.* It would be Adonis against Cyclops, Cherry Ripe to Edward Seymour, Dyke Ackland, esq. to the Editor of the *Harrovian*; add to this, we understand the *N. M.* circulates considerably among the convicts, a circumstance not favourable to its morals, or its manners.—Terrible! Surgeon Cunningham.* But we are too feeling to disturb a friend in sickness, and the health of the *N. M.* is at present in rather a precarious state; we would recommend change of air and strict attention to

* No relation to our worthy vicar.

diet, and an abstinence from all *puff* pastes. New South Wales, for instance, where she might have the benefit of Mr. Cunningham's professional attendance.

We want to be *cross*, but cannot; this Ottoman is so beautifully voluptuous, and our hair is so exquisitely curled, and the honourable Emily G—— looks so charming—we are, in truth, Sofa Critics.

We conclude few of our readers need to be informed of our impudence; they must have had ample proof of the flourishing state of that quality in us, ere now.

Our idleness is not quite so obvious; and as we are wont, notwithstanding our natural quickness of perception, to make allowances for the obtuseness of our contemporaries, (which good nature by the bye, is a mark of true genius), we shall depart from the approved construction of a tragedy, (we intend writing one shortly—tell you the name in ~~our~~ next), and *not* hasten to the conclusion.

It seems to be universally agreed, that we are young gentlemen (there are noblemen amongst us but *n'importe*), of considerable talent, and remarkable simplicity and unostentatiousness of demeanour. Indeed, when we consider our many and various adornments, natural and acquired, that we are handsome in our persons, elegant in our manners, and capable of writing a crack essay for Blackwood, in two or three hours, without making a copy, and contributing, under various signatures, to every periodical of merit—we are really surprised at our own modesty—are not you, dear Mr. Ollier?

Have you read Letters from Cambridge, just published? They are worth buying, for the following morceau.—“Harrow is not much heard of. (Oh! Oh!) I understand the common notion is, that they are all very clever, and all very idle.”

This is exactly the case; we are all clever, every one of us is a genius, we are genii collectively; and had we a little of the St. Paul's drudgery we should do wonders; it would be a host of Parrs going up to battle. But we are so very idle—here is the 26th of the month, and the Harrovian not half written, and Mr. Turner's man waiting to send some 'Copy,' per six o'clock coach. What are we prattling about? are we not in our own drawing room, at the corner of Park Lane, with the last number of Landseer's 'Monkeyana' on a table before us?—a poet in the third week—capital,—and a letter of goodly dimensions in the digits of our sinistral hand. Finella, (our puppy dog), at our feet, and our back supported by a damask cushion, trimmed with lace, &c. &c. We open the letter—Hyde Abbey, Winchester—Prize Composition—A Palmer—English Heroics—What next?—Latin Hexameters—Sir Edward Codrington and the Russia cœ and—but this is a ticklish subject, heaven preserve us from politics. What shall we say to Alexander at Jerusalem?—fine subject, Fall of Tyre, Captivity of Judah—just suited to our own powers; fancy so delicate, and yet so rich, so playful, yet so powerful and captivating.

We are really very much pleased with these poems—much fire—and animation—and highly creditable to the authors.—We are getting into excellent humour—after all, we are very kind and gentle. What were we talking about?

Alexander at Jerusalem. We like the opening lines vastly—the second line appears to us very fine.

"The Pride of Syria falls,
The Queen of Ocean bows her sea-girt walls.
Amidst the ruins of her crumbling towers,
Destruction sits exulting in his powers,

No more for Tyre obedient to the gale,
 Fair commerce spreads her wide expanse of sail.
 No more from distant shores delights to bring
 The wealth of nations on her canvass wing ;
 No, Tyre is fallen : on her deserted shore
 The sun of glory deigns to shine no more ;
 Her ruin'd arch, her shattered bulwarks stone,
 All speak of grandeur, but of grandeur gone ;
 Prone in the dust her shrines forsaken lie,
 The splendid wreck of fallen majesty.

We regret that our contracting limits preclude our giving more copious extracts—take the following. We are partial to a good ending.

On Israel's land, and Salem's impious towers,
 The curse of disobedience darkly lours ;
 No mortal arm can stay the impending fate,
 See ! Salem see ! the foe is at thy gate.
 Within thy ramparts famine prowls for food ;
 The frantic mother drinks her offspring's blood,
 Tears from its cheeks the flesh in wild despair,
 Though e'en she views her own soft image there.
 Wide o'er the world in outcast exile driven,
 No longer now the once lov'd care of heaven,
 Sad Israel strays, the scorn of man below,
 The proverbed tribe, the sport of every woe ;
 Yet shall Jehovah still the wanderer's fear,
 And lend to misery's prayer a willing ear,
 Restore his long-lost home, his native plain,
 Bid future temples rise, and Salem smile again.

The Latin composition is spirited in parts, and generally harmoniously constructed, but we candidly acknowledge, that in modern Latin poetry we are not fair judges ; it is our failing, but bear with us.

EDWARD SEYMOUR'S NOTE-BOOK.

It has ever been the custom of great and beautiful persons, to enter their opinions on literature and life, in a diary or note book; witness Eve, and her register of flowers, whence the modern Album, Augustus and—but why should I go to the antients for examples, look at Evelyn, or if that doth not suffice, look at me, Edward Seymour.

Superior talents are frequently the cause of much annoyance; so it is with me; my classical knowledge has procured me the appellation of the juvenile Scaliger, the Harrow Vossius, the Hederic of the upper school; but this has been only productive of trouble unto me. You recollect that our dear and well-beloved brother in Greek, C. Wordsworth (to whom we send greeting), wrote a poem on the death of Dr. Parr, which he baptized *Epicedium*. Our Editor, who by the by is the idlest rhymester I know, at the commencement of a furious criticism on the aforesaid poem, thought proper in a note, to hint his doubts as to the correctness of the title, and in a very warlike tone, promised to follow up the question in the next number.

All this was very well, but it appears the Editor never intended to do any such thing, for I received a note from him on Wednesday evening, informing me to my utter dismay and astonishment, of his departure to London, and requesting me, whose talents he said were so well known, &c., to take up the cudgels for him. It happens unfortunately, to be a subject with which I am but little

acquainted, but when did a Harrow Boy acknowledge his ignorance.

It appears to me (or the antients, which is the same thing), that three kinds of discourses were used in celebrating the obsequies of deceased persons.

1st. *Epicidium*. The discourse pronounced either in prose or verse, at the first assembling of the friends and relations to perform the last offices to the departed one, and answering, I take it, to the service performed in our churches over the dead, previous to interment.

2nd. *Nenia* (upon the authority of Scaliger), at the rogus or funeral pile, and according, I think, with the burial prayers read over the grave.

3d. *Epitaphium*, the inscription upon the tomb or Cenotaph.

The authority of Servius (Comment. in Virgil, 3d Eclog. fol. Ratisb. 1471), seems conclusive as to the proper signification of *Epicidium*, "Nam Epicidion est quod dicitur cadavere nondum sepulto ut.

Extinctum Nymphoe crudeli vulnere Daphnin.

We might quote Vossius, and Plut. and Scaliger, and Kipping, but we are really fatigued (think of that tremendous article on L. E. L.), we look for rest, and lo! we find *Epicidium*.

I was somewhat surprised in glancing over the last edition of Poetic Sketches, to find Mr. A. Watts falling into an error similar to the one I have just noticed. Poets, I believe generally, are not good classical scholars. I must say, that the poem beginning with

He left his home with a bounding heart.

though a very sweet composition, is wrongly christened, but be not dismayed, o benevoli poetæ, I will help ye out.

of the mire. Erase *Epicedium*, and substitute *nenia* in its place—there you have it. This is evidently the correct title; Guichart informs us, that *nenia* was antiently the name of a song chaunted by nurses to lull the children asleep, and conjectures it to come from the Hebrew, *nin*, *a child*. What can be clearer then? All the world does over an elegy, and the Editor fell asleep over the last page of Mr. C. Wordsworth's *Epicedium*, and I am becoming drowsy over these beautiful lines of Mr. Watts.

In one book, by a curious misprint, their origin is referred to the Physicians (properly Phrygians), doubtless they were opium eaters.

Look at Mr. Pringle's *Ephemerides*; the critics gave that gentleman credit for his modesty; in styling his poems, *trifling* or *ephemeral*; nothing of this kind is implied by the word *ephemeris*, but simply a diary, whether in prose or verse, or occasional poems, as the elegant author has styled them. I recollect a passage in Gellius, which I will quote. "Quum non perannos sed per singulos dies res gestæ scribuntur, ea historia Græco vocabulo, *ephemeris* dicitur."

Be not angry Mr. A. Watts, remember I am only thirteen years of age and upwards, and so like Fair Star: moreover, the sweetest and most popular poem in the *Souvenir* of last year, was my own contribution. Nay, nay, do I not confess that you are a very sweet poet, and a very elegant writer, I only said that I knew Latin and Greek best, and so I do. Well, if you will be cross to such a beautiful blue-eyed Cupid as me,—naughty Mr. Watts.

THE EDITOR OUT OF BOUNDS.

WE never travel by coach, nor like Lady Cabal's letters, per basket. Think of an Editor rusticating in a post coach, with six *insides* and twelve *outs*, niched in between Mrs. Jones of Harrow-weald, and Mr. Skinner of Holborn Hill, Tobacconist, to the worshipful the warden and assistants of the Leather Company.

Then think of 'swirling,' as Leigh Hunt would call it, into the yard of the Bull Inn, and having to sit quietly until Mrs. Jones, and Mr. Skinner, or one or either of them shall alight.

Patience might sit upon a monument, we wager our editorship she never waited in a stage coach.

We are passionately fond of the country; we love its fields and up-lands; its beautiful skies and redolent winds; we delight in its vallies, gemmed with cottages, its streams and spires, its serenity and peace. We admire Harrow for the still and quiet lanes, the balmy meadows, and unfrequented cross roads round about it; the gleaming of the village temples through the distant trees; the solitude of our walks, enlivened occasionally by the meeting of a friend, whose voice of joy and step of gladness, is as free, alas, far freer and happier than our own!

The pleasure we were wont to derive from our wanderings, have of late considerably diminished—we are known as the editor. We are watched and way-laid, our most hidden haunts are penetrated; and, when in some sheltered and untrod spot, we comfort ourself upon our escape for a while, lo! like the snake that jumped up in the face of poor Calliaud, we behold, (horribile spectaculum), a sheet

of paper, covered with verses, which we are to receive per twopenny post the next day.

On Wednesday, after experiencing more than ordinary annoyance, our displeasure waxed warm—we determined to bear it no longer; we accordingly sent for ———'s gig, sprung in, and in less than one hour and twenty minutes, we were at ———'s Club-house, Pall Mall.

Here we are, sober and well-disposed Harrovians, with the Oxford Medallist, whom we picked up in Piccadilly, and a Commoner of Christ-Church, in a side box at Drury-lane theatre, laughing heartily at the drollery of Downton, in Sir Solomon Cynic.

With the exception of ourself and Edward Seymour, we do not believe that there are to be found two handsome faces at Harrow; the women are everything but Helens; no wonder John Lyon put their charms at a premium.*

We have frequently been asked why we never insert any love poetry, such as—'Sonnet on Miss ——— swallowing a Fly'—Verses on Lady ——— being stung whilst eating an Apricot.' The reason is obvious, we never receive any. Our poetical friends, whom we have questioned respecting it, assure us that they never feel the *vis viva*, save on a speech day, and then they are in a higher state already than poetry can confer.

We would give something to transplant some of these black-eyed fairies into the fields and vallies of Harrow, merely as Dryads and nymphs of the grotto; we engage there should be no dearth of love-poetry in our next number. The Greeks and Romans did these things admirably: Nymphs, and Dryads, and Hamadryads, and

* Every boy of the parish of Harrow, educated at the School, receives a present upon his marriage. We give this as we have heard it.

Naiads—why they were as numerous in the woods and streams, and forests, and almost as little thought of, as **Authors**, in London. This was the golden age of love-rhymes: how we should have enjoyed a family cup of tea with old Homer, and an argument on the comparative beauty of black eyes and blue, with Anacreon, or to have shewn our translations from the *Œdipus* to Sophocles—we think he would have liked them.

A theatre is a magnificent place; tier above tier, eye above eye, like a palace of gems; languishing voices, and low-breathed words, and happy faces, in sooth they please us mightily.

We are not play-goers, we rarely visit a theatre, but when we do, we consider ourselves amply repaid by the merriment of our youthful friends, whom we seldom fail to meet there. There is a beauty in the joy of youth; it is the joy of a being made up of light and melody, one who is all pulse, and feeling, and passion—to whom the skies and the flowers, are objects of wonderment and adoration—to whom

“A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,
The loveliness increaseth.”

What, save the basilisk eye of vice and impiety, can imbibe poison from such an atmosphere as this? Can that be called innocence which is sullied by it? The audience of a theatre forms no part of the chain of life, it consists of broken and individual links, united for awhile by the magic-spell of happiness and enjoyment. As such it gladdens us.

We view Entertainments, as they are called, in a very different light, but our Oxford friend (an admirable personification of Campbell's ‘*Last Man*,’ assures us that ‘*Love*’ in Paul was charming as ever, and wore the prettiest straw hat imaginable. Good night.

THE HARROVIAN.

AUGUST, 1828.

GREEK DRAMA.

THE CLOUDS OF ARISTOPHANES.

NOTWITHSTANDING Beattie's sweeping condemnation, and furious assertion to the contrary, the Comedies of Aristophanes will ever be regarded by us as treasures of an almost inestimable value. While a large portion, comparatively, of Greek tragedy has come down to us, and the master-pieces of Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles, still remain, to a certain degree, reflections of each other, the Plays of Aristophanes stand in the roll of literature single and unrivalled. No Eupolis, nor Cratinus, has reached us to divide our admiration; and what slight relics do still exist of Menander's later school, are in themselves so imperfect, and varied in character, from those of their great predecessor, that they much more naturally class themselves in the ranks of Plautus and Terence, than as descendants from the "Bard (or Buffoon) of Greece."

Throughout the whole range of later times, indeed, it would be difficult to pitch upon productions any way parallel to the ancient Comedy:— perhaps one would be led to instance the witty, humoursome, and caustic Rabelais, or at a yet more recent period, the Don Juan of our great Harrovian. The old mysteries may, indeed, be instanced as far as relates to the idea, but the gods of Olympus were “executed by the hand of Aristophanes,” in a way very different from the Boy-Bishop, and Abbot of Misrule, of our earlier ages, in their daring parodies on Rome’s most solemn ceremonies. That Aristophanes and his contemporaries pushed their licence to the very verge of legality is plain, from the unsuccessful reception which ‘the Clouds’ at first met with, and the circumstance of ‘the Plutus’ coming down to us in its remodelled state, curtailed of its objectionable chorusses by the hand of the legislature itself. Of the subject of ‘the Clouds,’ the play we have chosen for our present paper, it is unnecessary to speak after the mighty pens that have been wielded in the contest; suffice it to say, that the personal rancour with which the poet persecutes Euripides, in his other dramas, makes it but too probable that the satire which, in the present one, he avowedly launched at the sophists collectively, was intended to have no slight effect in poisoning the minds of “the many,” against the nobler character of Socrates himself. Considering, too, the affection with which Alcibiades always looked upon, nay almost identified himself with, his preceptor; and calling to account Aristophanes’ open opposition to him in measures of political tendency, it may be fairly supposed he had other motives than pure patriotism for galling the “Prince of Phrontists.”

In the following extracts it will not be so much our

object to select those of most caustic humour, or licentious buffoonery (for such are but too plentiful in almost every page), as it will be our attempt to cull from the dross around them, those beautiful gems of Poesy, the occasional display of which prove our bard no incompetent critic in the higher paths of composition, viz.—on the works of *Æschylus* and his mighty rivals.

In the following passage, Old *Strepsiades*, (after having vainly endeavoured to rouse his son *Pheidippides* from the course of extravagance and dissipation into which his “jockeyism” and “tandemising spirit” had plunged him, and to induce him to become a pupil of *Socrates*, and in his preceptory learn that “subtle logic” which “can turn black white, and teach him to “fob his duns,” and repair his father’s wasted fortunes), at length finds *himself*, from the refractory conduct of his son, obliged to enter the council chamber of the Arch-Phrontist. Here we see him matriculated, and about to be introduced by his tutor *Socrates*, to his future deities, the Clouds.

SCENE.—The Phrontisterium (or Council Chamber).

Socrates (addressing *Strepsiades*). Be as still as you may, old Sir, while I pray,
For silence beseems one at your time of day.

(*Then looking up with all the solemnity of an adept, he exclaims*)

Mighty Monarch, air unfathomed, thou who poisest up the earth,
Bright *Æther* thee! I call and ye! clouds that give the thunder birth,
Holy virgins appear; to your votary here—
In the might of your glory, appear! appear!

STREPSIADES.

Not yet, not yet, lest I get wet, right thoroughly to my skin,
For I've come out, like a fool, without my upper benjamin.

SOCRATES.

Thrice hallowed clouds appear! appear! and gladden the eye of this
fellow here:

Whether on the hills of Heaven, robed in dimness you recline,
Where the fallen snows of ages, in their crystal radiance shine.
Or amid the coral gardens, where the sire, old ocean, dwells,
With nymphs divine, the dance ye twine, to the music of their shells—
Or stooping the while, o'er the waves of Nile, where his waters seaward
break,
In your urns of gold, his streams enfold, or seek the depth of Mæotis'
lake,
Or rolling in light, o'er the watch tower bright, that burns on Minas'
snowy height,
Bow down your ear, appear! appear! and spurn not his offering who
calls you here!

CHORUS OF CLOUDS.

Clouds everlasting—up and away!
Up from your bowers by the ocean-spray,
Where the dark billow roareth for ever and aye—
Let us haste to the hills where the pine woods wave,
Like curls on the brow of the lovely and brave.
Whence we behold from the throne of our power,
The far-flung blaze of each beacon-tower,
And the fruits and the flowers round the fountains of earth,
And the fresh rivers laughing aloud in their mirth,
And the ocean-tide in the hour of his pride,
As he howleth and dasheth his foam aside;
For the bright eye of heaven
Can wane not away,
But is lit with a beam
That shall never decay.
Then arise—and away with your vestures of spray—
Let us watch o'er the earth with our far-seeing eye,
In the shapes of our immortality.

SECOND CHORUS.

Maids of the mist! arise, arise!
 Let us haste to the land of sacrifice,
 The home of the lovely, the valiant, the wise!
 To the land of the awful and nameless rite,
 To the mystic dome with its halls of light,
 Where riches are poured to the powers divine,—
 To the high-roofed fane and the imaged shrine,—
 Where the garlanded victim stands spotless and gay,
 And the rich revel flags not by night nor by day,
 For the spring tide is coming with pastime and play—
 When to Bromius, to Bromius, the dance you shall wreath,
 And the soul-stirring pipe its blithe challenge shall breathe.

In conclusion, poor old Strepsiades, after a severe probationship, discovers that instead of "fobbing his creditors," (as Cumberland expresses it), he is himself the "fobbee"; and, in the midst of a tumult he has raised in the preceptory, upon the scholars running out, himself mounts the roof, torch in hand, exclaiming (in revenge for his manifold injuries)—

Strepsiades. Now torch, tis thine, to kick up a shine—

First Scholar (running out). Old fellow there, what afe you after?

Strepsiades. I've a knotty point with your school-room joint, and some logic to chop with the rafter.

B.

Wadham Coll. Oxon,
July 1st.

LIVING POETS.

REV. JOHN MOULTRIE.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,
Its loveliness increaseth.

ENDYMION.

HOMER sat in the darkness of years as in a pavilion, and decked himself with the glory of the past, as with a vesture. Anacreon dwelt under the wings of the dove of Venus, and slumbered in the beauty of her shadow; the gales that stirred his locks, were the fanning of her silver plumage—well may the dove have slept amid his lute-strings,

Muffling to death the pathos with her wings.

Poetry is the harmony of other times, the mourning of a grass-grown tabret whose joy hath departed: it was the uplifting of the hand of Pindar, when he flashed the faces of ages across the eyes of the conquerors at Olympia, and flung the gleam of his harp into the clouds and tempests of futurity. Napoleon was a glorious poet when he waved his arm to the tombstones of the kings of Egypt, and burst into the magnificent hyperbole:—"From the top of those pyramids, twenty centuries look down upon you!"

The Rev. Edward Irving was a poet of the grandest character, when he rose, like Samuel, from the shadows of the grave, and cried, "These are the symptoms of the spirit of Cain, who slew his brother."

The melody of thanksgiving, and the song of love, are the only kinds of poetry primarily divine: the blessing of

the first spirit gave rise to the one, and the wooing of Eve, amid her fountains and flowers, to the other. When the winds and the elements were poetry, when the heart dwelt in its own beauty, as a bird in the bosom of a flower, unfolding its hopes, and joys, and praises, like leaves to the sun of Peace—the sigh of worship, and the whisper of affection, ascended together; and as the worshipper knelt by the altar stone, amid the trees of the garden, or the streams of the forest, his love might kindle the sacrifice of his praises. But when the beauty of the spirit was darkened, and the wings that curtained its dreamings no more seen, the feelings and impulses were changed, the poetry of love was in its memory. It had been the out-breathings of a bright and expanded blossom, musical with its own joyfulness, careless alike of wind and weather; it became a passion flower, closing up its leaves from the touch of the spoiler, and vegetating in the depths and mysteries of the bosom.

Some traces, however, of its original sweetness still remained in the thoughts and aspirations of men, and the most exquisite poems of the Greeks, owe their origin to a vineyard chaunt, or the simple and unpolished lay of an olive dresser.

We have introduced our notice with these imperfect remarks, because Mr. Moultrie is happily distinguished by a charming simplicity and delicacy in his love poetry, which is, in this age of gilt and embroidery, as delightful as it is rare.

Perhaps in no branch of literature, no, not even in sacred poetry, is the love of the subject more necessary than in the writer of amatory compositions. He should be, in mind and heart, a poet of thought, living in the Paradise of his own dreams and visionings; walking,

like Orpheus, among the woods and forests, and tuning every leaf and every rill to music. He should not, like Miss Landon, make Leander fall on his knees before Hero, in the style of a beau of the eighteenth century; nor woo like Mr. Moore, with a description of the gold mines of Wicklow; he should not, with Mr. Rogers, in his 'Italy,' liken a jewelled head to a sky rocket, nor endow his heroines with a pleurisy, like Leigh Hunt. Is there no medium between the 'Widow Jones,' of Bloomfield, and the 'Isabel' of L. E. L.; between nature in its unpolished simplicity, and love in hysterics?

If we were desirous of making our peace, or touching the heart of some beautiful friend, we remember no interpreter of the feelings which we should prefer to this very graceful little song.

Say a kind farewell, my Mary,
 There's a kind farewell to thee:
 'Tis the last time ever, Mary
 Thou'lt say farewell to me.
 I'll not depart in sorrow,
 Nor mourn upon the shore,
 But I'll smile upon to-morrow,
 The sea wave and its roar.

I deemed a heart was mine,
 With its passion and its joy,
 And oh, that heart was thine,
 And I loved it as a boy.
 But all is over now, Mary,
 The dream and the delight,
 And I'll bury all beside, Mary,
 In forgetfulness to night.

I'll sing the song that others sing,
 I'll pass the jest with all,
 And I will not tame my spirit's wing,
 In banquet or in hall.

But I'll fill a cup alone, Mary,
 To drown thy maiden spell,
 And drain that cup to thee, Mary,
 For a health and a farewell.

When the snow-white sails are set,
 And the seaward gale is blowing,
 My eyes shall not be wet,
 My tears shall not be flowing :
 But when England fades away, Mary,
 And I'm alone upon the sea,
 Oh, I'll look towards England then, Mary,
 And sigh farewell to thee.

Can any thing be more delightful than this, or more
 touching than the following stanzas, addressed to a lady ?

IN many a strain of grief and joy,
 My youthful spirit sang to thee ;
 But I am now no more a boy,
 And there's a gulph 'twixt thee and me.
 Time on my brow has set his seal—
 I start to find myself a man,
 And know that I no more shall feel,
 As only boyhood's spirit can.

And when at morn or midnight hour,
 I commune with my God alone,
 Before the throne of peace and power,
 I'll blend thy welfare with mine own.
 Then when thou meet'st thy love's caress,
 And when thy children climb thy knee,
 In thy calm hour of happiness,
 Then sometimes—*sometimes* think of me.

* * * *

In pain or health, in grief or mirth,
 Oh, may it to my prayer be given,
 That we may sometimes meet on earth,
 And meet to part no more in heaven !

We cannot imagine how any truly sacred poetry can be unpopular, or rather, why all poetry should not, to a certain degree, be sacred. A Poet is one whose soul is full of light and minstrelsy; one to whom the voices of Elysium are companions, and the glory of earth as a sister, to whom the beauty of a countenance is a "lamp for his feet, and a light unto his path,"—a glory-cloud, brightening the shrine before which he is to worship. But it appears to us that the major part of the poetry of the present day, is constructed upon the fingers—a melody of 'thee' and 'me,' with a liberal mixture of 'nots' and 'forgots,' tied up perhaps with a simile of a white rose, from the last Sketch of L. E. L., are the principal ingredients in a modern ballad.

We do not recognise half-and-half poetry: we might as well talk of a respectable spirit, as a respectable poet. Poetry is the language of heaven, and when it ceases to be this, it is no longer poetry; there can be no *patois*. The author of one beautiful poem, in a certain sense, is as true a poet as the author of twenty—the source is the same; the power which gives birth to each is the same; a single leaf of the lily is perfect in beauty and equally fragrant in proportion with the entire calyx; and if Keats had never written a line, save the following, in his Address to the Moon.

The wren
Beneath the shelter of an ivy-leaf,
Takes glimpses of thee.

still he would have been a poet.

But now, when verses are like thoughts, "flitting a thousand in a minute," a little poem, however exquisite, bears a strong similarity to a rose-leaf, on the Falls of Niagara; and should we be so wickedly importunate as to harbour a desire of being read, our only alternative is

to write a—book. Mr. Moultrie has not, we believe, yet swallowed up all his minor transgressions in that overwhelming crime, the sin of making a book; many of his most touching productions, indeed, have been published under a *nom de guerre*, which may account in some measure for the ignorance of the Reviewer who, in criticising ‘Friendship’s Offering,’ was compelled to ask—who is the Rev. John Moultrie?

To ourselves, uninitiated in the mystery of reviewing, Periodical Criticism is a perplexing mystery: we confess our inability to understand upon what principle a poem can be termed magnificent by one, and stupid by another; by what derangement of the intellect, the ‘Witch of the North’ is judged by the Literary Gazette to “make the popularity of the volume;” and by the Monthly Review, to possess all the qualities of a dose of opium. The effect of such a system is obvious: genius is written down to please the whim of a critic, and blockheadism puffed up;—the author of ‘Endymion’ is pronounced an ass, or a madman, and the author of ‘Woman,’ a beautiful poet! Can these things be, and shall we not hang our heads at them?

That a literary man, much more a professed Reviewer, should be ignorant of the ‘Etonian,’ one of the brightest offerings upon the shrine of genius, which any age has produced; or of Knight’s Quarterly Magazine, the poetry of which has never been surpassed in modern times—is more than improbable—it is impossible.

We would quote for the edification of those unfortunates who may be unacquainted with Mr. Moultrie’s works, the following stanzas from a poem entitled ‘Godiva.’

‘ It was an idle morn in Coventry,
 The people wander’d thro’ the gloomy mart ;
 Labour with hope was o’er, and listlessly
 Their footsteps crowded each unheeded part ;
 Despair was yielding fast to apathy,—
 They were prepared to die, and every heart
 Its weight of woe had half forgot to feel,
 When in their ears shrill rung a thunder peal.

There was a sudden crowding round the place,
 Whence the sound came, and then from man to man
 Throughout the dull and spacious market place,
 A cold electric shudder ran,—
 And each glanced quickly on his neighbour’s face,
 As if the working of his thoughts to scan ;
 And then in every countenance were bent,
 Joy, love and anger, and astonishment.

A breathless pause succeeded, then arose,
 A low and gathering murmur in the crowd,
 Like the far peal that breaks the dead repose,
 Cast by the shadow of a thunder cloud.
 And fast and far the thrilling murmur flows
 On thro’ the multitude, yet grows not loud—
 Slowly it died—and nought but trampling feet,
 Of crowds dispersing sounded thro’ the street.’

We are not angry with the man who has never read this passage, because the infirmities of human nature, whether of mind or body, demand our commiseration ; but we do pity him from our heart. Whether or not Mr. Moultrie has fulfilled the promise of Gerard Montgomery, we offer no opinion ; we question if he would be popular in the usual acceptation of that term : we live in an age of trifles, of paper roses and Tunbridge toys :—fancy, not imagination, is the staple in poetry ; in the former Mr. Moultrie is, we think, somewhat deficient. We speak of *fancy*, in opposition to *imagination* ; as of ‘ I’d be a Butterfly,’ to ‘ Luther’s Hymn.’

The one is a phantasia, the other a new and unornamented conception: fancy, is Mochelles; imagination, is Mozart.

We have lingered among the juvenile poems, because youth is best able to judge of youth.

When it meets with gladness like its own, as simple and as free.

We cannot do better than take our next extract from the poem whose lulling powers so *sleepified* the nerves of the Reviewer—'the Witch of the North,' one of Mr. Moultrie's latest productions.

'Beneath the shadow of a crested steep,
In which the ashes of ancestral kings,
Rocked by the roll of ages, soundly sleep,
Hard by a forest, where in moonlight rings—

* * * * *

The Genius came from a fair Western land,
A wilderness of woods and streams and vales,
And rocks rough hewn by nature's giant hand,
(And if in old traditionary tales,
We may believe) on musings lone and grand,
His soul once fed, and he had spread the sails,
Of his broad wings, for many a venturous flight
Which baff'd e'en the wizard maiden's might.

But he was sadly chang'd; his once proud wings,
Which us'd to bear him swift as Dian's sphere,
Thro' thought's vast realms in rapturous wanderings,
Hung weak and plumeless now; his leaf was sere,
Tho' he had seen but four-and-twenty springs,
And on his lip a cold habitual sneer,
Had quell'd Thought's outward workings—you might trace
Anticipated years upon his face.'

If the opium of the Turks be like this, we do not wonder at their partiality for it.

We have spoken of the relationship subsisting between sacred poetry, and poetry in general: we know not better to explain our meaning, than by the symbols of the two great Jewish altars. Sacred poetry may be likened to the golden altar in the veiled sanctuary, over which the lamp of holiness is ever burning, lighting us to offer the homage of a bowing heart, and a bended knee. Poetry, in its general signification, may be compared to the altar of brass in the open daylight, to which all the people of the earth may come and worship. The incense of these two altars will sometimes mingle, and the lamp of holiness cast its hallowing radiance over the shrine of brass; the love of Ruth will now and then purify the passions of Cain, and the sound of Miriam's tabret speak peace and hope in the house of Rachel. The sisterhood of poetry and devotion is, indeed, beautiful; it recalls the 'buried days' when time was one Sabbath, and whispers in the chime and toll of our village bells, of the union of hearts on earth, and the indissoluble communion in Heaven.

We have read poems more powerfully religious, more elaborately wrought and finished, but the murmurs of the brook of Siloam, have never broken more gently on our ear, than in

MY BROTHER'S GRAVE.

BENEATH the chancel's hallowed stone,
Exposed to every rustic's tread,
To few, save rustic mourners known,
My brother, is thy lowly bed.
Few words upon thy rough stone graven,
Thy name—thy birth—thy youth declare,—
Thy confidence—thy hopes of heaven,
In simplest phrase recorded there.

No 'scutcheons shine, no banners wave
 In mockery o'er my brother's grave ;
 No sound of human toil or strife,
 In death's lone dwelling speaks of life.
 Or breaks the silence still and deep,
 Where thou beneath thy burial stone,
 Art laid in that unstartled sleep,
 The living eye hath never known.
 The lonely sexton's footstep falls,
 In dismal echos on the walls,
 As, slowly pacing thro' the aisle,
 He sweeps the unholy dust away,
 And cobwebs which must not defile
 Those windows on the sabbath day.

* * * * *
 It is not long since thou wert wont,
 Within these sacred walls to kneel ;
 This altar, that baptismal font,
 These stones which now thy dust conceal.
 The sweet tones of the sabbath bell,
 Were holiest objects to thy soul :
 On these thy spirit lov'd to dwell,
 Untainted by the world's control.
 My brother, these were happy days,
 When thou and I were children yet !
 How fondly memory still surveys
 Those scenes the heart can ne'er forget !

* * * * *
 The well known morn I used to greet,
 With boyhood's joy at length was beaming,
 And thoughts of home and raptures sweet,
 In every eye but mine were gleaming ;
 But I amid that youthful band
 Of bounding hearts and beaming eyes,
 Nor smil'd nor spoke at Joy's command,
 Nor felt those wonted ecstasies !

* * * * *
 I drew near to my father's gate ;—
 No smiling faces met me now.
 I entered, all was desolate—
 Grief sat upon my mother's brow ;

I heard her, as she kiss'd me, sigh,
 A tear stood in my father's eye,
 My little brothers round me pressed,
 In gay unthinking childhood blessed.
 The sabbath came—

• • • •

I gazed around with fearful eye :—
 All things reposed in sanctity.
 I reached the chancel—nought was changed,
 The altar decently arranged,—
 The pure white cloth above the shrine,
 The consecrated bread and wine—
 All was the same—I found no trace
 Of sorrow in that holy place.
 One hurried glance I downward gave,
 My foot was on my brother's grave !

• • • •

My boyish days are nearly gone,
 My breast is not unsullied now ;
 And worldly cares and woes will soon
 Cut their deep furrows on my brow—
 And life will take a darker hue,
 From ills my brother never knew.
 And I have made me bosom friends,
 And loved and linked my heart with others ;
 But who with mine his spirit blends,
 As mine was blended with my brother's ?
 When years of rapture glided by,
 The spring of life's unclouded weather,
 Our souls were knit, and thou and I,
 My brother grew in love together.
 The charm is broke that bound us then,—
 When shall I find its like again ?

These are only fragments—how lovely a grave, how
 beautiful a memorial. Fare thee well, Gerard Montgo-
 mery :—

“ When these things are forgot by thee, then thou shalt be forgot.”

EDWARD SEYMOUR.

WHAT YOU PLEASE.

IF there be any season more than another when, in the words of the romantic Keats, we desire young Cupids "to rain down violets upon our sleeping eyes," it is at the commencement of an article. We are somewhat like Theagenes, in the Romance of Heliodorus, the difficulty of the *entré* draws down our eyelids, and the beauty and impatience of our readers attract and keep them open. The sophists, with their usual acuteness, affirmed and even proved that the beginning was not the ending, and that where no commencement was, there could be no conclusion. They walked in 'the Clouds,' certainly!

For our own part we always begin in the middle, the head and tail of every thing are our aversion. We admire vastly the Italian Playwright who, after having arranged his scenes, and the ending of his lines, began to think of filling them up. No wonder it turned out the best comedy he ever wrote. The finest sermons we heard at Cambridge, were W.—'s skeletons. Pope says, his heart used to run through his pen; poor little fellow, *trickle* he should have said, 'his heart never ran but twice, in the 'Abelard' and the 'Dunciad.' The legendary stories we frequently hear, of the surprising fertility of some imaginations, are mere fairy tales. We suspect the English Socrates to have been laughing in his sleeve when he spoke of Dryden as being overwhelmed by his 'thick coming thoughts;' it is far more probable that, like the great Lexicographer himself, he counted the rhymes upon his fingers.

An author who values his well-doing in the world, if not blessed with a learned daughter like Milton, should have

some one in constant attendance to 'secure what comes,' When the *furor divinus* is passed away, we find ourselves in the same situation as if we had been scanning, not reading, the New Monthly.

The prettiest piece of satire, however, we remember, is the account of the extraordinary afflatus of the Pythoness *pauvre petit*, she might well reel to and fro when she was as tipsy as Lady Frammore, and as barren of ideas as Ann of Swansea. Yet so it was with the ancients, they converted a piper into a god of music, and an opium eater into a prophetess.

The reader may imagine that the title of our present paper is imitated from Mr. Taylor's 'May You Like it,' or Mr. Knight's 'What You Will.' We assure him he is quite mistaken; we are perfectly indifferent whether it please him or not, being ourselves especially out of temper, at having missed the Cambridge Medal of last year.

In introducing our fair friends to the following little poem, we advise them, if they have a grain of taste as large as a mustard seed, to learn the fifth stanza by heart.

STANZAS.

THOUGH thy cheek, dearest maid, is as yet undefiled
By the tear that bedews sensibility's eye,
And though e'en to this moment thy spirit has smil'd
In the enjoyment of youth unalloyed by a sigh.

I would not that so transient a beam,
Can thus calmly speed on thro' this life's coming gloom,
Or thy dream, which too sweet in existence has been,
May not silently slumber ere long in the tomb.

'Twas whisper'd her lover had perished afar,
 'Mid the din of the tumult and crash of the war;
 Her pale face grew paler, her cheek lost its bloom,
 And the wreath of her lover now fades o'er her tomb.

And thou once lov'd harp art now tuneless and lone
 As the pride of the garden, when summer is flown;
 Her lorn love is mute, hush'd in silence his strain,
 And his voice, like thy chords, will ne'er waken again.

A Gem from the portfolio of the author of the Greek
 drama.

(FROM ARISTOPHANES.)

At even tide, when the beautiful sound,
 Sings on the wind from the olive ground,
 And the nightingale's breath is stirring the vine
 And the sun is passing from every shrine;
 And the cheek of the cottage child gleams with a smile,
 And the eyes of the mother grow brighter the while,—
 Child of gladness, how joyous then
 The light of thy path 'mid the haunts of men.

When the little one lifts its voice of glee,
 And a chequer of light is under the tree,
 And flowers are scattering over the floor,
 And the young men lean at the cottage door,
 And the aged and young come gathering round thee,
 And the heart of the widow laughs when she hath found thee—
 Child of gladness, how frank and free
 The merry sound of thy step shall be!

In the shade of the elm, when the day beams depart,
 The plane leaves shall murmur peace to thy heart,
 The boughs of the poplar shall shadow thy seat,
 And the children in joyfulness play round thy feet.
 The light of thy bosom shall not burn dim,
 Time shall not wither heart or limb—
 Child of gladness, how joyous then
 The light of thy path 'mid the haunts of men.

AUGUSTUS MORTIMER.

ON SIMILE IN PROSE.

IN the earlier ages of the world, language was little more than an alphabet of symbols, drawn from the more common works of nature ; the Druid chart, composed of leaves and branches, had been no bad emblem of its general character. In those uncultivated times, when every man was a warrior, the thunder-cloud that darkened his tree-built cradle, and the sun-light which shone upon the leaves which covered it, were so intimately associated with the storms and serenity of his infancy, that he was wont to express his terror by the one, and his joy by the other.

The ancient Briton, dwelling for days and nights in those 'Almighty places,' types of which may be seen in the fastnesses of America, with no companion save his wandering family, and listening to the rocking of the giant oaks around him, might well have imagined the spirit of his father to be standing by him. The superstition of the place had a visible influence upon the language or symbol, and each drew his own illustration, not so much from the actual phenomenon, as from the effect produced by it upon himself.

We see in this domination of the fancy (notwithstanding the contrary is apparent in the earlier tales of fiction), the secret working of that mental anatomy which has since given such a pervading tinge to literature.

In its primary state the simile was simple and concise ; the poetry lay in the thought rather than in the expression.—“Thou art like a green tree, and thy course is as the water-flood.” This is the picture of a man of war ; the comparison of the green tree is a sign of health and

comeliness, which in the mind of a wild and wandering people, are ever connected with the name of warrior.

With no schoolmistress but nature, in these magnificent solitudes, it is obvious that new illustrations would rarely be substituted in the place of the old; the symbol of the father was the symbol of the son, with this difference, however, the song of the bird, the shine of the sun upon the leaves, and the bubbling of the summer fountain, were hallowed as being the same which their fathers had heard and seen; and the mingling of memory with the charms of nature, was the first approach to what we call literature.

Our remarks refer more naturally to the nations of the north, but if we substitute the glowing beauty of an eastern land, for the dimmer skies and less captivating fruits of the north—if we put the myrtle in the place of the ivy, and the palm tree instead of the oak, the limits will not be so wide as we suppose, between the Asiatic under the palm tree of Mamre, and the Briton beneath the oak of a thousand years. In a land like Britain, whose beauty in some respects dwells under a veil, and uncharacterised by those land-marks of time which we find among other people—the symbols were few and simple; but in the east, where every tree is a nightingale's nest, and almost every plot of ground a vineyard, the fountain of the thoughts might bubble for ever, like the sweet singing bird at Colonos, through the foliage of the olive and the rose.—Language, therefore, which in other countries required ages to beautify and perfect it, might be said in the east to have been from the earliest times complete and unalterable.

It will be seen that, among all nations in their infancy, and in a great degree among the people of the Oriental

world to this time, there could be no *prose* in the sense in which the word is understood by us ; it would be, to borrow a phrase of Leigh Hunt, " a dream upon the borders of poetry." Prose is any discourse not limited by the rule of metre ; throw the ' Paradise Lost ' into a mass, and it will become prose ; transpose the ' Odes of Pindar,' and they will be prose ; alter the ' Plays of Shakspeare,' and they will be prose. Prose, then, is poetry without rhythm—the bird without a cage. " When last the glorious light of all the sky was underneath the globe, and birds grew silent, I began, as my custom is, to compose myself to slumber." This picturesque exordium of the Indian chief is prose, and yet few will be disposed to refuse it the meed of poetry.

In the course of years ' simile ' became as a ' vesture changed,' the language of symbols had passed away ; the deep and solemn voice that spoke from the faded leaf and the rush of the torrent, was silent in the hearts of men ; and the mystery which dwelt like a cloud of beauty upon the tabernacle of man's thoughts and aspirations, was swept away by the whirlwind of conflicting passions, and awakening desires. The forest hunter sought other objects to which to liken his love, more beautiful than the smile of evening on his native glen ; and the voice of Hafiz wandered forth among the gardens of fancy, to seek a sweeter symbol than the rose of Mosellay. Thus much of the pristine charm of simile was lost ; the mind of man became too corrupt and too agitated to take pleasure in the simple joy or sorrow of nature, and even in Homer's time, the artificial simile had made considerable progress.

In the prose writers and orators of the ancients, we do not remember many instances of the happy introduction

of the natural simile. We have read entire orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, without meeting a single comparison; the style of Livy indeed is so clear and beautiful, that we desire no illustration. We must make an exception, however, on the part of the Greek and Latin Romances; some of the finest specimens of the artificial 'simile' we ever met with, occur in Achilles Tatius; and there are some very charming images in 'Longus;' there is one, although perhaps it is rather an allegory than a simile, which always strikes us, we mean, the bathing of Cupid in the three fountains.

The brief observation we made on the ancient orators, is equally applicable to the greater part of our own; in Mr. Burke's magnificent speech on American Taxation, there is but one simile, and that borrowed. Speaking of General Conway, he says, "his face was as it had been the face of an angel." A more exquisite application of this splendid image cannot be imagined.

One of the principal evils attending the modern simile, is the redundancy and frequent inaptness of the comparison. In the following for instance, from the Sketch Book of Washington Irving. "As the ship careers in fearful singleness through the solitudes of ocean; as the bird mingles among clouds and tempests, and wings its way a mere speck, across the pathless fields of air; so the Indian holds his course silent and solitary, but undaunted, through the boundless bosom of the wilderness." Now this is any thing but a picture of the wanderings of a wild Indian; a ship full of life and merriment, carrying joy where the voice of man hath never been, can be no type of the forest warrior, walking in the foot prints of six thousand years; and the union of a bird with a ship, is like the well-known reigning of Addison's Muse. While we

are on the Sketch Book, we will give an example from another part of it, what a simile ought to be. It is in the description of a beautiful evening. "It seemed like the parting hour of a good christian, smiling upon the sins and sorrows of the world, and giving in the serenity of his decline, an assurance that he will rise again in glory." Nothing can be more simple, and yet nothing can be more touching. That the simile is sometimes injurious to pathos, we are inclined to admit; we would quote the following from a sermon by the Rev. Edward Irving. "Go visit a desolate widow with consolation, and help and fatherhood of her orphan children. Do it again and again, and your presence, the sound of your approaching footstep, the soft utterance of your voice, the very mention of your name, will come to dilate her heart with a fullness which defies the tongue to utter, but speaks by the tokens of a swimming eye and clasped hands, and fervent ejaculations to heaven upon your head." The introduction of any imagery here by way of ornament, would completely destroy the power; we think the epithet *soft* applied to utterance, is a blemish, because the voice of the philanthropist might be the reverse of *soft*.

There is a chilling reality in the following from the same author, when describing the state of man at the final judgment. "And when I fancy the myriads of men all standing thus explored and known, I seem to hear their shiverings *like the aspen leaves in a still evening of Autumn.*"

If we were to attempt an estimate of the powers of simile and metaphor, we should say, the charm of simile consists in the colouring of the lovelier and gentler feelings; metaphor, in the flashing out of the nobler and more glorious.

The quickening of the dead could not have been described in the prophet's splendor of the following, except by metaphor. "The rushing together of quickened men upon all the winds of heaven down to the centre." The same idea is very finely rendered by Mr. Robert Montgomery, in the Omnipresence of the Deity,

"The dust of ages startles into life!"

Nor could any simile have preserved the affecting tenderness of this inward appeal. "Methinks the affections of men are fallen into the yellow leaf." The alteration of one word would make it a simile, and yet how that single transposition would destroy its pathos.

We had intended to offer a few remarks upon the various figures of speech, more interesting, we flatter ourselves, than the present; but our labours draw to a close, and the reader will believe, that we make use neither of simile nor metaphor, when we say, that our "heart is sorrowful within us."

MY FIRST SPEECH.

Quamquam animus meminisse horret luctuque refugit
In cipiã.

VIRGIL.

My first speech is still fresh in my recollection; and every circumstance connected with it is like a little lamp hung round the offering of a devotee, in some of the churches in Italy, throwing every other object into the shade. My knowledge in elocution extended to a clear enunciation of a few passages in the Speaker, and my models in oratory were the occasional displays of Ned Wilkins in our village St. Stephen's, and the wild

but romantic rhapsodies of the 'Smuggler's club,' of which I was for some time a member. Poor Necker! thou wert a wonderful being! often and often have I sat for hours in the moonlight, upon a heap of cable, when the lugger lay like a dream upon the waters, and listened to the old man weaving his long and fearful yarns. He was, indeed, well calculated to rivet the attention of a boy like myself, disposed to meet the romantic half way: he was tall, almost gigantic, in stature, and his dark and threatening eye, undimmed by the weather of eighty years, might be said, like Burns,' to 'glow' when it turned upon you. He was, moreover, the most truly eloquent man I have ever heard. I never felt the full force of Tully's ardent '*Quous que tandem abutère, Catilina, patientia nostra?*' so perfectly as during his stirring and unpremeditated lamentations for his supposed injuries. But years are gone—"and where is he"?—

The first Thursday in July, 1827, was a delightful day. Joy went forth from every face, and our little village (at other times the dullest place under the sun), seemed to be waking up from the influence of an opiate; the King's Head clothed itself with smiles, a kindness by no means frequent with his Majesty of Harrow, and the sound of rejoicing was heard even in the Tartarus of Hogg-Lane. I put on my straw hat, and wandered along the road to Pinner; how far I went I do not remember, but I think I must have been in a state of mental hallucination, for at one time I imagined myself Demosthenes practising elocution with a pebble in my mouth; at another, I fancied that I had migrated into Sir Francis Burdett, and was addressing the Middlesex electors from the Hustings, between Messrs. Hunt and Cobbett—*nobiles fratres*. My alarm at being in such company helped to dispel these

phantoms, and I found myself (though how I came there I know not), in Mr. B.'s pleasure grounds. Carriages came rolling in, Lords and Ladies with a flood of gentility; the quiet dwelling of the muses was like an election town, and the only incense that ascended to them was tobacco smoke; with their usual good sense, however, these ladies seldom leave their villas in Parnassus during the summer months, and there is no instance I believe in the memory of man, of a muse having visited Harrow on a Speech day.

I requested all my friends to favour me with their absence. I have an unconquerable hatred of those good kind of people who console you by quietly asking what there is to be frightened at? I am not aware if Lord Byron ever 'spoke' at Harrow, (*ce n'est pas un bull*) but I entertain no doubt he composed his fine lines on Solitude, while walking about on a Speech day. I strolled in to B——'s and was in the act of eating a jelly, when a fool who had been gluttoning I dare say all the morning, thrust his "calves head" into my face, and simpered—Do you know your Speech——? I made the fellow no reply but left the jelly and hastened out of the shop. I who had been learning every line from six in the morning to six at night, until I knew each individual letter,—Do you know your Speech?—and this on the day on which I was to deliver it—The thing was horrible. My thirst was raging; the camel when the stomach pump is exhausted; Mr. Hume, after a speech on the revenue, was not more fevered;—I turned into P——'s, and requested a glass of lemonade, when the first object that met my view was Lord M——. "Ah! — I long to hear you speak." Curse the speeches, I said, and escaped by a back door.

Words cannot express my feelings, as I stood among the crowd, before the school steps, waiting as is usual, until the door is opened, which operation generally occupies some little time, it being customary on such occasions always to mislay the key. I am nervous to a degree of agony, and, as I turned over the leaves of the book containing my speech, notwithstanding I could have repeated it in the morning backwards, every line seemed to be shifting out of its place, until they formed an undistinguished chaos. The company was brilliant; and when we took our seats upon the speakers' bench, the scene was really one of the most animated I have ever beheld. The junior always opens the speeches, and the hushing of voices, the rustling of silks, with the glancing of a thousand eyes towards us, every one of which might have done for a Jettatore, were to me notes of dreadful preparation. L——, the junior of the day, was, what is commonly called a 'nice fellow'; that is, he played a good game at cricket, and was endowed with just sufficient sense to preserve him from the ridicule, and too little to subject him to the envy and dislikes of his school-fellows. He knew his speech tolerably, and the musical sentences of Livy dropped from his lips with the most easy negligence imaginable. I was astonished. Not a feature was moved, and when he sat down, the colour of his cheek was not in the least heightened. If suppliant be the signification of an orator, then F—— thou wert a Tully indeed! Agitated, myself, I could not refrain from smiling at the terrors of F——. He advanced a step or two from his seat, gave a back glance at the prompter, and essayed to speak, but in vain, —vox faucibus hæsit; his whole body appeared to be in a state of decomposition. How he got through it I am

ignorant, having, I suppose, through the excitements of my feelings, fallen into a momentary trance, from which I woke and found one only remaining between myself and the speaker. Depend upon it we have lost the harmony of the Latin language; there is none of that delicacy of ear among us that would be offended by pronouncing the *us* of *primus*, in the next line, *is*.

‘Arma virumque cano Trojæ, qui *primus* ab oris.’

Yet so it was with the nation of Virgil. Not with thee, A——d. By some unfortunate chance I managed to get second in my remove, and the youth immediately before me in the order of speaking, was a boy of surprising calmness and self-possession; he made no effort, but glided over the periods so imperceptibly, that, to my unspeakable horror, he was within twenty lines of the conclusion. I opened the book to take a farewell glance at ‘—— ad milites’; but whether I turned over two leaves at once, or what was the cause I know not; but notwithstanding the book was so fingered, that it opened in the very place for a month after, my search was vain, —I could not find ‘—— ad milites.’ That indescribable noise which follows the conclusion of a speech—the crackling of papers, the turning of heads, the swinging of bonnets, the approbation of some, and the tittering of others, the ‘righting’ of the body for the next exhibition—all warned me that my hour was come.

I believe they thought I was beside myself, for I sprung full four feet from the form; the room was so still that I heard my heart beat against my waistcoat. I verily think all the blood in my body rushed into my head. I flashed my eye, in the style of Gray’s bard, and stretched out my hands to heaven to implore assistance, (and in truth

I never was more in need of it). They told me afterwards that I appeared to have an *afflatus* upon me, that my action was very vehement, and my voice scarcely varied throughout the whole; the only circumstance I remember distinctly is, that when within a page of the end, my faculties seemed to come trickling down from my head. I retreated step by step, until, in pronouncing the last word—'morior'—(I die), I sunk upon the seat, and found myself more alive than I had been all day before.

LIONEL MONTMORENCY.

THE LAST LAY OF THE HARROVIAN.

MARY, will thy blue eye shine,
As brightly as it shone of yore,
And thy knee worship at the shrine,
Where mine shall kneel no more?
Tabret of my early days,
The music of thy face is sweet,
Winning me from my darkened ways,
A lantern to my feet!

The oaken bench, the olden hall,
Are glimmering in the dusky flame,
Which flits along the wainscot wall,
From the vestal fire of fame.
The tracing of the pencil story,
And many a holy name.
Are shrouded in the prophet glory,
Of heaven and earth's acclaim.

The antique casements, black and broken,
Are sadly flapping to and fro,
And seem to tell of glad thoughts spoken,
In summers long ago.
The racket ground, the running brook,
The greenness of the elm tree shade,
The bench where Byron left his book,
The spot where Bennet played.

The beauty of the poet's face,
Rolls into glory as I tread
The shadows of this hallowed place,
The vestments of the dead.
I hear the merry voices greet
The coming of some chosen brother,
The timing of their joyful feet,
Like citterns to each other.

But I am as a lamp that burneth
Faintly on a winter day,
And when the light of day returneth,
Glimmers and dies away.
My pleasure fleeth like the dew,
I look upon each well known spot—
There's no memorial to renew
My memory when forgot.

Yes! there is *one*, the only one,
With whom my footsteps love to roam.
And stroll up in the evening sun,
The path way to some cottage home;
And watch the old man on his seat,
Amid the children at the door,
Playing gladly round his feet,
As he had played before.

And we have sat upon a style,
With the blue sky overhead.
And seen that village elder smile,
When the rustic fare was spread.
And every infant lip did raise,
The perfume and the song of pray'r,
Until a family of praise,
Knelt to its Maker there.

Seymour! will there be the time
When our voices shall be parted,
And mourning whisper for the chime
Which spoke so sweetly when we started!
Oh, if the tabernacle cloud,
With its shade of darkness hide us,
And fling its radiance on the crowd—
Say shall that shade divide us?

The sun is setting of my youth,
The merry step, the laugh of joy,
The chilly panoply of truth,
Is garmenting the boy.
Light of the vineyard! scatter back
The mists that gather on the hill,
Shine on my path, and in my track,
Be thou my cloudy pillar still.

I linger in the village porch,
I walk among the grassy graves,
My hope is like a dying torch,
Flashing thro the war of waves!
A smile is on the old church pane,
A glimmer on that green old tree—
The hamlet child will sing again,
Its step will be, as glad and free.

My brother, I will bend my knee,
Beside this dark and mossy stone,
The light of memory comes o'er me,
Thy beauty which hath flown.
My father's house, the swelling eye,
The muffled step, the stifled voice,
The cheek so bright when thou wert by,
Forgetting to rejoice.

Harrow! wilt thou, like the dove,
Fan the embers of my fire,
And fold thy silver plumes above,
The wild notes of a tuneless lyre?
I ask to lull thee in a dream,
Amid the music of my strings,
That my lone harp may sing and gleam,
Under the shadow of thy wings.

From the pavilioning of years,
Harrow! I look out on thee,
Smiling even through my tears,
Upon thy merriment and glee.
And oh, in sunnier after times,
When thy face all bright shall be,
And joy rest in thy sabbath chimes—
“Then sometimes, *sometimes* think of me.”

ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT.

THE HARROVIAN TO THE PUBLIC.

My dear Public.—Will you walk in, and take that arm-chair, opposite Mr. Peel's portrait? This fine day is really quite charming, I trust you have not taken cold this wet weather. I have frequently heard my uncle talk of you; he used to describe you as an elderly gentleman, like King James, very much taken with a handsome exterior; rather tall, with a large nose, and red-haired, which your mother was fond of calling auburn. He said, your temper was very equable and pleasant, and your friendship of the most lasting kind; but as his intimacy with you continued only during his editorship of the ‘Gent.'s Magazine,’ (which seems to have settled the question of perpetual motion), his opinion may not, perhaps, be altogether impartial. For my own part, making allowance for my impetuosity and your gout, my refined and your vitiated taste, I have found you, upon the whole, a very good sort of being. You are, without doubt, the most respectable member of the community, and I intend paying my court to you;—but, my dear Sir, there is one unfortunate circumstance, which I will take the liberty of mentioning—you never know your own mind. You were

complaining the other day, that your library (although pretty extensive), was incapable of containing all the new books, and your pocket unable to purchase them. *C'est vrai*. But why will you break down your table with the stupidity of the 'Atlas,' (since it has passed into new hands it is much better), and the nampy-pamby of the 'Spectator' (!)? Why will you place the 'Harrovian' by the side of the 'Evangelical Magazine,' and Mr. Campbell's Theodoric upon the 'Pleasures of Hope.' "Good-nature," you will reply. Nonsense—a friend of mine lost the Cambridge medal through his good-nature.

I had intended to rusticate with you at Margate, or Brighton, or wherever else you intend to pass the summer holidays, for the improvement of your health, which has of late been much injured by Sontag and the Opera. But shall I confess, my dear Public, since my acquaintance with you, I have never read Thucydides, and almost forgotten my Greek Iambics. I have, therefore, requested the pleasure of your company this morning, in order to have some private conversation with you, previous to your visit to your cousin at Ramsgate, and mine to your brother at Oxford.

Many will be surprised, and *some*, my vanity whispers, will be grieved, to be presented, in the present number, with the Farewell of the Harrovian; but studies of a more intense and arduous character must occupy my attention, and no periodical, I suspect, will find its way into my rooms in College.

The reader may be inclined to suggest that I should have concluded long ago; but if that very respectable person be a lady, I request her to remember, had that been the case, she could not have warbled so softly the beautiful stanzas addressed to herself in the present num-

ber: the Greek drama in the fifth, and the Last Lay of the Harrovian, would have been lost for ever! A gentleman who subscribes himself "your's obedient," and Peter O'Flannagan, assures me he has long foreseen my intention of retiring; and even when our hopes were gayest, and our expectations the highest, and our readers almost as numerous as the Burlington novels—even then, he clearly beheld Time weaving that pall which was doomed to overshadow the bier of the much-loved and esteemed Harrovian.

The existence of foresight is far more clearly established than second sight; both are the peculiar property of authors. An author like Mr. —, anybody you please, with a sharp eye, will make nothing of looking down the vista of sixteen editions; glance in an instant from Longman, Rees, Orme, and Oblivion—to John Murray and Immortality. Foresight is certainly a beautiful accomplishment. I have written only four lines of my new poem, and yet by the potency of this wonderful magic, I see in the leading column of the *Literary Gazette* for the second week in November, next ensuing,—

Speedily will be published,

Illustrated with four exquisite Engravings by Heath,

In 8vo., price 10s. 6d.—Third Edition,

THE ROMANS IN BRITAIN:

A POEM.

By the Author of 'THE HARROVIAN.'

*This is a magnificent composition. by the young and talented author of the Harrovian; he has, indeed, to use his own beautiful expression, 'cast a gleam upon the laurel of Harrow,' which will, we predict, be bright and lasting.'—*Literary Gazette*.

But the organ of foresight is never so powerful as in an Editor of a Magazine; will you believe it, my dear *populus*, I hear the echo of your footsteps as I sit in the hall of — Castle, and behold you on the first of the month, walking down Ludgate-hill, with an umbrella on your arm, and peeping under the leaves of the Harrovian. Many and many a time have I trembled for your safety, when one of those unmathematical travellers, a butcher's boy, has, with the end of his tray, almost converted the bridge of your nose into a Bridge of Sighs. Dreadful, indeed, would be the consequences of your decease! What would become of Mr. Hume's oratory, or the New Palace, or any other national work? Take heed unto your ways, Sir; dine not with Mr. Colburn, who will make you ill with pastry; nor with Mr. Murray, who will dull your intellects with claret,—in one word, although you are rather old,—‘marry, and live soberly.’

Mr. Dyke Acland is desirous to know the authors of the different papers, and I am sure they would be proud to make his acquaintance. But shall I confess that, having heard the merits of their humble efforts frequently attributed to schoolfellows far more talented than themselves, they are anxious to shield their errors under a similar protection, and think it but fair that he who took the venison should receive the pottage likewise. One thing I promise you, that, with the exception of two articles (the contribution of unknown friends), every paper is the production of a genuine Harrovian.

If I have cast one gleam upon our laurel; if I have rolled away one cloud from the sky of our renown; if I have amused one idle hour, then the Harrovian is satisfied, and his object is accomplished. Thank God, the time is not

yet come when, as Mr. Irving finely remarks, farewell shall have lost its meaning. Farewell Harrow! expresses my sentiments better than a page of letter-press. To those who like, and those who dislike me, to Mrs. Avis, and Mary ——, to all I say, a kind farewell!

Say a kind farewell, my Mary,
Here's a kind farewell to thee,
Tis the last time ever, Mary,
Thou'lt say farewell to me.

The Marquis A———n will, I doubt not, like his noble relative, beautify his mind with the glory of Athens; Lord G——— an exemplary country nobleman; Mr. P—— will be a scholar and a gentleman; Mr. A——d will be a Will-o'-the-Wisp, always moving and yet standing still; Mr. R———n a gallant and a lover; G——n will be an elegant companion and a beautiful musician, with sweet sounds in his ear, and melody in his heart, with a genius requiring only to be roused to attain the highest walks of science and literature; and I shall be a village clergyman, with a beautiful wife and a charming parsonage, with the love, I hope, of my parishioners, and the respect of my contemporaries.

Since the days of Byron, Harrow has not produced a poet. I intend to put up at the next general election. 'The Romans in Britain' shall try a throw with any one who shall be bold enough to question the valour of Rome, or the talent of Harrow.

Friends and Contributors, Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, my next meeting with you will be on the next Harrow Speech-day, in my court dress, when I shall present to you the 'Romans in Britain.' Meanwhile, I am not sentimental, which is rapidly going out of fashion, nor

crocodilical, which is even more speedily coming in, nor methodistical, which is quite the rage; I am not one of these, when I assure you, that in Oxford or in Italy, as the author of the 'Harrovian,' or the 'Romans in Britain,' I shall ever be

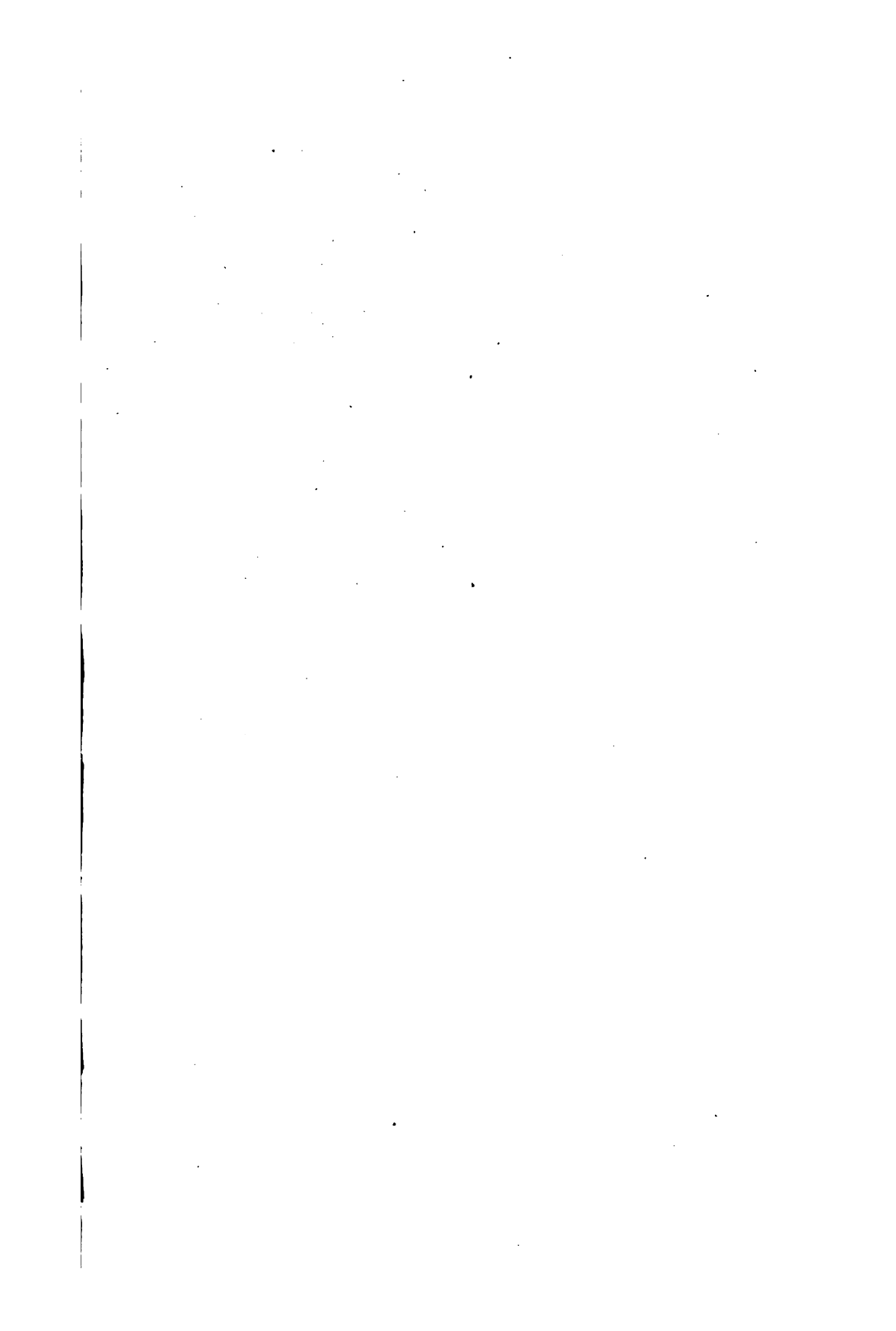
Your very obedient and grateful servant,

The HARROVIAN.

FINIS.

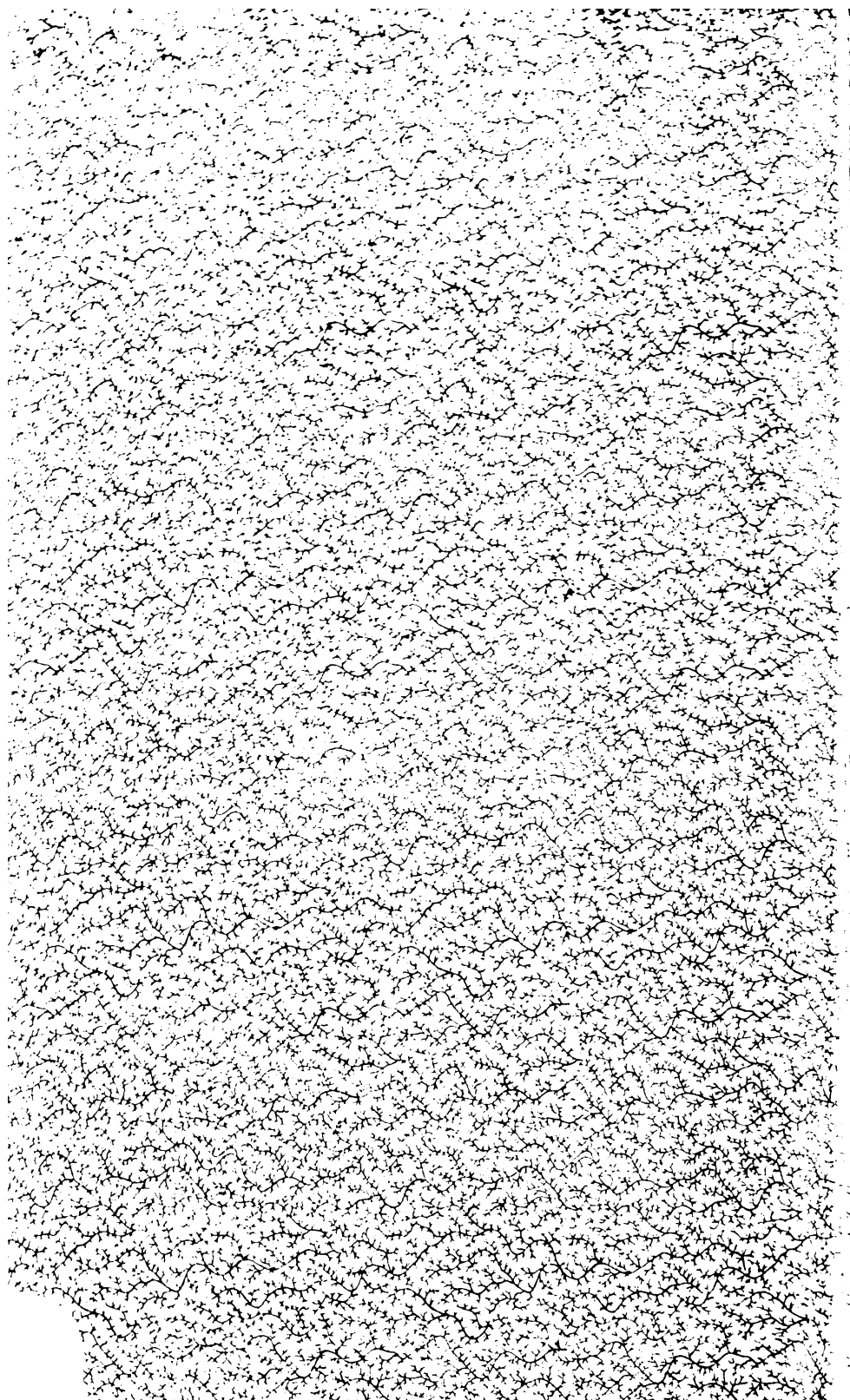
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